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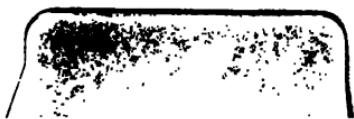
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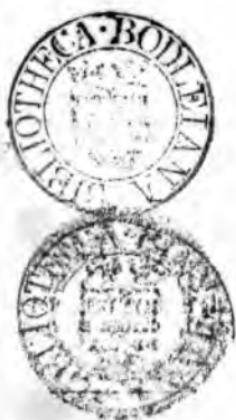
POEMS
OF
RURAL LIFE,
IN THE
Dorset Dialect:
WITH A
DISSERTATION AND GLOSSARY.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

"VITA RUSTICA SINE DUBITATIONE PROXIMA ET QUASI
CONSANGUINEA SAPIENTIA."—*Columella*, i. 1.

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, LONDON;
GEORGE SIMONDS, DORCHESTER;
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.
MDCCXLIV.

280. h. 17.



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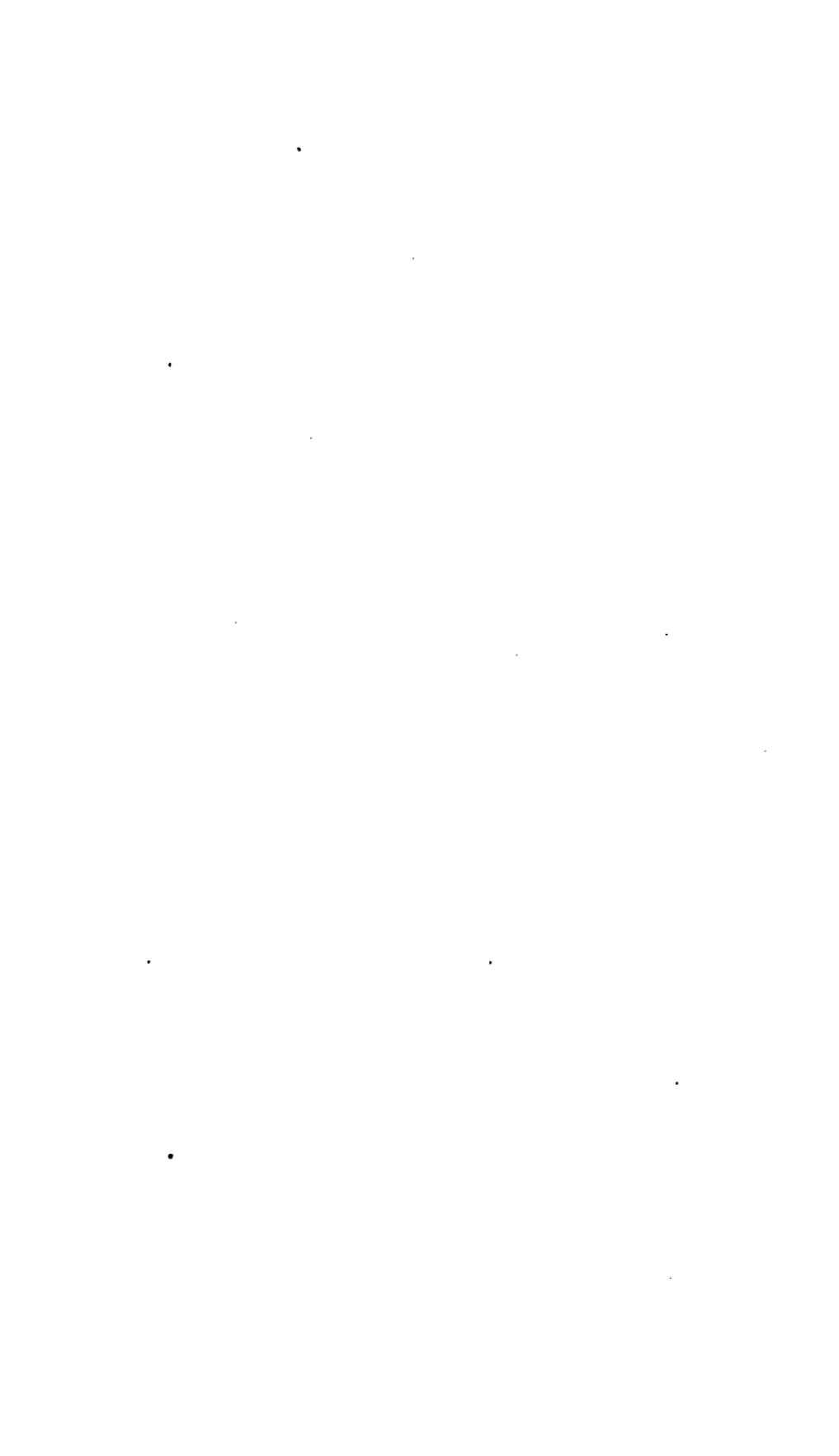
A DISSERTATION

ON THE

DORSET DIALECT

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



DISSERTATION, &c.

1.—AS increasing communication among the inhabitants of different parts of England, and the spread of school education among the lower ranks of the people, tend to substitute book English for the provincial dialects, it is likely that after a few years many of them will linger only in the more secluded parts of the land, if they live at all ; though they would give valuable light to the philologist of that increasing class who wish to purify our tongue and enrich it from its own resources, as well as to the antiquary.

2.—The rustic dialect of Dorsetshire, as the author of this dissertation has some reason to think, is, with little variation, that of most of the western parts of England, which were included in the kingdom of the West Saxons, the counties of Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, and Dorset, and parts of Somerset and Devon, and has come down by independent descent from the Saxon dialect which our forefathers, the followers of Cerdic and Cynric, Porta, Stuf, and Wihtgar, brought from the south of Denmark ; their inland seat, which King Alfred calls “ Eald Saexen ” or Old Saxony, in what is now Holstein, and the three

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islands Nordstrand, Busen, and Heiligoeland: (see Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons:) as the dialects of some of the eastern, middle, and northern counties,—which formerly constituted the kingdoms of the East and Middle Angles, the Mercians, the Northumbrians, the Deiri, and Bernicians,—might have been derived immediately from that of the founders of those kingdoms, the Angles, who came from “Anglen” or Old England, in what is now the duchy of Slesvig: and it is not only credible, but most likely, that the Saxons of Holstein and the Angles of Slesvig, might speak different dialects of the common Teutonic tongue even in Denmark.

The modern Danish and Swedish are so much like English that some sentences of those languages, as uttered by a Dane or Swede, would be intelligible to an Englishman who might not have learnt them. Such as in Danish:—

“*Hans mad var græshopper og wild honning.*” (Matt. iii. 4.)

“His meat was locusts and wild honey.”

“*Han saede til dem, folger efter mig.*” (Matt. iv. 19.)

“He said to them follow after me.”

And in Swedish:—

“*Kom lat oss ga.*”

“Come let us go.”

“*Hvad skepp är det vi se?*” (Skepp being pronounced *shepp.*)

“What ship is that we see!” (Wahlin's Swedish Grammar.)

3.—From the history of the foundation of the kingdom of the West Saxons, which we have in the Saxon

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Chronicle and other ancient authorities, one would infer that the county of Dorset was one of the last of their acquisitions from the British power; though it is not easy to decide whether the Saxon writers have omitted some battle by which they became masters of Dorchester,—at that time called Durnovaria, and an important city of the Durotriges, a tribe of Romanised Britons, whose original hill city was Maiden Castle, near Dorchester,—or whether its inhabitants submitted to the Saxon power at the overthrow of some of the more easterly Britons in Wiltshire or Hampshire.

4.—The founder of the West Saxon kingdom was Cerdic, who landed, in 495, with his son Cynric, and five ships, which, after the rational computation of Turner, would carry five or six hundred men, at Cerdices Ora, as it was subsequently called, a spot which must be somewhere on the coast of Hampshire, though Turner says “a remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicle, which indicates that he attacked ‘West Saexnaland’ six years after his arrival (501) induces a belief that his first attempt was on some other part of the island.” So Ethelwerd tells us (834) that “Sexto etiam anno adventū eorum occidentalem circumiérunt Britanniæ partem quæ West-sexe nuncupatur,” though *circumiérunt*, “they went round,” the verb used by Ethelwerd, may mean only that they sailed round the West of England without

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landing. In the same year (501) the crews of two Saxon ships with two or three hundred men under Porta, landed and defeated the Britons at Portsmouth, which was called after him Porta's mouth or Porta's haven ; and thirteen years afterwards (in 514) other Saxons were brought to England by Cerdic's nephews, Stuf and Wihtgar.

5.—Cerdic and Cynric could not have extended their power much beyond that part of Hampshire where they landed for many years ; for in 508, thirteen years after their coming, they had to maintain their footing in a battle with a British King, Natanleod, who resisted them with 5000 men, with whom he fell at a place which the Saxons afterwards called “Natan leaga,” or Natan’s field, now corrupted into Netley, near Southampton ; and Porta was met by a British force at Portsmouth, as Stuf and Wihtgar were in 514 at Cerdices Ora, Cerdic’s first landing place : and it is not till the year 519, twenty-four years after their coming, when they beat the Britons at Cerdicesford or Charford, that they are said to have founded a kingdom at all ; as the Saxon Chronicle tells us that then Cerdic and Cynric “West Saexna rice onfengun,” began the West Saxon kingdom. And as they had another battle with the Britons at Cerdices-leah in 528, and in 530 took the Isle of Wight with great slaughter, we must infer that at Cerdic’s death, in 534, Dorsetshire, with its import-

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ant city of Romanized Britons, Durnovaria or Dorchester, was still in the hands of the Britons, whose language was the only one spoken in the neighbourhood.

6.—In 552 Cynric defeated the Britons at “Searobyrig,” Salisbury, and four years afterwards at “Beranbirig,” considered to be Banbury in Oxfordshire; and unless the inhabitants of Durnovaria, (Dorchester), fell—as they most likely did—in union with those of Sorbiodunum or Salisbury, or in some unrecorded battle of that time, they were free at the death of Cynric.

7.—We cannot learn that his successor Cealwin, third king of Wessex, came to Durnovaria, though he made great inroads upon the Britons in other directions; his brother having beaten them at Bedford, and taken four of their towns, Lygeanburh, Æglesburh, Bennington, and Egonesham, supposed by Gibson to be Leighton in Bedfordshire, Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, and Bensington and Ensham in Oxfordshire, and he himself, six years afterwards, having overcome and slain three British kings, Conmail, Condidan, and Farinmail, at Deorham, now Durham; and after the battle three of the great cities of the Britons, Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath, submitted to him, though Durnovaria seems to have been left unaffected by this war. Seven years afterwards, however, the Britons met him at Fetanleagh,

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and, after a hard battle, in which his son was slain, and he, after being nearly beaten, won the day, he “gehwearf thonan to his agenum,” returned to his own kingdom, as the Saxon Chronicle tells us, a proof that the part of England where he had fought was not his own.

8.—But the British neighbours of the West Saxons were so far from being extirpated or perfectly overthrown, that in 659, when Cenwalth was implicated in hostilities with Penda, king of the Mercians, for having repudiated Penda's sister, his queen, the Britons invaded his dominions, and he beat them at Penn-hill, near Crewkerne, and drove them to the Parret, which rises at Cheddington and runs down about four miles west of Penn-hill. Turner infers that the hostile Britons defeated at Penn-hill had come in from the British states of Devon and Cornwall, and it is not unlikely that the Durotriges of Durnovaria, about sixteen miles distant, were among them.

9.—The Saxon Chronicle, of the battle of King Kenwalth with the Britons at Penn in the year 658, allows us to believe that the river Parret was for a long time the understood line of separation between the kingdom of the West Saxons and the land still held by the Western Britons, as it tells us that in the year 658 “Cenwalth gefeaht æt Peonnum with Wealas, and hy geflymde oth Pedridan.” Kenwalth

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fought at Penn with the Welsh (Britons) and pursued them to the Parret. Sir R. C. Hoare and others have placed this battle at Penn Zellwood, near Mere, in Wiltshire ; making the Saxons to have followed the Britons through bogs, woods, and streams, between twenty and thirty miles : but those who know the neighbourhood of Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, would rather believe that, if Kenwalh chased the Britons from any place which still bears the name of Penn, it was Penn-Hill or Pen Domer, four or five miles east of the river Parret, which runs down between it and Crewkerne : and as we cannot well conceive why the Saxons should stop at the Parret unless it had been an insuperable obstacle, or an understood limit of their dominion, and as we know it could be no greater obstacle to them than to their enemies, we can only take the other conclusion that the land beyond it was at that time held by the Britons. This opinion is allowed by a fact which is stated by Mr. Jennings, who, in his observations on some of the dialects of the West of England, says, that “the district which his glossary is designed to include, embraces the whole of the county of Somerset east of the river Parret, as well indeed as parts of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire ; many of the words being common to all these counties. In the district west of the river Parret, the pronunciation and many of the words are very different indeed, so as to designate

strongly the people who use them," and, after giving some examples of verbs and pronouns from the dialect west of the Parret, he tells us, that "it pervades, not only the more western parts of Somersetshire, but also the whole of Devonshire." This assertion is corroborated by Mr. Petheram, the author of "An Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of Anglo-Saxon Literature in England," who says, in a very kind and valuable letter to the author of these Poems, "It must have been often remarked by those conversant with the dialects of Somerset, east and west of the Parret, that the latter approximates to the Devon variety, whilst to the eastward it comes nearer to that of Dorset and Wilts. I do not think it easy to find any where so great a dissimilarity in places so near to each other as is to be met with in this instance. The fact is so, but I am unable to account for it." The fact is accounted for by the Saxon Chronicle if it justifies the author's opinion of the early western limit of the Saxon dominions; though it may not be easy to learn whether the western parts of Somerset and Devonshire were afterwards taken by Saxons who were not of the original Hampshire stock of West Saxons, or by mingled settlers from different Anglo-Saxon kingdoms; or whether the Saxons went west of the Parret, and the dialect of West Saxony was afterwards corrupted in Dorset, Wilts, and Hampshire by Saxons

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from other parts of England after the union of the heptarchy under Egbert. Athelstan seems to have first extended the Saxon rule to Exeter, which he is said to have separated from the British kingdom of Cornwall.

10.—From all these circumstances, therefore, it seems likely that Dorsetshire fell under the power of the West Saxons, and received their language, the venerable parent of its present rustic dialect, with Salisbury, in 552; though the Britons were not driven far beyond the Parret till after the time of Cenwulf, one hundred years later, as Mr. Boswell, in his “Diocese of Bristol,” offers reasons for believing that St. Birin, who baptized King Cyne-gils in 634, was bishop of Dorchester, in Dorsetshire. We know Egbert to have held Dorset in 832, as he was defeated by the Danes off Charmouth. In 876 the Danes took the castle of Wareham, and invaded Dorsetshire from the mouth of the Frome in 998; and in 934 a Bishop of Sherborne took soldiers to Athelstan’s camp. Having said so much of the kingdom of the West Saxons, from whose language the Dorset dialect is directly derived, the author will go on to make a few observations on its structure and features.

11.—The Dorset dialect is a broad and bold shape of the English language, as the Doric was of the Greek. It is rich in humour, strong in raillery and

hyperbole, and altogether as fit a vehicle of rustic feeling and thought, as the Doric is found in the Idyllia of Theocritus.

Some people, who may have been taught to consider it as having originated from corruption of the written English, may not be prepared to hear that it is not only a separate offspring from the Anglo-Saxon tongue, but purer and more regular than the dialect which is chosen as the national speech; purer, inasmuch as it uses many words of Saxon origin for which the English substitutes others of Latin, Greek, or French derivation; and more regular, inasmuch as it inflects regularly many words which in the national language are irregular.

12.—In English, purity is in many cases given up for the sake of what is considered to be elegance. Instead of the expression of the common people “I will not be put upon,” we are apt to consider it better language to say “I will not be imposed upon:” though the word *imposed* is the Latin *impositum*, put upon; from *in*, upon, and *pono*, to put. For “I cannot make it out,” again we say “I cannot effect it:” though *effect* is from the Latin *effectum*, the supine of *efficio*, to make out, from *ex*, out, and *facio*, to make; and for “I stand to it,” we take “I insist on it:” though to insist is the Latin *sisto*, to stand, and *in*, upon: so that in these and other such cases we use in what we consider the better expres-

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sion, the very same words as in the worse; or we take, instead of two English words, a Latin compound, which, from the laws upon which languages are constructed, and the limited range of choice which the human mind has in constructing expressions for the same idea, is made of the very simples which we reject.

13.—We shall see this more fully in comparing a few more English expressions in which Latin words are used, with like expressions in the Dorset dialect, the pure, but rejected Saxon words of which, are compounded of the same simples as the Latin ones substituted for them:—

“ I looked out var ye.”
“ I expected you.” *Expected* being a compound from *ex*, out, and *specto*, to look.

“ I zeed the upshut ð’t.”

“ I saw the conclusion of it.” *Conclusion* being made from *con cludo*, to shut up.

“ Why b’ ye a-cast down?”

“ Why are you dejected ?” *Dejected* being formed from *de-jacto*, to cast down.

“ I don’t wish to run into debt.”

“ I do not wish to incur debts.” *Incur* being formed of *in*, into, and *curro*, to run.

“ I zet myzelf agien it.”

“ I opposed it.” *Opposed* being compounded of *ob*, against, and *pono*, to set.

“ ‘Twer put out var ziale.”

“ It was exposed for sale.” *Exposed* being made from *ex*, out, and *pono*, to put.

“ I’ll stan’ by what ya da zæ.”

“ I will stand by your decision.” An idea for which the Romans used a like expression. “ Si quis,” says Cæsar, speaking of the Druids, “ eorum decreto non steterit sacrificiis interdicunt.” If any one may not have stood by their decree, they forbid him the sacrifices.

“ He vell in wi’ his opinion.”

“ He coincided with his opinion.” *Coincide* being derived from *incido*, to fall in, and *co*, with.

To esteem a thing of no value or importance is sometimes in Dorset “ to tiake it var nothen,” as in the Latin, “ Ducebat pro nihilo pecuniam Anacharsis.” Anacharsis took money for nothing, or considered money of no value.

“ The common is a-took in.”

“ The common is inclosed.” *Inclosed* being from the compound *in-cludo*, to shut in.

A speaker of the Dorset dialect would most likely call balancing or settling an account, “ putten ḍ’t strāight;” putting it straight; an expression which, however vulgar it may sound, is authorized by the Greek language; since, to quote a note of Valpy’s Prometheus of Æschylus on the word *διεῖθυντος*, “ at Athens public officers, before they quitted office, sent

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in their accounts *εὐθυναι*, to be audited by persons called *εὐθύνται* (straighteners) from *εὐθύνειν*, to make straight."

14.—In hundreds of cases such as those which have been given, the elegance of the Latin compound words used instead of the English simple ones, must be only in their sound or the union of the prepositions or adverbs with the verbs from which they are formed. Many of them, however, have no better sound than the English ones of which they take place; and, if the separation of the preposition from its verb excludes elegance it is frequently wanting in Homeric Greek, as well as in German.

The dialectic or English adverbs, well studied, would illustrate the compound verbs of other languages, such as Latin and Greek.

Up, for example, as used adverbially, has three meanings, resolvable, however, into one:—

1st,—Up, the opposite of down, as "Take up the book."

2nd,—Up, into a right or good state, from a wrong or bad state, as "Sweep up the house," "Wash up the linen," "Rub up the vire-irons."

3rd,—Up, altogether, as "Sweep the carn up in the carner." A sense in which it coincides with the Latin *co*, *con*, *com*, as

Co-emo, to buy up.

Col-ligo, to gather up.

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Col-loco,	to pliaice or put up.
Com-buro,	to burn up.
Com-edo,	to eat up.
Com-misceo,	to mix up.
Com-pllico,	to vuold up.
Com-pono,	to put up (medicine).
Com-primo,	to squeeze up.
Con-cipio,	to catch up.
Con-cludo,	to shut up.
Con-gero,	to drow up.
Con-jugo,	to yoke up.
Con-sarcio,	to zew or mend up.
Con-seco,	to cut up.
Con-sequor,	to vollee up.
Con-signo,	to seal up.
Con-tineo,	to hold up.

The prepositional affix, *co*, *con*, *com*, is often neglected by Latin readers, who make no difference between such words as *signo* and *consigno*, *edo* and *comedo*; though to eat one's bread is not always to eat *up* one's bread; and to seal a conveyance is not always to seal it *up*.

15.—The following and other verbs are regular in the Dorset dialect though irregular in national English:—

	<i>English past Tense.</i>	<i>Dorset past Tense.</i>
Blow,	blew,	blowed.
Build,	built,	builded.

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<i>English past Tense.</i>		<i>Dorset past Tense.</i>
Burst,	burst,	busted.
Catch,	caught,	catched.
Crow,	crew,	crowed.
Draw,	drew,	drā'd.
Gild,	gilt,	gilded.
Grow,	grew,	growed.
Hide,	hid,	hided.
Know,	knew,	knowed.
Run,	ran,	runned or rinned.
Slide,	slid,	slided.
Throw,	threw,	drowed.

16.—The Dorset dialect, like others, differs from the national speech by substitutions, which are far from being irregular, of one articulation or pure sound for another.

The pure sounds of the English language for some of which the Dorset dialect substitutes others, are sixteen long and short: four long and four short close ones, and four long and four short open ones.

CLOSE SOUNDS.

Long.	Short.
1st, ee in meet.	1st, i in wit.
2nd, e long in the western dia- lects.	2nd, i in dip.
3rd, a in mate.	3rd, e in men.
4th, ea in earth.	4th, e in battery or e of the French ar- ticle le.

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OPEN SOUNDS.

Long.	Short.
1st, a in father.	1st, a in fat.
2nd, aw in awe.	2nd, o in dot.
3rd, o in rope.	3rd, u in lull.
4th, oo in food.	4th, oo in crook.

17.—TABLE of cognate letters or kinsletters for the changes of the consonants.

Some of the letters of the lips, teeth, palate, and throat, are fellows by two and two, or kinsletters; each of a pair spelling the same articulation as the other, but with a stronger or weaker, or a rougher or smoother expulsion of the breath: and the Dorset dialect in many cases substitutes the smoother of two kinsletters for the rougher one of the English language.

ROUGH.

SMOOTH.

Lip kinsletters.

p in pin.	b in bin.
-----------	-----------

Teeth kinsletters.

th in thin.	th in thee.
f in fine.	v in vine.

Close palate kinsletters.

t in tie.	d in die.
-----------	-----------

Open palate kinsletters.

s in sun.	z in zone.
ch in chin.	j in jin.

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Throat kinsletters.

k	in kill.	g	in gill.
c	in cap.	g	in gap.

18.—In the Dorset dialect

a is frequently substituted for *e*: as in *bag*, beg
bagger, begger; *kag*, keg; *agg*, egg; *lag*, leg.

19.—For the first long close sound of *ea*, as in
beaver, *dream*, the second is often substituted, as
bæver, *dram*, or the diphthong *ee*, *a* of the first
close and first open sound, as *leăd*, lead, *cleăn*, clean.
'*e* for the pronoun *he* unemphatical is the fourth
short close sound of *e* in battery, or like the *e* of
the French pronoun *le*.

20.—The sound of the vowel *e* long is the second
long close one, an intermediate one between that of
the English *a* in male, and *ee* in meet; or the tongue,
in pronouncing it, approaches the palate nearer than
in sounding *a* but not so near as in sounding *ee*.
The author has written it *æ* or *ɛ*.

21.—The Dorset dialect, in most cases, substitutes
the diphthongal sound *ia* or *ya*, the first close and
first open sound, for the English third long close
sound *a* as that in *bake*, *cake*, *hate*, *late*, *mate*;
making those words *biake*, *kiake*, *hiate*, *liate*, *miate*;
the very change which the Spanish language has
made in the same sound,—that of *e*,—in many
Italian words; such as *bene*, *certo*, *inverno*, *serra*

tempo, vento, which are in Spanish *bien, cierto, invierno, sierra, tiempo, viento*.

22.—The diphthongs *ai* or *ay* and *ei* or *ey*, the third long close sound as in *May, hay, maid, paid, vein, neighbour, prey*, are sounded,—like the Greek *ai*,—the *a* or *e* the first open sound as *a* in father and the *i* or *y* as *ee* the first close sound. The author has marked the *a* of diphthongs so sounded with a circumflex; as *Mây, hây, mâid, pâid, vâin, nâighbour, prây*.

23.—The third close sound of *a* in *mate* is often substituted in Dorset for the first open one of *a* in *rather*; as *fâther, father; lafe, laugh; a'ter, after; hafe, half*. The author has in this case marked it *ā*. The diphthong *i* in *chime* and *shine* becomes *ee* making those words *cheem* and *sheen*.

24.—The second long open sound, as of *a* in *fall* and of *aw* in *jaw*, is sometimes turned into the third close one *a*, as *vâl*, in some parts *val, fall; ja*, jaw; *strâ, straw*: though *brought* becomes *brote*, and *fought* becomes diphthongal, *foüght*, of the third and fourth open sounds.

25.—The second long open sound of *o* in such words as *corn, for, horn, morning, storm*, becomes the first long open one, *a*, making *carn, var, harn, marnen, starm*.

26.—The diphthong *oi*, as Mr. Jennings observes of the Somerset dialect, are commonly changed for

wi, as *swile* for spoil; *bwile* for boil; *pwint* for point; *pwison* for poison; and so on.

27.—The third long sound of *o* and *oa* of English words such as bold, cold, fold, more, oak, rope, boat, coat, becomes the diphthong *uo* of the fourth and third short open sounds in the Dorset dialect, in which those words are *buold*, *cuold*, *vuold*, *muore*, *woak*, *ruope*, *btöt*, *cüt*; a change of which we find examples in Italian, in such words as *buono*, *cuore*, *luogo*, *uomo*, from the Latin *bonus*, *cor*, *locus*, *homo*; and in parallel changes which the Spanish language makes of the Italian *o* into *ue*; as in *buena*, *cuerpo*, *fuerza*, *nuevo*, *puento*; which are the Italian words *bona*, *corpo*, *forza*, *novo*, *ponte*. *ow* at the end of a word as fellow, hollow, mellow, pillow, yellow, mostly become *er*, making those words *feller*, *holler*, *meller*, *piller*, *yoller*.

28.—The first short close sound of *s* in such words as bridge, ridge, will, becomes the third open one of *u*, making *brudge*, *rudge*, *wull*.

So *wolle* and *woll* for *will* is found in the “Harrowing of Hell,” a miracle play of the time of Edw. II.

“With resoun wolle ich haven hym.”

“With reason will I have them.”

“Reaoun wol y telle the.”

“I will tell thee a reason.”

29.—*d* is substituted for initial *th*; as *drow* for

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throw ; *droo*, through ; *drash*, thrash ; *drong*, throng ; *droat*, throat ; *drashel*, threshold.

30.—*d*, after *n*, as in *an'*, and ; *boun'*, bound ; *groun'*, ground ; *roun'*, round ; *soun'*, sound ; is commonly thrown out, as it is after *l*: as in *veel*, for field.

31.—*f* of English words is commonly rejected for its smooth kinsletter *v* before a vowel or liquid in the Dorset dialect, in which fast, fetch, feed, find, fire, for, foot, from, become *vast*, *vetch*, *veed*, *vind*, *vire*, *var*, *voot*, *vrom*, (see Article 16), and in the Swedish language *f* is pronounced as *v* at the end of a word.

“ *Gif lif at den bild*”—“ Give life to the image” being pronounced “ *Giv liv at den bild*.”

But some English words beginning with *f* before a consonant, as fling, friend, retain *f*. The preposition *of* loses its *f* and becomes *o'* before a consonant. *f* sometimes gave place to its smooth kinsletter *v* in old English.

“ *The vox hird*” for “ *The fox heard*” is found in a song of the 14th century, in which we find also

“ *In pes withoute vyhte*” for

“ *In peace without fight*.”

32.—The liquids *lm* at the end of a word are sometimes parted by a vowel, as in *elem*, elm ; *auverwhelm* overwhelm ; *helem*, helm.

33.—The liquids *rl* of English words, such as

purl, twirl, world, have frequently *d* inserted between them, making *purdle*, *twirdle*, *wordle*. In this case the dialect adopts a principle of articulation of the Greek language, which inserts *d* between the liquids *vþ* in *av-ð-pos* for *avpos* the genitive case of *avþp* a man.

34.—*r* in great, pretty, undergoes metathesis, making *ghirt* and *irty*.

35.—*r* before a hissing palate letter, *s*, *c*, or *z*, or *th*, as in burst, first, verse, force, furze, nurs'd, mirth, earth, birth, worth, is thrown out, making *bust*, *vust*, *vess*, *fuoss*, *vuzz*, *nuss'd*, *mesh*, *eth*, *beth*, *woth*.

36.—*S* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter *z*, making sand, *zand*; sap, *zeap*; send, *zend*; set, *zet*; sick, *zick*; some, *zome*; sop, *zop*; and sun, *zun*.

37.—In many English words ending with *s* and a mute consonant, those letters have undergone metathesis, since in Anglo-Saxon the *s* followed the consonant, as it does in the Dorset dialect; in which clasp is *claps*; crisp, *crips*; hasp, *haps*; wasp, *waps*; and to ask, to *aks* (*ax*), the Anglo-Saxon *axian*.

38.—Where the English rough articulation *th*, as in *thin*, the Anglo-Saxon *þ*, becomes in Dorsetshire its soft kinsletter *th* as in *thoe*, the Anglo-Saxon *ð*, as it does very frequently, the author has printed it in Italics *th*, as *think*.

39.—An open palate letter is sometimes substituted

for a close one; *r* for *d*; or *k* for *t*; as *parrick*, a paddock; *pank*, to pant.

40.—*v* is sometimes omitted. as *gi'e*, give; *ha'*, have; *sar*, serve.

41.—The Dorset dialect retains more abstract nouns than the national speech of the pattern of *growth* and *dearth*, formed from verbs and adjectives by shortening their long vowels and affixing *th* or *t* to them: as *blowth* or *blooth*, from *blow*; the blossom of trees; *drith*, dryness or drought, from *dry*; *lewth*, shelter, from *lew*; *heft*, weight, from the verb *to heave*.

42.—The termination *ing* of verbal nouns such as *singing* and *washing*, as well as imperfect participles, is in Dorset *en*; as in *a beitten*, a beating; *writen*, writing.

43.—The masculine pronoun *he* or *'e* is still used in Dorset for inanimate nouns, as *he* was in Anglo-Saxon; in which language, as a consequence of its case-endings, many things without life were taken as of the masculine or feminine gender. Indeed it is sometimes said in joke that every thing is *he* but a tom cat, and that is *she*.

44.—Many nouns have in the Dorset dialect the old plural termination *en* instead of *s*: as *cheesen*, cheeses; *housen*, houses; *vuzzen*, (*furzen*,) furzes; *chicken*, chicks. It is a common blunder, however grammatical it may be thought, to say a *chicken* for

a chick ; and *chickens* for chicken. We may as well say an *ozen*, and two *oxens*.

45.—The possessive case is in Dorset often given with the preposition *of*, *o'* ; instead of the case-ending *s* ; as “the tāil *o't*,” for “its tāil;” though there is some little difference between one construction and the other ; for “Look at the lags *o'n*” would commonly intimate to a second person that they were something to laugh at, whereas if they were something to excite admiration or compassion, being broken or wounded for example, we should most likely say “Look at his lags.”

46.—The accusative case of *he* is *en* not *him*, the Anglo-Saxon *hine*. “He arærde hine up,” “He raised him up :” and the accusative case of *they* is *em*, the Anglo-Saxon *hym* or *him*. “Fæder forgyf *him*.” “Father, forgive them.” Luke 23. 34.

We find *hem* for *them* in Sir John Maundevile's Travels, written in the early part of the 14th century. In speaking of the antipodes he says, “it semethe *hem* that wee ben under *hem*.” In Dorset, “da seem to em that we be under em.”

When a pronoun in an oblique case is emphatical it is given in its nominative shape instead of its objective case. We should say unemphatically “Gi'e me the pick ;” or “Gi'e en the knife ;” or “Gi'e us the whēat ;” or “Gi'e em ther money ;” but

emphatically "Gi'e the money to *I*, not *he* ;" or "to *we*," not "to *they*." This is an analagous substitution to that of the emphatical dative case for the nominative case in French, as "Je n' irais pas, *moi*." "*I* shall not go."

47.—The demonstrative pronouns *theos* or *theesas*, is the Anglo-Saxon *þeos*; and *thik*, the Anglo-Saxon *Se ylc*, or the Scotch *the ilk*, the same.

Theos and *thik* are however applied only to individual nouns, and not to quantities of matter, which in Anglo-Saxon were of the neuter gender, and which we should still name as *this* or *that*. We may say *theos* or *thik* tree, or stuone, but it would be wrong to say *theos* or *thik* water or milk. It would be *this* or *that* water or milk.

Who and *which* are in Dorset as well as in Anglo-Saxon used only as Interrogative pronouns. The relative pronoun is *that*, the Anglo Saxon *þæt*.

48.—The Dorset dialect retains more than the English of the adjectives ending in *en*, meaning made of the noun to which the *en* is put on; as *leatheren*, made of leather; *harnen*, made of horn: *piapern*, made of paper; *hempen*, made of hemp; *ashen*, *elemen*, *woaken*; made of ash, elm, or oak.

This termination should be retained in English for the sake of distinction, for a paper bag is rightly a bag to put paper in, as a wood house is a house to put

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wood in : a bag made of paper is a *papern* bag, not a paper bag ; and a house built of wood is a *wooden* house, not a wood house.

49.—The verb *to be* is in the Dorset dialect and Anglo-Saxon

<i>Dorset.</i>	<i>A. Saxon.</i>	<i>Dorset.</i>	<i>A. Saxon.</i>
I be.	Ic beo.	We be.	We beoð.
Thee bist.	Ðu byst.	You be.	Ge beoð.
He is.	He is.	The be.	Hi beoð.

AND

I wer.	Ic wære.	We wer.	We wæron.
Thee werst.	Ðu wære.	You wer.	Ge wæron.
He wer.	He wære.	The wer.	Hi wæron.

50.—The auxiliary verb *may* and *might* is in Dorset *mid*.

51.—In negative expressions, the word *not*, after an auxiliary verb ending in *d* or *s*, becomes *en* or *n* ; as I *cooden*, I could not ; I *shodden*, I should not ; I *woodden*, I would not ; I *didden*, I *midden*, I *mossen* ; I did not, I may not, I must not.

52.—Jennings in his observations on the Western dialects, says “Another peculiarity is that of attaching to many of the common verbs in the infinitive mode, as well as to some other parts of different conjugations the letter *y*. Thus it is very common to say, *I can't sewy*, *I can't nursey*, *he can't reapy*, *he can't sawy* ; as well as *to sewy*, *to nursey*, *to reapy*, *to sawy*, &c., but never, I think, without an auxiliary

verb, or the sign of the infinitive *to*." The truth is that in the author's mother dialect the verb takes *y* only when it is absolute, and never with an accusative case. We may say *Can ye zewy?* but never *Wull ye zewy up theos zeam?* *Wull ye zew up theos zeam?* would be good Dorset.

53.—A verb is commonly conjugated in the present tense with the auxiliary verb *do, da*.

I da work,	We da work,
Thee dast work,	You da work,
He da work;	Thē da work:

and in the imperfect tense with *did*; as

I did work,	
Thee didst work, &c.	

The pronoun *it* is commonly omitted before the auxiliary verb *da*: as *da rain*, it rains; *da grow*, it grows; *da seem*, it seems.

54.—The verb, however, is generally conjugated with *did* only in the imperfect tense properly so called; or in the case in which it means a continuation or repetition of the action, like the Greek or French imperfect tense as it differs from the aorist or preterite; as "The vo'ke *did die* by scores;" "The people *kept dying* or *were dying* by scores;" while the semelfactive or single action is named by the simple shape of the verb without the auxiliary *did*; being equal to the Greek aorist or French preterite; as "'E *died* eesterdae." "He died

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yesterday." This difference of the iterative and semelfactive or aoristic action, which is marked by a different shape of the verb in Greek, Latin, Russian, Persian, French, Italian, and other languages, is lost from the English verb with the use of *did*, and in this case the Dorset dialect has an advantage over the national speech.

55.—The Dorset dialect is remarkable as retaining in the perfect participle of verbs a *syllabic augment* which is found in Anglo-Saxon and German, though the English language has lost it. In German this augment is *ge*, as

GE-hangen, hung; from *hangen*, to hang.

GE-sungen, sung; from *singen*, to sing.

GE-sehen, seen; from *sehen*, to see.

In A. Saxon it is *ge* or *a*, the latter of which is that retained in Dorsetshire, as

"He've *alost* his hatchet."

"She've *abroke* the dish."

A. Saxon. "Paulus *gebunden* wearth *gesend* to Rome."—*Saxon Chron. A.D. 50.*

Dorset. "Paul *abound* wer *azent* to Rome."

A. Saxon. "Simon se apostle *wæs ahangen*."—*Saxon Chron. A.D. 90.*

Dorset. "Simon th' apostle wer *ahanged*."

A. Saxon. "Feole dwild wearen *geseogen* and *geheord*."

Dorset. "Many ghosts wer *a-zeed* an' *ahierd*."

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The augment *ge* or *a* of the Anglo-Saxon became *y* or *i* in its transition into the English, as in *yclep'd*, *called*; from the Anglo-Saxon *clypian*, to call; a word used by Milton.

“Come thou Goddess fair and free
In Heav’n *yclep’d* Euphrosyne.”—*L’Allegro*.

In the works of Spencer we find the augment *y* in common use.

————— “She was *yclad*
All in silken camus, lily white.”—*Spenser*.

Perhaps the only example of the augmented participle in modern English is the word *ashamed*, from the verb *to shame*.

56.—Our useful adjectives ending in *some*, as *quarrelsome*, *delightsome*, equivalent to the Latin ones in *us*, *bundus*, *ulentus*, and *torius*; naming the state of a noun apt or given to do an action, would have been well taken from any dialect in which they might be found into the national speech, instead of those borrowed from the Latin: as *heedsome*, *attentive*.

57.—In the use of the verbs *to go*, and *to do*, to quote a remark of Mr. Petherham on the Somerset dialect, and equally true of that of Dorset, we hear frequently such combinations as the following from apocope of the vowel *o*: *g’out* (go out); *g’in* (go in); *g’auver* (go over); *g’under* (go under); *g’up* (go up); *d’off* (do off); *d’on* (do on); *d’out* (do or put out).

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58.—Some words of provincial use belong to a class the formation of which, though worthy of attention, has been overlooked by most if not all English grammarians.

From verbs, by the addition of the ending *l*, or *l* with a vowel before or after it, have been formed the names of things by or to which the actions are done, as
Beodan, past tense } A.S. *Bydel*, a { one who bids in
bead, to tell or } *Beadle*, { in the name of
command, to bid } a magistrate.

"And se bydel be sende
on cwerten."—Luke
13. 58.

<i>Bind</i> , or A. S. <i>bund</i> ,	<i>Bind</i> ,	{ what is bound.
<i>Bow</i> , to bend,	<i>Bowl</i> ?	{ what has its sur- face every where bending equally.
<i>Creep</i> .	<i>Cripple</i> , (creeples),	one who creeps.
A. S. <i>Fleon</i> , to fly,	<i>Flegel</i> , a flail,	what flies round.
<i>Gird</i> ,	<i>Girdle</i> ,	what girds.
A. S. <i>Grafan</i> , to dig,	<i>Gravel</i> ,	{ what is dug, in distinction from rock which can- not be dug.
<i>Hand</i> ,	<i>Handle</i> ,	{ what is taken by the hand.
<i>Lade</i> , to dip up,	<i>Ladle</i> ,	what dips up.
<i>Nip</i> , to bite.	<i>Nipple</i> ,	{ what is bitten by a child.
<i>Nod</i> ,	<i>Noddle</i> ,	{ what nods ; the head.
<i>Prick</i> ,	<i>Pickle</i> ,	what pricks.
A. S. <i>Areðan</i> , to read or guess,	<i>Riddle</i> ,	{ a question to which an answer is to be guessed.

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Rub,	Dorset, Rubble,	{ what is rubbed into small parts.
A. S. Scufan, to thrust, push,	Scuffle ?	{ what consists of thrusting or pushing.
Sit, past tense sat,	Saddle, Settle,	{ what is sat upon. what is sat upon; the name of a kind of seat.
A. S. Sceotan, to shoot,	Scuttle ?	{ what shoots out coal.
A. S. A-sceac-an, to shake,	Shackles,	{ what shake loosely.
A. S. Sceotan,	Skittle ?	{ what is shot forward.
Shove,	Shovel ?	{ what is shoved, in distinction from a spade, which is worked by the foot and not shoved.
Shoot,	Shuttle,	what is shot.
Sour,	Sorrel,	{ what is sour ; the herb Rumex, dock-sorrel.
Sneak, to creep,	{ A. S. Snægle, a Snail,	{ what creeps.
Spin,	Spindle,	what spins.
Spit,	Spittle,	what is spit.
Swing,	Swingel,	{ what swings ; the name of a weapon which swings on a han- dle like a flail.
Steep,	A steeple,	what is steep.
Tread,	Treadle,	{ what is trodden ; the foot board of a crank.

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Stop,	A stopple,	{ what stops ; a stopper of a bottle, &c.
A. S. þolian, to bear, Thowls,		{ bearings for the oars of a boat.
Stand, past tense stood, or A. S. Gestaðelian, to found, establish,	Staddle,	{ what is stood upon ; a wooden frame, or a bed of boughs for a rick to stand upon.
Dorset. Drash, (Thresh),	Drashle,	{ what threshes ; a flail.
Beat,	{ Dorset. Bittle, or Beetle,	{ what beats ; the name of a large wooden mallet.
A. S. Rud, redness, Ruddle,		{ what reddens ; a red earth used for marking sheep.

On the form of *Hillock*, a small hill, we have

Bullock, a small bull, and

Dorset, *Huddock*, hoodeck, a small hood
or covering for a sore
finger.

59.—The Dorset dialect has its full share of a class
of words which seem to be common only in the
Teutonic languages ; rhyming or alliterative com-
pounds ; as *humpty-dumpty*, *fiddle-faddle*.

Harum-scarum, Like hares scared ? wild and
thoughtless.

Hippity-hoppity ; Going on with little and great
hops, lame.

Huck-muck. What is in Devonshire called “Muckson up to the huckson.” Up to the ankles in dirt, dirty.

Hum-drum. Dull; like one who hums, drumming upon objects before him.

Hum-strum, Hum-scrum. A kind of rude musical instrument with a long wooden body and our wires strained by pegs over a canister or bladder at one end; and a bridge at the other, and played with a bow.

Riff-raff. Low people, what the French call *la canaille*.

Roly-poly. Rolling over and over.

Slip-slop. Slipping and slopping in dirt.

Snipper-snapper. Little and insignificant. Spoken of a person.

Tisty-tosty. A toss ball made of cowslips.

Willy-nilly. Willing or not willing, from the Anglo-Saxon *wyllan*, to wish, and *nyllan*, not to wish.

60.—In a case in which a positive degree with a possessive case is used in Dorsetshire for a superlative degree, its dialect coincides with an idiom in Hindooostanee; as “Bring the long pick; the *long* oon ov al,” instead of the “*longest* of all,” like the Hindooostanee; “Yee sub-ka burra hai.” “This is the great one of all,” for “the greatest.”

61.—Our dialect is Anglo-Saxon not only in the

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retention of Anglo-Saxon words which book English has lost, but in the pronunciation of many English ones as well as in its idioms.

<i>A. S.</i>	<i>Dorset.</i>	<i>English.</i>
beāt	beāt	beat
flex	vlex	flax
hæta	het	heat
hrof	ruf	roof
weax	wex	wax

A. S. “*þonne sände ic eow worde.*” Dorset,
“Then I'll zend ye word.”

A. S. “*þis temple wæs getimbrod on six and feowertigum wintrum.*” Dorset, “Thiese temple wer a-builded in six an' forty winters.” The lower digits being named before the higher ones.

We retain also some of the Anglo-Saxon genitive or possessive cases where the English substitutes *of* instead of them, as in *barn's floor, stick's end.*

— “he feormað his bernes flore.”—Luke 3. 17.

62.—From the elisions of harsh consonants, and the frequent use of the syllabic augment (*a*) in participles of verbs, the Dorset dialect has a mellow-ness which is sometimes wanting in the national speech; and this quality, with its purity and simplicity, makes it a good vehicle for the more tender feelings, as well as for the broader humor of rural life. Its elisions and contractions also make some of its expressions shorter than the equivalent ones in

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English as "*al o'm*," for *all of them*; a contraction like that of *vom haus* used by the Germans instead of *von dem haus*, *from the house*; and *im garten*, for *in dem garten*, *in the garden*.

63.—The author thinks his readers will find his poems free of slang and vice as they are written from the associations of an early youth that was passed among rural families of a secluded part of the county, upon whose sound Christian principles, kindness, and harmless cheerfulness, he can still think with delight: and he hopes that if his little work should fall into the hands of a reader of that class in whose language it is written, it would not be likely to damp his love of God, or hurt the tone of his moral sentiment, or the dignity of his self-respect; as his intention is not to shew up the simplicity of rural life as an object of sport, but to utter the happy emotions with which his mind can dwell on the charms of rural nature, and the better feelings and more harmless joys of the small farm house and happy cottage. As he has not written for readers who have had their lots cast in town-occupations of a highly civilized community, and cannot sympathize with the rustic mind, he can hardly hope that they will understand either his poems or his intention; since with the not uncommon notion that every change from the plough towards the desk, and from the desk towards the couch of empty-handed idleness, is an onward step

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towards happiness and intellectual and moral excellence, they will most likely find it very hard to conceive that wisdom and goodness would be found speaking in a dialect which may seem to them a fit vehicle only for the animal wants and passions of a boor; though the author is not ashamed to say that he can contemplate its pure and simple Saxon features with gratification after reading some of the best compositions of many of the most polished languages, and has heard from the pithy sentences of village patriarchs truths which he has since found expanded, in the weak wordiness of modern composition, into paragraphs.

If his verses should engage the happy mind of the dairymaid with her cow, promote the innocent evening cheerfulness of the family circle on the stone floor, or teach his rustic brethren to draw pure delight from the rich but frequently overlooked sources of nature within their own sphere of being, his fondest hopes will be realized.

The dialect in which he writes is spoken in its greatest purity in the villages and hamlets of the secluded and beautiful Vale of Blackmore. He needs not observe that in the towns the poor commonly speak a mixed jargon, violating the canons of the pure dialect as well as those of English.

END OF THE DISSERTATION.

P O E M S
IN THE
D O R S E T D I A L E C T.



SPRING.

THE SPRING.

WHEN wintry weather's al a-done
An' brooks da sparkle in the zun,
An' nāisy buildèn rooks da vlee
Wi' sticks toward ther elem tree,
An' we can hear birds zing, and zee
Upon the boughs the buds o' spring,
Then I don't envy any king,
A-yield wi' health an' zunsheen.

Var then the cowslip's hangèn flow'r,
A-wetted in the zunny show'r,
Da grow wi' vi'lets sweet o' smell,
That māidens al da like so well ;
An' drushes' aggs, wi' sky-blue shell,
Da lie in mossy nests among
The tharns, while thē da zing ther zong
At evemen in the zunsheen.

An' God da miake his win' to blow
 An' rain to val var high an' low,
 An' tell his marnen zun to rise
 Var al alik'; an' groun' an' skies
 Ha' colors var the poor man's eyes ;
 An' in our trials He is near
 To hear our muoau an' zee our tear,
 An' turn our clouds to zunsheen.

An' many times, when I da vind
*T*hings goo awry, an' vo'ke unkind ;
 To zee the quiet veedèn herds,
 An' hear the zingèn o' the birds,
 Da still my spurrit muore than words.
 Var I da zee that 'tis our sin
 Da miake oon's soul so dark 'ithin
 When God wood gi'e us zunsheen.

THE WOODLANDS.

O SPREAD agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
 Luonesome woodlands ! sunny woodlands !
 Here undernéath the dewy show'rs
 O' warm-âir'd spring-time, sunny woodlands.

As when, in drong ar oben groun',
Wi' happy buoyish heart I voun'
The twitt'ren birds a-buildèn roun'
 Your high-bough'd hedges, sunny woodlands.

Ya gie'd me life, ya gie'd me jày,
 Luonesome woodlands, sunny woodlands ;
Ya gie'd me health as in my plây
 I rambled droo ye, sunny woodlands.
Ya gie'd me freedom var to rove
In airy meäd, ar shiady grove ;
Ya gie'd me smilen *Fanny's* love,
 The best ov al o't, sunny woodlands.

My vust shill skylark whiver'd high,
 Luonesome woodlands, sunny woodlands,
To zing below your deep-blue sky
 An' white spring-clouds, O sunny woodlands.
An' boughs o' trees that oonce stood here,
Wer glossy green the happy year
That gie'd me oon I lov'd so dear
 An' now ha lost, O sunny woodlands.

O let me rove agen unspied,
 Luonesome woodlands, sunny woodlands,
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
 As then I rambled, sunny woodlands.

An' wher the missèn trees oonce stood,
Ar tongues oonce rung among the wood,
My memory shall miake em good,
Though you've a-lost em, zunny woodlands.

LIADY-DAY AN' RIDDEN HOUSE

EEES, twer at Liady-Day, ya know,
I come vrom Gullybrook to Stowe.
At Liady-Day I took my pack
O' rottletraps, an' turn'd my back
Upon the wold thick woaken door
That had inzide o'n long avore
The muost that, thieze zide o' the griave,
I'd live to have, or die to siave;
My childern an' my vier-pliace,
An' Molly wi' her cheerful fiace.
An' riddèn house is sich a caddle,
That I shont want to have noo muore o't,—
Not eet a bit, ya mid be sure o't,—
I'd rather kip upon oone staddle.

Well zoo, ya know, in marnen we
Got up so riathe as we could zee,
An' orried uncle's wold hoss *Dragon*,
To bring the wold ramshackle waggon

An' luoad: an' vust begun a-packèn
The bedsteads, an the ruopes an' zackèn;
An' then put up the girt yarm-chair,
An' cuoffer vull ov ethen-ware,
An' vier-dogs, an' copper kettle;
Wi' pots an' sasspans big an' little;
An' other *things* bezide; an' then
Al' up o' top o' thā agen,
The long woak tiable buoard to eat
Our tiaties an our bit o' meat—
Var he ther wou'den be noo doèn
'ithout at al—an' then we tied
Upon the riaves along the zide
The long woak stools belongen too en;
An' put betwix his lags turn'd up'ard
The zalt box an' the carner cup'b'ard.
An' then we laid the wold clock kiase
Al' dumb athirt upon his fiace,
Var al' the works, I needen tell ye,
Wer took out ov his head an' belly.
An' then we put upon the pack
The settle, flat upon his back;
An' a'ter he, a-tied in pairs,
Oon in another, al' the chairs;
An' beds an' other *things* bezide;
An' at the very top, a-tied,
The childern's little stools did lie,
Wi' lags a-turn'd towards the sky.

An' zoo we luoded up our scroff,
An' tied it vast, an' started off.
An',—as the waggon diden car al'
We had to car—the butter-barrel
An' cheese-press, wi' a pâil an' viat
Ar two, an' cistern var to zet
The milk in, an' a view *things* muore,
Wer al' a-carr'd the day avore.

And when we *thought* the *things* wer out,
An' went in var to look about
In holes an' carners, var to vind
What odd oones wer a-left behind,
The holler wind did whissle round
About the empty rooms, an' sound
So dismal, that I zaid to Molly
Did miake I veel quite molancholy.
Var when a man da leäve the heth
Wher vust his childern drâ'd ther breath,
Ar wher thâ grow'd, an' had ther fun,
An' *things* wer oonce a-zaid an' done
That he da mind, da touch his heart
A little bit, I'll änswer var't.
Zoo ridden house is sich a caddle,
That I wou'd rather kip my staddle.

EASTER TIME.

LASTE Easter I put on my blue
Frock cuoat, the vust time, vier new ;
Wi' yaller buttons al o' brass,
That glitter'd in the zun lik' glass ;
An' stuck into the button hole
A bunch o' flowers that I stole.
A span-new wes'co't, too, I wore,
Wi' yaller stripes al down avore ;
An tied my breeches' lags below
The knee, wi' ribbon in a bow ;
An' drow'd my kitty-boots azide,
An' put my laggèns on, and tied
My shoes wi' ribbon hafé inch wide,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Zunday.

An' a'ter marnen church wer out
I come back huome an' strolled about
Al' down the viel's, an' drough the liane,
Wi' sister Kit an' cousin Jiane.
The lam's did plây, the groun's wer green,
The trees did bud, the zun did sheen.
The lark wer zingen in the sky,
An' al the dirt wer got so dry

As if the zummer wer begun.
An' I had sich a bit o' fun,
I miade the māidens squāl an' run,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Zunday.

An' zoo a-Monday we got droo
Our work betimes, an' ax'd a vew
Young vo'ke vrom *Stowe* an' *Coom*, an' zome
Vrom uncle's down at *Grange* to come,
Wi' two or dree young chaps bezide,
To meet and kip up Easter tide:
Var I'd a-zaid bevore, I'd git
Zome friends to come, an' have a bit
O' fun wi' I, an' *Jiane*, an' *Kit*,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Monday.

An' there we plāy'd awoy at quāits,
An' weigh'd ourzelvès wi' skiales an' wāights.
An' jump'd to zee who wer the spryest,
An' jump'd the vurdest an' the highest ;
An' rung the bells var vull an hour,
An' plāy'd at vives agien the tower.
An' then we went an' had a tāit,
An' cousin Sammy wi' his wāight
Broke off the bar, 'e wer so fat,
An' toppled off, an' vell down flat
Upon his head, and squat his hat,
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Monday.

DOCK LEAVES.

THE dock leaves that da spread so wide
Upon *thik wold bank's* sunny zide
Da bring to mind what we did do
At play wi' docks var years agoo.
How we,—when nettles had a-stung
Our busy han's when we wer young,—
Did rub 'em wi' a dock an' zing
"Out netil in dock. In dock out sting."
An' when thy zunburnt fiace, wi' het,
Did sheen wi' tricklen draps o' zweat,
How thee didst squot upon a bank
An' toss thy little head, an' pank,
An' tiake a dock leaf in thy han',
An' zit an' whisk en var a fan;
While I did hunt 'ithin thy zight
Var streaky cockle-shells to fight.

In all our play-ghiames we did bruise
The dock leaf wi' our nimble shoes ;
In carthouse wher we chaps did fling
You maidens upwards in the zwing,
An' by the zae-pit's dusty bank
Wher we did tait upon a plank.
—(Dost mind how once thee coosen zit
The buoard, an' vell'st off into pit?)

An' when we hunted ye about
 The girt rick-barken in an' out
 Among the ricks, your vlee-èn frocks
 An' nimble veet did strick the docks.
 An' zoo thē docks a-spread so wide
 Upon *thik* wold bank's sunny zide,
 Da bring to mind what we did do,
 Among the docks var years agoo.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Ov al the birds upon the wing
 Between the sunny show'rs o' spring,
 Var al the lark, a-swingèn high,
 Mid zing sweet ditties to the sky,
 An' sparrers, clus'tren roun' the bough,
 Mid chatter to the men at plough;
 The blackbird, hoppèn down along
 The hedge, da zing the gâyest zong.

'Tis sweet, wi' yerly-wakèn eyes
 To zee the zun when vust da rise,
 Ar, hâlen underwood an' lops
 Vrom new-plêsh'd hedges ar vrom copse,
 To snatch oon's nammet down below
 A tree wher primruosen da grow,
 But ther s noo time the whol dâ long
 Lik' evemen wi' the blackbird's zong.

Var when my work is al a-done
Avore the zettèn o' the zun,
Then blus hèn Jian da wā'k along
The hedge to mit me in the drong,
An' stây till al is dim an' dark
Bezides the ashen tree's white bark,
An al bezides the blackbird's shill
An' runnèn evemen-whissle's still.

How in my buoyhood I did rove
Wi' pryèn eyes along the drove,
Var blackbird's nestes in the quick-
Set hedges high, an' green, an' thick ;
Ar clim' al up, wi' clingèn knees,
Var crows' nestes in swâyèn trees,
While frighten'd blackbirds down below
Did chatter o' ther well-know'd foe.

An' we da hear the blackbirds zing
Ther sweetest ditties in the spring,
When nippèn win's na muore da blow
Vrom narthern skies wi' sleet ar snow,
But drêve light doust along between
The clouse liane-hedges, thick an' green ;
An' zoo the blackbird down along
The hedge da zing the gâyet zong.

WOODCOM' FEĀST.

COME, Fanny, come ! put on thy white,
 'Tis Woodcom' feāst ya know, to-night.
 Come ! think noo muore, ya silly maid,
 O' chickēn drown'd, or ducks a-stray'd ;
 Nor muope to vind thy new frock's tail
 A-tore by hetchèn in a nail ;
 Nar grieve an' hang thy head azide,
 A-thinkèn o' thy lam' that died.
 The flag's a-vlee-èn wide an' high,
 An' ringèn bells da shiake the sky ;
 The band da plây, the harns da roar,
 An' boughs be up at ev'ry door.
 Tha'll be a-dancèn soon : the drum
 's a-rumblèn now. Come, Fanny, come !
 Father an' mother, I be sure,
 'v a-ben a-gone an hour ar muore ;
 An' at the green the young an' wold
 Da stan' so thick as sheep in vuold :
 The men da lâfe, the buoys da shout,
 Come out, ya muopèn wench, come out,
 And goo wi' I, an' shew at leäst
 Bright eyes an' smiles at Woodcom' feäst.

Come, let's goo out an' fling our heels
 About in jigs an' vow'r-han' reels,

While al the stiff-lagg'd wolder vo'ke
A-zittèn roun' da ta'ke an' joke,
An' zee us dânce, an' smile to zee
Ther youthful rigs a-play'd by we.
Var ever since the wold church speer
Vust prick'd the clouds, vrom year to year,
When grass in meäd did reach oon's knees,
An' blooth did kern in apple-trees ;
Zome merry dâ 'v' a-broke to sheen
Upon the dânce at Woodcom' green.
An al o' thâ that now da lie
So low al roun' thik speer so high,
Oonce, vrom the biggest to the leäst,
Had merry hearts at Woodcom' feäst.

Zoo kip it up, an' let ther be
A feäst var others a'ter we.
Come to the green, var when the zun
Da zet upon our harmless fun,
The moon wull rise up in the east
To gi'e us light at Woodcom' feäst.
Come, Fanny, come ! put on thy white,
Tis merry Woodcom' feäst to night :
Ther's nothin' var to muope about ;
Come out, ya liazy jiade, come out ;
An' thee wu't be, to oon at leäst,
The pirtiest maid at Woodcom' feäst.

THE MILK-MAID O' THE FARM.

I be the milk-máid o' the farm :
I be so happy out in groun',
Wi' my white milk-páil in my yarm,
As ef I wore a goolden crown.

An' I don't zit up hafe the night,
Nar lie var hafe the day a-bed :
An' that's how 'tis my eyes be bright,
An' why my cheäks be álwiz red.

In zummer marnens, when the lark
Da rouse the yerly lad an' lass
To werk, I be the vust to mark
My steps upon the dewy grass.

An' in the evemen, when the zun
Da sheen upon the western brows
O' hills, wher bubblèn brooks da run
Ther I da zing an' milk my cows.

An' ev'ry cow da stan' wi' I,
An' never möve, nar kick my páil,
Nar bliare at t'other cows, nar try
To hook, ar swîch me wi' her tail.

Noo liady, wi' her muff an' vail,
Da wā'ke wi' sich a stately tread
As I do wi' my milkēn pāil,
A-balanc'd up upon my head.

An I at marnen an' at night
Da skim the yaller crēam, an' muold
An' press my cheeses red an' white,
An' zee the butter vetch'd an' roll'd.

An' Tommas shon't be call'd the wust
Young man alive, var he da try
To milk roun' al his own cows vust,
An' then to come an' milk var I.

I be the milk-māid o' the farm :
I be so happy out in groun',
Wi' my white milk-pāil in my yarm,
As ef I wore a goolden crown.

THE GIRT WOAK TREE THAT'S IN THE DELL.

THE girt woak tree that's in the dell !
Ther's noo tree I da love so well.
Var in thik tree, when I wer young,
I have a-clim'd, an' I've a-zwung,

An' pick'd the yacors that wer spread
About below his spreaden head.
An' jist below en is the brook
Wher I did vish wi' line an' hook,
An' bathe my young an' slender lims,
An' have my buoyish dips and zwims ;
An' there my father used to zit ;
An' there my mother used to knit :
An' I've a-played wi' many a buoy
That's now a man an' gone awoy.
Zoo I da like noo tree so well
's the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

An' there I of'en have a-roved
Along wi' thik poor maid I lov'd,—
The maid too flair to die so soon,—
When evemen twilight ar the moon
Drow'd light enough into the pliace
To show the smiles upon her fiace :
Wi' eyes so clear 's the glassy pool,
An' lips an' cheäks so soft as wool:
There han' in han' wi' bosoms warm
Wi' love that burn'd but thought noo harm,
Under thik tree we us'd to zit
Var hours I never can vargit.
Tho' she can never be my wife,
She's still the anngel o' my life.

She's gone: an' she 've a-left to me
Her token o' the girt woak tree.

Zoo I da love noo tree so well
's the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

An' oh ! mid never ax nar hook
Be brote to spwile his stiately look ;
Nar roun' his white an' mossy zides
Mid cattle rub ther hiary hides.
Beät routen pigs awoy, an' keep
His luonesome shiade var harmless sheep ;
An' let en grow, an' let en spread,
An' let en live when I be dead.
But oh ! ef thā shou'd come an' vell
The girt woak tree that's in the dell,
An' build his planks into the zide
O' zome girt ship to plow the tide,
Then life ar death ! I'd goo to sea,
An' sâil on wi' the girt woak tree :
An' I upon thā planks wou'd stand,
An' die a-fightèn var the land,—
The land so dear ; the land so free ;
The land that bore the girt woak tree ;—
Var I da love noo tree so well
's the girt woak tree that's in the dell.

VELLEN THE TREE.

Ees, the girt elem tree out in little huome groun'
Wer a-stannen this marnen, an' now 's a-cut down.
Aye, the girt elem tree so big roun' an' so high,
Wher the mowers did goo to ther drink, an' did lie
A-yeazen ther lims, var a zultery hour.

When the zun did strick down wi' his girtest o' pow'r.
Wher the haymakers put up ther picks an' ther riakes,
An'disquot down to snabble ther cheese an' ther kiakes,
An' did vill vrom ther flaggons ther cups wi' ther yale,
An' did miake therzelves merry wi' joke an wi' tiale.

Ees, we took up a ruope an' we tied en al roun'
At the top ð'n wi' oon end a-hangen to groun',
An' when we'd a-za'd his girt stem a'most drough,
We gie'd the wold chap about oon tug ar two,
An' 'e swây'd al his lims, an' 'e nodded his head,
Till 'e vell awoy down lik' a girt lump o' lead:
An' as we rinn'd awoy vrom 'en, clouse at our backs,
Oh! his boughs come a-whizzen an' gie-èn sich cracks;
An' his top wer so lofty that now's a-vell down
The stem ð'n da reach a'most auver the groun'.
Zoo the girt elem tree out in little huome groun'
Wer a-stannen this marnen, an' now 's a-cut down.

BRINGEN OON GWÂIN* O' ZUNDAYS.

AH ! John, how I da love to look
 Upon the holler an' the brook,
 Among the withies that da hide
 The water, growèn at the zide ;
 An' at the road athirt the wide
 An' shaller vuord, wher we young buoys,
 Did piart when we did goo hafe-woys
 To bring ye gwâin o' Zundays.

Var a'ter church, when we got huome
 In evemen, you did always come
 To spend a happy hour ar two
 Wi' we, ar we did goo to you ;
 An' never let the comers goo
 Back huome aluone, but always took
 A stroll down wi' em to the brook
 To bring 'em gwâin o' Zundays.

How we did scoat al down the groun'
 A-pushèn oon another down,
 Ar challengen o' zides in jumps
 Down auver bars, an' vuzz, an' humps,
 An piart at laste wi' slaps an' thumps,

* To bring oon gwâin,—to bring one going. To bring one on his way.

An' run back up the hill to zee
 Who'd git huome quickest, you ar we
 That brote ye gwain o' Zundays.

O' liater years, John, you've a-stood
 My friend, an' I've a-done you good,
 But tidden, John, var al that you
 Be now that I da like ye zoo,
 But what ya wer var years agoo :
 Zoo if you'd stir my heart-blood now,
 Tell how we used to play, an' how
 Ya brote us gwain o' Zundays.

EVEMEN TWILIGHT.

Ah ! they vew zummers brote us roun'
 The happiest daes that we've a-voun',
 When, in the archet that did stratch
 Along the west zide o' the patch
 Ov wood, a-lyèn var to catch
 The western zun, we al did meet
 Wi' merry tongues an' skippèn veet
 At evemen in the twilight.

The evemen air did fan in turn
 The cheäks the middæ zun did burn,

An' zet the ruslen leaves at plây,
 An' miake the red-stemm'd brembles swây
 In bows below the snow-white mây;
 An' whirdlen roun' the trees, did shiake
 Jiane's raven curdles roun' her neck
 Thêy evemens in the twilight.

An' there the yoller light did rest
 Upon the bank toward the west,
 An' twitt'ren birds did hop in droo
 The hedge, an' many a-skippèn shoe
 Did beât the flowers wet wi' dew;
 As undernéath the trees wide limb
 Our merry shiapes did jumpy dim,
 Thêy evemens in the twilight.

How sweet's the evemen var to rove
 Along wi' oon that we da love,
 When light enough is in the sky
 To shiade the smile an' light the eye
 Tis al but heaven to be by;
 An' bid, in whispers soft an' light
 'S the ruslen ov a leaf, "Good night,"
 At evemen in the twilight.

An' happy be the young an' strong
 That can but work the whol dæ long

So merry as the birds in spring,
 An' have noo ho var any thing
 Another dae mid tiake ar bring ;
 But meet, when al ther work's a-done,
 In archet var ther bit o' fun,
 At evemen in the twilight.

EVENING IN THE VILLAGE.

Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloem,
 An' the men be at huome vrom ground ;
 An' the bells be a-zendèn al down the Coombe
 A muoanèn an' dyèn sound.
 An' the wind is still,
 An' the house-dogs da bark,
 An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark,
 An' the water da roar at mill.

An' out droo yander cottage's winder-piane
 The light o' the candle da shoot,
 An' young Jemmy the blacksmith is down the liane
 A-playèn his jarman-flute.
 An' the miller's man
 Da zit down at his èase
 'Pon the girt wooden seat that is under the trees,
 Wi' his pipe an' his cider can.

Tha' da zä that tis zom'hat in towns to see
 Fresh fiazen vrom däy to däy :
 Tha' mid zee em var me, ef the two or three
 I da love should but smile an' stây.
 Zoo gi'e me the sky,
 An' the air an' the zun,
 An' a huome in the dell wher the water da run,
 An' there let me live an' die.

MAY.

COME out o' door, 'tis Spring ! 'tis Mây !
 The trees be green ; the viel's be gây ;
 The weather's fine ; the winter blast,
 Wi' al his trâin o' clouds, is past ;
 The zun da rise while vo'ke da sleep,
 An' tiake a longer higher zweep,
 Wi' cloudless fiace, a-flingèn down
 His sparklèn light upon the groun'.

The air is warm and soft ; come drow
 The winder oben ; let it blow
 In droo the house wher vire an' door
 A-shut kept out the cuold avore.
 Come, let the vew dull embers die,
 An' come out to the oben sky,

An' wear your best, var fear the groun'
 In colors gây mid shiame your gown.
 An' goo an' rig wi' l a mile
 Ar two up auver geât an' stile,
 Droo zunny parricks that da leäd
 Wi' crooked hedges to the meäd,
 Wher elem's high, in stately ranks,
 Da grow upon the cowslip banks,
 An' birds da twitter vrom the sprây
 O' bushes deck'd wi' snow-white mây ;
 An' gil'cups, wi' the diasy bud,
 Be under ev'ry step ya trud.

We'll wine' up roun' the hill, an' look
 Al down into the woody nook,
 Out wher the squier's house da show
 Hizzelf between the double row
 O' shiady elem's, where the rook
 Da build her nest, an' where the brook
 Da creep along the meäds, and lie
 To catch the brightness o' the sky,
 An' cows, in water to ther knees,
 Da stan' a-whisken off the vlees.

Mother o' blossoms, an' ov al
 That's green a-vield vrom spring til fal ;
 The gookoo vrom beyand the sea
 Da come wi' jây to zing to thee,

An' insects vust in giddy flight
 Da show ther colors by thy light.
 Oh ! when at läste my fleshly eyes
 Shall shut upon the viel's an' skies,
 Mid zummer's sunny dæs be gone,
 An' winter's clouds be comen on :
 Nar mid I dra', upon the eth,
 O' thy sweet air my liatest breath ;
 Alassen I mid want to stây
 Behine' var thee, O ! flow'ry Mây.

BOB THE FIDDLER.

OH ! Bob the fiddler is the pride
 O' chaps an' maidens vur an' wide ;
 They cänt kip up a merry tide
 But Bob is in the middle.
 If merry Bob da come avore ye,
 He'll zing a zong, ar tell a story ;
 But if you'd zee en in his glory
 Jist let en have a fiddle.

Ees, let en tuck a croud below
 His chin, an' gi'e his vist a bow,
 'E'll drêve his elbow to an' fro,

An' plây what ya da pléase.
At mâypolén, ar feäst, ar flair,
His yarm wüll set off twenty piair,
An' miake 'em dânce the groun' dirt biare,
An' hop about lik' vleas.

Long life to Bob, the very soul
O' meth at merry feäst an' pole,
Var when the croud da leäve his jowl
Tha'l al be in the dumps.
Zoo at the dânce another year,
At Shilliston ar Hazelbur',
Mid Bob be there to miake 'em stir,
In merry jigs, ther stumps.

HOPE IN SPRING.

In happy times a while ago
My lively hope that's now a-gone
Did stir my heart the whol year droo,
But muoast when greenbough'd spring come on:
When I did rove, wi' litty veet,
Droo diaisy beds so white's a sheet,
But still avore I us'd to meet
The blushèn cheäks that bloom'd var me.

An' a'terward, in lightsome youth,
When zummer wer a-comen on,
An' al the trees wer white wi' blooth,
An' dippèn zwallers skimm'd the pon';
Sweet hope did vill my heart wi' jây
An' tell me, though tâik spring wer gây,
Ther still woo'd come a brighter Mây,
Wi' blusheùn cheäks to bloom var me.

An' when at läste the time come roun',
An' brote a lofty zun to sheen
Upon my smilèn Fanny down
Droo nêsh young leaves o' yoller green;
How charmen wer the het that glow'd,
How charmen wer the shiade a-drow'd,
How charmen wer the win' that blow'd,
Upon her cheäks that bloom'd var me !

But hardly did they times begin
Avore I voun' em al gone by;
An' year by year da now come in
To wider piart my jây an I;
Var what's to meet ar what's to piart
Wi' mäidens kind, ar mäidens smart,
When hope's noo longer in the heart,
An' cheäks noo muore da bloom var we.

But ther's a wordle var to bless
The good, wher zickness never rose ;
An' ther's a year that's winterless
Wher glassy waters never vroze.
An' there, if true but ethly love
Da sim noo sin to God above,
'S a-smilèn still my harinless dove,
So fair as when she bloom'd var me.

THE WHITE ROAD UP A THIRT THE HILL.

WHEN high hot zuns da strik right down,
An' burn our zweaty flazen brown,
An' sunny hangèns that be nigh
Be back'd by hills so blue 's the sky ;
Then while the bells da sweetly cheem
Upon the champèn high-neck'd team
How lively, wi' a friend, da seem
The white road up a thirt the hill.

The zwellem downs, wi' chaky tracks
A-climmen up ther sunny backs,
Da hide green meäds, an' zedgy brooks,
An' clumps o' trees wi' glossy rooks,

An hearty vo'ke to lafe an' zing,
 An churches wi' ther bells to ring,
 In parishes al in a string
 Wi' white roads up athirt the hills.

At feäst, when uncle's vo'ke da come
 To spend the dä wi' we at huome,
 An' we da put upon the buoard
 The best of al we can avvuord,
 The wolder oons da tå'ke an' smoke,
 An' younger oons da plây an' joke,
 An' in the evemen al our vo'ke
 Da bring 'em gwain athirt the hill.

Var then the green da zwarm wi' wold.
 An' young so thick as sheep in vuold.
 The billis in the blacksmith's shop
 An' mësh-green waterwheel da stop,
 An' luonesome in the wheelwright's shed
 'S a-left the wheelless waggon bed,
 While zwarms o' comen friends da tread
 The white road down athirt the hill.

An' when the windèn road so white,
 A-climmen up the hills in zight,
 Da leäd to pliazen, east ar west,
 The vust a-know'd an' lov'd the best,

How touchèn in the zunacheen's glow
 Ar in the shiades that clouds da drow
 Upon the zunburn'd down below,
 'S the white road up athirt the hill.

What pirty hollers now the long
 White roads da windy roun' among,
 Wi' diary cows in woody nooks,
 An' häymiakers among ther pooks,
 An' housen that the trees da screen
 Vrom zun an' zight by boughs o' green,
 Young blushèn beauty's huomes between
 The white roads up athirt the hills.

THE WOODY HOLLER.

If mem'ry, when our hope 's a-gone,
 Cood bring us drëms to chëat us on,
 Ov happiness our hearts voun' true
 In years we come too quickly droo;
 What däs shood come to me but you
 That burn'd my youthvul cheäks wi' zuns
 O' zummer in my pläysome runs
 About the woody holler.

When evemen's risèn moon did peep
 Down droo the holler dark an' deep,
 Wher gigglen swithearts miade ther vows
 In whispers under waggèn bougħs ;
 When whisslen buoys an' rott'len ploughs
 Wer still, an' mothers wi' ther thin
 Shrill vāices cal'd ther dāters in,
 Vrom wā'kēn in the holler.

What souls shood come avore my zight
 But they that us'd your zummer light ;
 The litsome younger oons that smil'd
 Wi' comely fiazen now à-spwil'd ;
 Ar wolder vo'ke, so wise an' mild,
 That I da miss when I da goo
 To zee the pliace, an' wā'ke down droo
 The luonesome woody holler.

When wrongs an' auverbearèn words
 Da prick my bleedèn heart lik' swords,
 Then I da try, var Christes siake,
 To think o' you, sweet daes, an' miake
 My soul as 'twere when you did wiake
 My childhood's eyes, an' when, if spite
 Ar grief did come, did die at night
 In sleep 'ithin the holler.

JENNY'S RIBBONS.

JIAN ax'd what ribbon she shood wear
'Ithin her bonnet to the fair.
She had oon white a-gi'ed her when
She stood at Mairy's chrissenèn;
She had oon brown, she had oon red
A kipsiake vrom her brother dead,
That she did like to wear to goo
To zee his griave below the yew.

She had oon green among her stock
That I'd a-bo'te to match her frock;
She had oon blue to match her eyes
The colour o' the zummer skies,
An' he, tho' I da like the rest,
Is *thik* that I da like the best,
Bekiaze she had en in her hiair
When vust I wā'k'd wi' her at fair.

The brown, I zaid, woo'd do to deck
Thy hiair; the white woo'd match thy neck;
The red woo'd miake thy red cheäk wan
A-thinken o' the gi'er gone.

The green woo'd show thee to be true ;
 But eet I'd sooner zee the blue,
 Bekiaze 'twer *thik* that deck'd thy hiair
 When vust I wā'k'd wi' thee at fiair.

Zoo, when she had en on, I took
 Her han' 'ithin my elbow's crook,
 An' off we went *athirt* the weir
 An' up the meād toward the fiair ;
 The while her mother, at the geāte,
 Call'd out an' bid her not stāy liate ;
 An' she, a-smilèn, wi' her bow
 O' blue, look'd roun', an' nodded *No*.

ECLOGUE.

THE 'LOTMENTS.

JOHN AND RICHARD.

JOHN.

Zoo you be in your ground then I da zee,
 A-workèn, and a-zingèn lik' a bee.
 How do it ānswēr? what d'ye *think* about it?
 D'ye *think* 'tis better wi' it than without it?

F

A-reck'nen rent, an' time an' zeed to stock it,
D'ye think that you be any thing in pocket?

RICHARD.

O 'tis a goodish help to oon, I'm sure o't.
If I had not a-got it my poor buones
Would now a'yach'd a-cracken stuones
Upon the road ; I wish I had zome muore o't.

JOHN.

I wish the girt oons had a-got the griace
To let out land lik' this in ouer pliaice ;
But I da fear there'll never be nuone var us,
An' I can't tell whatever we shall do :
We be a-most a-starvèn, an' we'd goo
To 'merica, if we'd enough to car us.

RICHARD.

Why 'twere the squire ya know, a worthy man,
That vust brote into ouer pliaice the plan ;
'E zaid 'e'd let a vew odd yacres
O' land to we poor liab'rèn men ;
An', 'faih, 'e had enough o' tiakers
Var that an' twice so much agen.
Zoo I took zome here, near my hovel,
To exercise my spiarde an' shovel.
An' what wi' dungèn, diggèn up, an' zeedèn,
A-thinèn, cleänèn, howèn up, an' weedèn,
I an' the biggest o' the childern too
'Ave always got some useful jobs to do.

JOHN.

Ees, wi' a bit o' ground if oon got any,
Oon's buoys can soon get out an' yarn a penny,
And then, by workèn, they da larn the vaster
The woy to do things when they got a miaster ;
Vor oon must know a deal about the land
Bevore oon's fit to lend a useful hand
In giarden, or a-yield upon a farm.

RICHARD.

An' then the work da keep 'em out o' harm,
Vor vo'kes that don't do nothèn wull be wound
Soon doèn woose than nothèn, I'll be bound.
But as var I, d'yé zee, wi' theös here bit
O' land, why I have ev'ry thing a'muost.
I can fat ducks an' turkeys var the spit ;
Or zell a good fat goose ar two to ruoast.
I can have beäns an' cabbage, greens ar grass,
Ar bit o' wheat, ar', sich my happy fiate is
That I can keep a little cow, or ass,
An' a vew pigs to eat the little tiaties.

JOHN.

And when your pig 's a-fatted pirty well
Wi' tiaties, ar wi' barley an' some bran.,
Why you've a-got zome vlitches var to zell,
Or hang in chimley carner if you can.

RICHARD.

Ees, that's the *thing* ; an' when the pig da die
 We got a lot ov offal var to fry,
 An' inwards var to buoil, or put the blood in,
 And miake a meal or two o' good black pudden.

JOHN.

I'd keep myzelf from parish I'd be bound
 If I could get a little patch o' ground.

ECLOGUE.

A BIT O' SLY COORTÈN

JOHN AND FANNY.

JOHN.

Now Fanny, 'tis too bad, ya tēazèn māid ;
 How liate ya be a-come. Wher have ye stāy'd ?
 How long ya have a-miade me wāit about !
 I thought ya werden gwāin to come, agen,
 I had a mind to goo back huome agen.
 This idden when ya promis'd to come out.

FANNY.

Now 'tidden any use to miake a row,
 Var 'pon my word I cooden come till now.
 I ben a-kept in al the dæ, by mother,
 At work about oon little job an' t'other.
 If you da want to goo, though, don't ye stây
 Var I a minute longer I da pray.

JOHN.

I thought ya mid be out wi' *Jemmy Blaice*.

FANNY.

Why should I be wi' he var goodness' siake?

JOHN.

Ya wā'k'd o' Zunday evenen wi'n d'ye know.
 Ya went vrom Church a-hitch'd up in his yarm.

FANNY.

Well, if I did, that werden any harm ;
 Lauk ! that *is* zome'hat to tiake nodice o'.

JOHN.

'E took ye roun' the middle at the stile,
 An' kiss'd ye twice 'ithin the hafe a mile.

FANNY

'Ees, at the stile, bekaise I shooden val,
 'E took me hold to help me down, that's al;

An' I cān't zee what very mighty harm
 'E cood ha' done a-lenden me his yarm.
 An' var his kissēn o' me, if 'e did
 I didden ax en to, nar zə 'e mid ;
 An' if 'e kiss'd me dree times ar a dozen,
 What harm wer it? Why idden er my cousin?
 An' I cān't zee, then, what ther is amiss
 In cousin Jem's jist gi'en I a kiss.

JOHN.

Well, he shon't kiss ye then ; ya shon't be kiss'd
 By his girt ugly chops, a lanky houn' ;
 If I da zee'n I'll jist wring up my vist
 An' knock en down.
 I'll squot his girt pug nose, if I don't miss en,
 I'll warnd I'll spwile his pirty lips var kassen.

FANNY.

Well, John, I'm sure I little thought to vind
 That you had sich a nasty jealous mind.
 What, then! I s'pose that I must be a dummy,
 An' mussen goo about, nar wag my tongue
 To any soul, if he's a man, an' young ;
 Ar else you'll put yerzelf up in a passion,
 An' ta'k awoy o' gi'en vo'ke a drashèn,
 An' breakèn buones, an' beätèn heads to pummy.
 If you've a-got sich jealous woys about ye,
 I'm sure I shoo'd be better off 'ithout ye.

JOHN.

Well, if girt Jemmy have a-winn'd your heart,
We'd better break the coortship off, an' piart.

FANNY.

He winn'd my heart ! there, John, don't tā'k sich stuff,
Don't tā'k noo muore; var ya've a-zed enough.
If I'd a-lik'd another muore than you
I'm sure I shooden come to meet ye zoo,
Var, I've a-tuold to fäther many a starry
An' took o' mother many a scuoldèn var ye.

[*Weeping.*]

But 'twull be auver now, var you shon't zee me
Out wi' ye noo muore to pick a quarrel wi' me.

JOHN.

Well, Fanny, I woon't zae noo muore, my dear.
Let's miake it up. Come wipe off *this* tear,
Let's goo an' zit o' top o' theos here stile,
And rest, and look about a little while.

FANNY.

Now goo awoy, ya nasty jealous chap,
Ya shon't kiss I : ya shon't : I'll gi' ye a slap.

JOHN.

Then you look smilèn ; don't you pout an' toss
Yer head at I, an' look so very cross.

FANNY.

Now John ! don't squeeze me roun' the middle zoo.
 I woon't stop here noo longer if ya do.—
 Why John ! be quiet wull ye, fie upon it.
 Now zee how you've a-rumpl'd up my bonnet,
 Mother 'ill zee it a'ter I'm at huome,
 An' gi'e a guess directly how it come.

JOHN.

Then don't ye zae that I be jealous, *Fanny*.

FANNY.

I wull: var you *be* jealous, Mister *Jahnn*.

JOHN.

If I be jealous you be rather fickle-ish.

FANNY.

John ! leäve aluone my neck. I be so tickle-ish !
 There's somebody a-comèn down the groun'
 Towards theös stile. Who is it? Come git down.
 I must rin huome, upon my word then, now ;
 If I da stây they'll kick up sich a row.
 Good night. I can't stây now.

JOHN.

Then good night, Fanny
 Come out a-bit to-marrer evemen, can ye?

SUMMER.

SUMMER.

EVEMEN, AN' MÂIDENS OUT AT DOOR.

THE shiades o' the trees da stratch out muore an' muore,
Vrom the low goolden zun in the west o' the sky ;
An' mайдens da stan out in clusters avore
The doors var to chatty, an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' ther cuombs be a-zet in ther bunches o' hiair,
An' ther curdles da hang roun' ther necks lily white,
An' ther cheäks tha be ruozy, ther shoulders be biare,
Ther looks tha be merry, ther lims tha be light.

An' times have a-bin—but tha cänt be noo muore—
When evemens lik theös wer delightsome var I,
When *Fanny* did stan' out wi' others avore
Her door var to chatty, an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' there, in the green, is her own honey-zuck,
That her brother trâin'd up roun' herwinder; and there
Is the ruose an' the jessamy where she did pluck
A flow'r var her buzom, a bud var her hiair.

Zoo smile, happy māidens ; var every fiaice,
 As the zummers da come, an' the years da roll by,
 Wull sadden, ar goo vur awoy vrom the pliaice,
 Ar else lik' my Fanny wull wether an' die.

But when you be lost vrom the parish, some muore
 Wull come in y'ur pliazen to bloom an' to die.
 Zoo zummer wull always have māidens avore
 Ther doors var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

Var dā'ters ha' marnen when mothers ha' night,
 An' beauty da live when the fiairest is dead.
 The siame as when oon wiave da zink vrom the light,
 Another da come up an' catch it instead.

Zoo smile, happy māidens ; but never noo muore
 Shall I zee oon among ye a-smilēn var I.
 An' my heart is a-touch'd to zee you out avore
 The doors var to chatty, and zee vo'ke goo by.

THE SHEPHERD O' THE FARM.

I BE the Shepherd o' the farm :
 An' be so proud a-rovèn round
 Wi' my long crook a-thirt my yarm,
 As ef I wer a king a-crown'd.

An' I da bide al day among
 The bleätèn sheep, an' pitch ther vuold ;
 An' when the evemen shiades be long
 Da zee 'em al a-penn'd an' tuold.

An' I da zee the frisken lam's,
 Wi' swingen tails and woolly lags,
 A-playèn roun' ther veedèn dams,
 An' pullèn o' ther milky bags.

An' I, bezide a hawtharn tree,
 Da zit upon the sunny down,
 While shiades o' zummer clouds da vlee
 Wi' silent flight along the groun'.

An' there, among the many cries
 O' sheep an' lam's, my dog da pass
 A zultry hour wi' blinken eyes,
 An' nose a-stratch'd upon the grass.

But in a twinklen, at my word,
 The shaggy rogue is up an' gone
 Out roun' the sheep lik' any bird,
 To do what he's a-zent upon.

An' wi' my zong, an' wi' my fife,
 An' wi' my hut o' turf an' hurdles,
 I wou'den channgé my shepherd's life
 'To be a-miade a king o' wordles.

An' I da goo to washèn pool,
 A-sousèn auver head an' ears
 The shaggy sheep, to cleän ther wool,
 An' miake 'em ready var the sheärs.

An' when the shearèn time da come,
 I be at barn vrom dawn till dark,
 Wher zome da catch the sheep, and zome
 Da mark ther zides wi' miaster's mark.

An' when the shearèn's al a-done,
 Then we da eat, an' drink, an' zing
 In miaster's kitchen, till the tun
 Wi' merry sounds da shiake an' ring.

I be the Shepherd o' the farm:
 An' be so proud a-rovèn round
 Wi' my long crook a-thirt my yarm,
 As ef I wer a king a-crown'd.

VIELDS IN THE LIGHT.

Oon's heart mid leäp wi' thoughts o' jây
 In comen manhood light an' gây,
 When wolder vo'ke da goo an' gi'e
 The smilen wordle up to we;

But dæs so flair in hope's bright eyes
Da of'en come wi' zunless skies ;
Oon's fancy can but be out-done
Wher trees da swây an' brooks da run
By risèn moon ar zettèn zun.

When in the evemen I da look
Al down the hill upon the brook
Wi' wiaves a-leäpen clear an' bright,
While boughs da swây in yoller light ;
Noo hills nar hollers, woods nar streams,
A-voun' by dæ ar zeed in dreams,
Can seem much fitter var to be
Good anngel's huomes though they da gi'e
But pâin an' twile to souls lik' we.

An' when, by moonlight, darksome shiades
Da lie in grass wi' dewy bliades,
An' wordle-hushèn night da keep
The proud an angry vast asleep,
When we can *think*, as we da rove,
Ov only they that we da love ;
Then who can dream a dream to show,
Ar who can zee a moon to drow
A sweeter light to wa'ke below ?

WHITSUNTIDE AN' CLUB WA'KEN.

EES, laste Whitmonday, I an' Miary
Got up betime to mind the diairy;
An' gi'ed the milkèn pâils a scrub,
An' dress'd, an' went to zee the club.
Var up at public house by ten
O'clock the pliace wer vull o' men,
A-dress'd to goo to Church, an' dine,
An' wa'ke about the pliace in line.

Zoo off tha started, two an' two,
Wi' painted poles an' knots o' blue;
An' girt silk flags.—(I wish my box
'd a-got 'em al in kiapes an' frocks.)—
The fifes did squeak, the drum did rumble,
An' girt biazzoons did grunt an' grumble,
An' vo'ke that vollied in a crowd
Kick'd up the doust in sich a cloud!
An' then at church ther wer sich lots
O' hats a-hung up wi' ther knots,
An' poles a-stood so thick as iver
Ya zeed bullrushes by a river.
An' Mr. Goodman gi'ed 'em warnen
To spend ther evemen lik' ther marnen.

Clubs werden meän'd var empten barrels,
 'E zaid, nar eet var pickén quarrels.
 Put that oon man mid do another
 In need, the duty ov a brother.

An' á'ter church tha went to dine
 'ithin the girt long room behine
 The public house, wher you remember
 We had our dānce back laste December.
 An' ther tha miade sich stunnen clatters
 Wi' knives an' farks an' pliates an' platters !
 The wāiters rinn'd, the beer did pass
 Vrom tap to jug, vrom jug to glass ;
 An' when tha took awoy the dishes
 Tha druk'd good healths, an' wish'd good wishes
 To al the girt vo'kes o' the land,
 An' al good things vo'ke took in hand.
 An' oon cried *hip, hip, hip*, an' hollied,
 An' t'others al struck in, an' vollied ;
 An' grabb'd ther drink up in ther clutches,
 An' swigg'd it wi' sich hearty glutches.

An á ter that tha went al out
 In rank agien, an' wa'k'd about,
 An' gi'ed zome parish vo'ke a cal,
 An' then went down to Narley Hal,
 An had zome beer an' dānc'd between
 The elem trees upon the green.

An' gwâin along the road tha done
 Al sarts o' mad-cap *things*, var fun ;
 An' dânc'd, a-pokèn out ther poles,
 An' pushèn buoys down into holes ;
 An' Sammy Stubbs come out o' rank
 An' kiss'd I up agien the bank,
 A sassy chap ; I ha'nt vargi'ed en
 Not eet ; in shart I han't a-zeed en.
 Zoo in the dusk ov evemen zome
 Went back to drink, an' zome went huome.

WOODLEY.

SWEET Woodley, oh ! how fresh an' gây
 Thy lianes an' veels be now in Mây,
 The while the brode-leav'd clotes da zwim
 In brooks wi' gil'cups at the brim ;
 An' yoller cowslip-beds da grow
 By tharns in blooth so white as snow ;
 An' win' da come vrom copse wi' smells
 O' grêgoles wi' ther hangèn bells.

Though time da drêve me on, my mind
 Da turn in love to thee behind,
 The siame's a bullrush that's a-shook
 By wind a-blowèn up the brook.

The curdlen strēam woo'd drēve en down,
But plâysome air da turn en roun',
An' miake en seem to bend wi' love
To zunny hollers up above.

Thy tower still da auverlook
The woody knaps, an' windèn brook,
An' lianes wi' here an' there a hatch,
An' house wi' elem-shiaded thatch ;
An' veels wher chaps da vur outdo
The Zunday sky wi' cuots o' blue,
An' maidens' frocks da vur surpass
The whitest diasies in the grass.

What peals to-dā vrom thy wold tow'r
Da strik upon the zummer flow'r,
As al the club, wi' dusty lags
Da wā'k wi' poles an' flappèn flags,
An' wind, to music, roun' between
A zwarm o' vo'ke upon the green !
Though time da drēve me on, my mind
Da turn wi' love to thee behind.

THE BROOK THAT RUNN'D BY GRAMFER'S.

WHEN snow-white clouds wer thin an' vew
Avore the zummer sky o' blue,
An' I'd noo ho but how to vind
Zome plây to entertâiu my mind ;
Along the water, as did wind
Wi' zedgy shoal an' holler crook,
How I did ramble by the brook
That runn'd al down vrom gramfer's.

A-holdèn out my line beyond
The clote-leaves wi' my withy wand,
How I did watch, wi' eager look,
My zwimmen cark a-zunk ar shook
By minnies nibblen at my hook,
A-thinken I shood catch a briace
O' perch, ar at the leäst some diace
A-zwimmen down from gramfer's.

Then ten good diaries wer a-fed
Along that water's windèn bed,
An' in the lewth o' hills an' wood
A hafe a score farmhousen stood :
But now,—count al ó'm how you woo'd,

So many less da hold the land,—
 You'd vine but vive that still da stand,
 A' comen down vrom gramfer's.

There, in the midst ov al his land,
 The squier's ten-tunn'd house did stand,
 Wher he did miake the water clim'
 A bank, an sparkle under dim
 Brudge arches, villèn to the brim
 His pon', an' leäpèn, white as snow,
 Vrom rocks, a-glitt'ren in a bow,
 An' runnen down to gramfer's.

An' now oon wing is al you'd vind
 O' thik girt house a-left behind ;
 An' only oon wold stuonen tun
 'S a-stannen to the râin an' zun ;
 An' al's undone the squier done.
 The brook ha' now noo cal to stây
 To vill his pon' ar clim' his bây
 A-runnen down to gramfer's.

When oonce in heavy râin, the road
 At *Grenley* brudge wer auverflow'd,
 Poor *Sophy White*, the pliace's pride,
 A-gwâin vrom market went to ride
 Her pony droo to t'other zide ;

But vound the strēam so deep an' strong
 That took her off the road, along
 The holler, down to gramfer's.

'Twer dark, an' she went on too vast
 To catch hold any thing she pass'd ;
 Noo bough hung auver to her hand,
 An' she coo'd rēach no stuone nar land
 Wher oonce her litty voot cou'd stand :
 Noo ears wer out to hear her cries,
 Nar wer she oonce a-zeed by eyes,
 Till took up dead at gramfer's.

SLEEP DID COME WI' THE DEW.

O WHEN our zun's a-zinkèn low,
 How soft's the light his fiace da drow
 Upon the backward road our mind,
 Da turn an' zee a-left behind ;
 When we, in chilehood, us'd to vind
 Delight among the gilcup flow'rs,
 Al droo the zummer's sunny hours ;
 An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

An' a'terwards, when we did zweat
 A-twilen in the zummer het,

An' when our daely work wer done
Did use to have our evemen fun ;
Till up above the zettèn zun
The sky wer blushèn in the west,
An' we laid down in peace to rest ;
An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

Ah ! zome da turn,—but tidden right,—
The night to dae, an' dae to night ;
But we da zee the vust red stréak
O' marnen, when the dae da bréak ;
An' zoo we ben't so piale an' wéak,
But we da work wi' health an' stranght
Vrom marnen droo the whuole dae's langth,
An' sleep da come wi' the dew.

An' when, at laste, our ethly light
Is jist a-draèn in to night,
We mid be sure that God above,
If we be true when he da prove
Our steadfast fâith, an' thankvul love,
Wull do var we what mid be best,
An' tiake us into endless rest ;
As sleep da come wi' the dew.

SWEET MUSIC IN THE WIND.

WHEN evemen is a-dræn in
I'll steal vrom others' nāisy din ;
An' wher the whirlen brook da roll
Below the walnut tree, I'll stroll,
An' think o' thee wi' al my soul,
Dear Jenny ; while the sound o' bells
Da vlee along wi' muoansome zwells.
Sweet music in the wind.

I'll tñink how in the rushy leäze
O' zunny evemens jis' lik' theös,
In happy times I us'd to zee
Thy comely shiape about thik tree,
Wi' pail a-held avore thy knee ;
An' lissen'd to thy merry zong
That at a distance come along.
Sweet music in the wind.

An' when wi' I ya wā'k'd about,
O' Zundays, a'ter Church wer out,
Wi' hangen yarm, an' modest look ;
Ar zittèn in some woody nook
We lissen'd to the leaves that shook

Upon the poplars strâight an' tal,
 Ar rattle o' the waterval:
 Sweet music in the wind.

An' when the plâyvul âir da vlee
 O' moonlight nights, vrom tree to tree;
 Ar whirl upon the shiakèn grass,
 Ar rattle at my winder glass;
 'Da seem,—as I da hear it pass,—
 As if thy väice did come to tell
 Me wher thy happy soul da dwell.
 Sweet music in the wind.

UNCLE AN' ANT.

How happy uncle us'd to be
 O' zummer time, when änt an' he
 O' Zunday evenmens, yarm in yarm,
 Did wa'ke about ther tiny farm,
 While birds did zing, an' gnots did zwarm,
 Droo grass a'most above ther knees,
 An' roun' by hedges an' by trees
 Wi' leafy boughs a-swâyen.

His hat wer brode, his cuoat wer brown,
 Wi' two long flaps a-hangèn down,
 An' vrom his knee went down a blue
 Knit stockèn to his buckled shoe.

An' ānt did pull her gown-tāil droo
Her pocket-hole to kip en neat
As she mid wa'ke, ar tiake a seat
By leafy boughs a-swâyèn.

An' vust tha'd goo to zee ther lots
O' pot-yarbs in the ghiarden plots ;
An' he, i'maybe, gwâin droo hatch,
Wou'd zee ānt's vowls upon a patch
O' seeds, an' vow if he cou'd catch
Em wi' his gun, tha shoudden vlee.
Noo muore into ther roostèn tree
Wi' leafy boughs a-swâyèn.

An' then vrom ghiarden tha did pass
Droo archet var to zee the grass,
An' if the blooth so thick an' white
Mid be at al a-touch'd wi' blight.
An' uncle, happy at the zight,
Did guess what cider ther mid be,
In al the archet, tree wi' tree,
Wi' tutties al a-swâyèn.

An' then tha stump'd along vrom there
A-yield, to zee the cows an' miare,
An' she, when uncle come in zight,
Look'd up, an' prick'd her yers upright,
An' whi-ker d. out wi' al her might ;

An' he, a-chucklen, went to zee
 The cows below the shiady tree
 Wi' leafy boughs a-swâyèn.

An' laste ov âl tha went to know
 How vast the grass in meâd did grow;
 An then ânt zed 'twer time to goo
 In huome; a-holdèn up her shoe
 To show how wet 'e wer wi' dew.
 An' zoo tha toddled huome to rest
 Lik' culvers vlee-en to ther nest
 In leafy boughs a-swâyèn.

HAVÈN OON'S FORTUN A-TUOLD.

IN liane the gipsies, as we went
 A-milkèn, had a-pitch'd ther tent
 Betweenu the gravel pit an' clump
 O' trees, upon the little hump:
 Au', while upon the grassy groun'
 Ther smokèn vire did crack an' bliaze,
 Ther shaggy-cuoated hoss did griaze
 Among the bushes vurder down.

An' when we come back wi' our pâils
 The woman met us at the râils,
 An' zed she'd tell us, if we'd show
 Our han's, what we shoo'd like to know.

Zoo *Poll* zed she'd a mind to try
 Her skill a bit, if I woo'd vust ;
 Though to be sure she didden trust
 To gipsies any muore than I.

Well I agreed, an' off all dree
 O's went behine an elem tree ;
 An', a'ter she'd a-zeed 'ithin
 My han' the wrinkles o' the skin,
 She tuold me—an' she must a-know'd,
 That *Dicky* met me in the liane—
 That I'd a-wâk'd, an' shoo'd agiën,
 Wi' zomebody along thik ruoad.

An' then she tuold me to bewar
 O' what the letter *M* stood var.
 An' as I wâk'd, o' *Monday* night,
 Droo *Meäd* wi' *Dicky* auverright
 The *Mill*, the *Miller*, at the stile,
 Did stan' an' watch us tiake our stroll,
 An' then, a blabbèn dusty-poll,
 Tuold *Mother* ô't. Well wo'th his while !

An' *Poll* too wer a-bid bewar
 O' what the letter *F* stood var ;
 An' then, bekiase she took, at *Fiair*,
 A buzzom-pin o' *Jimmy Hiare*,

Young *Franky* beät en black an' blue.
 'Tis *F* var *Flair*; an' 'twer about
 A *Flaren Frank* an' *Jimmy* fought,
 Zoo I da think she tuold us true.

In shart she tuold us al about
 What had a-vell or woo'd val out;
 An' whether we shoo'd spend our lives
 As maidens ar as wedded wives.
 But when we went to bundle on
 The gipsies' dog wer at the ràils
 A-lappèn milk vrom ouer pàils;
 A party deäl o' *Poll's* wer gone.

JEÄN'S WEDDÈN DAE IN MARHEN.

AT laste Jeän come down stairs a-drest,
 Wi' weddèn knots upou her breast,
 A-blushèn, while a tear did lie
 Upon her burnen cheäk hafe dry:
 An' then her *Roberd*, drä-en nigh
 Wi' t'others, took her han' wi' pride
 To miake her at the church his bride,
 Her weddèn dae in marnen.

Wi' litty voot an' beätèn heart
 She stepp'd up in the new light cart,

An' took her bridemaid up to ride
 Along wi' *Roberd* at her zide ;
 An' uncle's miare look'd roun' wi' pride
 To zee that, if the cart wer vull,
 'Twer Jenny that 'e had to pull,
 Her weddèn dae in marnen.

An' ānt an' uncle stood stock still
 An' watch'd em trottèn down the hill ;
 An' when tha turn'd off out o' groun'
 Down into liane, two tears rinn'd down
 Ānt's fiace, an' uncle, turnen roun',
 Sigh'd oonce an' stump'd off wi' his stick,
 Bekiase did touch en to the quick
 To piart wi' Jeān zhik marnen.

"Now Jeān's a-gone," Tom mutter'd, "we
 Shall muope lik' owls 'ithin a tree ;
 Var she did zet us al agog
 Var fun, avore the burnen log."
 An' as 'e zot an' tā'k'd, the dog
 Put up his nose a'hirt his thighs,
 But cooden miake en turn his eyes,
 Jeān's weddèn dae in marnen.

An' then the nāighbours roun' us al
 By oones an' twos begun to cal,

To meet the young vo'ke when the miare
 Mid bring em back a married piair:
 An' al ö'm zed, to *Roberd's* shiare
 Ther had a-vell the fiarest fiace
 An' kindest heart in al the pliace,
 Jeän's weddèn dae in marnen.

RIVERS DON'T GI'E OUT.

THE brook I left below the rank
 Ov alders that da shiade his bank,
 A-runnen down to drēve the mill
 Below the knap 's a-runnen still.
 The crēpēn daes an' wiks da vill
 Up years, an' miake wold things o' new,
 An' vo'ke da come, an' live, an' goo,
 But rivers don't gi'e out, John.

The leaves that in the spring da shoot
 So green, in fal be under voot,
 Māy flow'r's da grow var June to burn,
 An' milk-white blooth o' trees da kern
 An' ripen on, an' val, in turn.
 The moss-green water-wheel mid rot;
 The miller die an' be vargot;
 But rivers don't gi'e out, John.

A vew shart years da bring an' rear
 A māid, as Jeān wer, young an' flair;
 An' vewer zummer-ribbons, tied
 In Zunday knots, da fiade bezide
 Her cheāk avore her bloom ha died :
 Her youth won't stāy. Her ruosy look
 'S a fiadēn flow'r, but time's a brook
 That never da gi'e out John.

An' eet, while *things* da come an' goo,
 God's love is steadfast, John, an' true.
 If winter vrost da chill the groun'
 'Tis but to bring the zummer roun':
 Al's well a-lost wher He's a-voun';
 Var, if 'tis right, var Christes siake,
 He'll gi'e us muore than He da tiake;
 His goodness don't gi'e out, John.

MIAKÈN UP A MIFF.

VARGI'z me Jenny, do; an' rise
 Thy haugèn head, an' teary eyes,
 An' speak, var I've a-took in lies
 An' I've a-done *thee* wrong;
 But I wer tuold,—an' thought 'twere true,—
 That *Sammy* down at *Coom* an' you
 Wer at the flair a-wā'kén droo
 The pliaice the whol dā long.

An' tender thoughts did melt my heart,
An' zwells o' viry pride did dart
Lik' lightnen droo my blood; to piart
 Your love woont do var I;
An' zoo I vow'd however sweet
Your looks mid be when we did meet,
I'd trample ye down under veet,
 Ar heedless pass ye by.

But still thy niame 'ood always be
The sweetest, an' my eyes 'ood zee
Among al māidens nuone lik' thee
 Var ever any muore.
Zoo by the wā'ks that we've a-took
By flow'ry hedge ax' zedgy brook,
Dear Jenny dry your eyes an' look
 As you've a-look'd avore.

Look up an' let the evemen light
But sparkle in thy eyes so bright
As thāe be oben to the light
 O' zunzet in the west.
An' lē's stroll here var hafe an hour
Wher hangēn boughs da miake a bow'r
Upon theōs bank wi' eltrot flow'r
 An' Robinhoods a-drest.

HAY-MIAKÈN.

'Tis merry ov a zummer's day
 Wher hâymiakers be miakèn hây;
 Wher men an' women in a string,
 Da ted ar turn the grass, an' zing
 Wi' cheemen vâices merry zongs,
 A-tossèn o' ther sheenen prongs
 Wi' yarms a-zwangèn left an' right,
 In color'd gowns an' shirt-sleeves white;
 Ar wher tha' be a-riakèn roun'
 The ruosy hedges o' the groun',
 Wher Sam da zee the speckled snake
 An' try to kill en wi' his riake;
 An' Poll da jump about an' squál
 To zee the twistèn slooworm crâl.

'Tis merry wher *tha'* be a-got
 In under zome girt tree, a-squot
 About upon the grass, to munch
 Ther bit o' dinner, ar ther nunch:
 Wher clothes an' riakes da lie al roun'
 Wi' picks a-stuck up into groun':
 An' wi' ther vittles in their laps,
 At' in ther tinnen cups ther draps
 O' cider sweet, ar frothy yale,
 Ther tongues da rin wi' joke an' tiale.

An' when the zun, so low an' red,
 Da sheen above the leafy head
 O' zome girt tree a-rizén high
 Avore the vi'ry weëtern sky,
 'Tis merry wher al han's da goo
 Athirt the groun', by two an' two,
 A-riakèn auver humaps an' hollers
 To riake the grass up into rollers.
 An' oone da riake it in, in line,
 An' oone da cluose it up behine;
 An' à'ter they the little buoys
 Da stride an' fling ther yarms al woye
 Wi' busy picks an' proud young looks
 A-miakén o' ther tiny pooks.
 An' zoo 'tis merry out among
 The vo'ke in hay-viel' al dà long.

HAY-CARRÈN.

'Tis merry ov a zummer's day
 When vo'ke be out a-carrèn hay
 Wher boughs, a-spread upon the groun',
 Da miake the staddle big an' roun';
 An' grass da stan' in pook, ar lie
 In girt long wiales ar passels, dry.
 Ees, 'dhangye, sô's, da stir my heart
 To hear the frothén hosses snart,

An' zee the red-wheel'd waggon blue
 Come out when thā've a-hitch'd 'em to.
 Ees—let me have oone cup o' drink,
 An' hear the hosse's harness clink,—
 My blood da rin so brisk an' warm,
 An' put sich stranght iħin my yarm,
 That I da long to toss a pick
 A-pitchēn ar a-miakēn rick.

The buoy is at the hosse's head
 An' up upon the waggon bed
 The luoaders, strong o' yarm, da stan',
 At head, an' back at tail, a man,
 Wi' skill to build the luoad upright
 An' bind the vuolded carners tight;
 An' at each zide o'm, sprack an' strong,
 A pitcher wi' his girt high prong:
 Avore the best two women now
 A-cal'd to riaky a'ter plough.

When I da pitchy, 'tis my pride
 Var Jenny Stubbs to riake my zide,
 An' zee her fling her riake, an' reach
 So vur, an' tiake in sich a streech.
 An' I don't shatter hāy, an' misake
 Muore work than need's var Jenny's riake,
 I'd sooner zee the wiales girt rows
 Lik' hidges up above my nose,

Than have light work myzuf, an' vine
 My Jeän a-beät an' left behine,
 Var she wou'd sooner drap down dead
 Than let the pitchers git a-head.

'Tis merry at the rick to zee
 How picks da wag, an' hây da vlee :
 Ther oon's unluoadèn, oon da tiake
 The pitches in, an' zome da miake
 The lofty rick upright an' roun'
 An' tread en hard, an' riake en doun',
 An' tip en when the zun da zet
 To shoot a sudden val o' wet :
 An' zoo 'tis merry any day
 Wher vo'ke be out a-carren hay.

ECLOGUE.

THE BEST MAN IN THE VIELD.

SAM AND BOB.

SAM.

THAT's slowish work, Bob. What's a-ben about ?
 Thy pookèn don't goo on not auver sprack.
 Why I've a-pook'd my wiale lo'k zee, clear out,
 And here I got another, turnèn back.

BOB.

I'll work wi' thee then, Sammy, any dae,
 At any work bist minded to goo at,
 Var any money thee dost like to lae.
 Now, Mister Sammy: what dost think o' that?
My girt wiale here is twice so big as thine;
 Or else, I warnd, I shoodden be behine.

SAM.

Now 'dhang thee, Bob, don't tell sich woppèn lies.
My wiale is biggest, if da come to size.
 'Tis jist the siame whatever bist about;
 Why when bist teddèn grass, ya liazy sloth,
 Zomebody is a-fuoss'd to tiake thy zwath
 An' ted a hafe woy back to help thee out.
 An' when bist riakèn rollers, bist so slack,
 That thee dost kip the buoys an' women back.
 An' if dost think that thee canst challenge I,
 At any thing then, Bob, we'll tiake a pick apiece,
 An' once theðs zummer, goo an' try
 To miake a rick apiece.
 A rick o' thine wull look a little funny,
 When thee's a-done en, I'll bet any money.

BOB.

Ya noggerhead; laste year thee miade'at a rick,
 An' we wer fuoss'd to trig en wi' a stick:
 An' what did John that tipp'd en zae? Why zed
 'E stood a-top o'en al the while in dread,

A-thinkèn that avore 'e shood a-done en
 'E'd tumble auver slap wi' he upon en.

SAM.

Ya lyèn liazy thieef. I warnd my rick
 Wer better than thy luoad o' hây laste wik.
 Tha hadden got a hundred yards to hal en,
 An' then tha wer a-fuoss'd to hab'n boun,
 Var if tha hadden 'twood a-tumbl'd down:
 An' a'ter that I zeed 'e wer a-valèn,
 An' push'd agen en wi' my pitchèn pick
 To kip en up jist till we got to rick;
 An' when the humpty-dumpty wer unboun
 'E vell to pieces down upon the groun.

BOB.

Do shut thy lyèn chops. What dosten mind
 Thy pitchèn to me out in Gully-plot?
 A-miakèn o' me wâit (wast zoo behind)
 A hafe an hour var ev'ry pitch I got.
 An' then how thee didst groun' thy pick, an' blow,
 An' quirk to get en up on end, dost know;
 To rise a pitch that wer about so big
 'S a goodish crow's nest, or a wold man's wig.
 Why bist so weak, dost know, as any roller.
 Zome o' the women vö'kes wull beät thee holler.

SAM.

Ya snubnos'd flobberchops. I pitch'd so quick
 That thee dost know thee had'st a hardish job

To tiake the pitches in vrom my slow pick,
 An' dissèn zee I groun' en, nother, Bob.
 An' thee bist stronger, thee dost think, than I,
 Girt bandylags, I jist shood like to try.
 We'll goo, if thee dost like, an' jist zee which
 Can heave the muost, or car the biggest nitch.

BOB.

Ther, Sam, da miake I zick to hear thy braggèn:
 Why biesen strong enough to car a flaggon.

SAM.

Ya grinnèn fool! I warnd I'd zet thee blowèn,
 If thee wast wi' me var a dae a-mowèn.
 I'd wear my cuoat, an' thee sha'st pull thy rags off,
 An' in ten minutes why I'd mow thy lags off.

BOB.

Thee mow wi' I ! why coossen keep up wi' me.
 Why bissèn fit to goo a-vield to skimmy,
 Or mow the docks an' thistles: why I'll bet
 A shillèn, Samel, that thee cassen whet.

SAM.

Now don't thee zae much muore than what'st a-zaid
 Or else I'll knock thee down, heels auver head.

BOB.

Thee knock I down, ya fool; why cassen hit
 A blow hafe hard enough to kill a nit.

SAM.

Well thee sha't veel upon thy chops and snout.

BOB.

Come on then, Samel, let's jist have oone bout.

WHER WE DID KIP OUR FLAGON.

WHEN we in marnen had a-drow'd
The grass ar ruslen hây abrode,
The lissom màidens an' the chaps,
Wi' bits o' nunchèns in ther laps,
Did al zit down upon the knaps
Up there in under hedge, below
The highest elem o' the row,
Wher we did kip our flagon.

Ther we cood zee green veels at hand
Avore a hundred on beyand,
An' rows o' trees in hedges roun'
Green meäds an' zummerleäzes brown,
An' thärns upon the sunny down,
While aiér vrom the rockén zedge
In brook did come along the hedge
Wher we did kip our flagon.

Ther läfèn chaps did try in play
To bury mäidens in the hây,
An' gigglen mäidens var to roll
The sprälèn chaps into a hole,
Ar sting wi' nettles oon ö'ms poll ;
While John did hele out each his drap
O' yal ar cider in his lap,
Wher he did kip the flagon.

Oon dae a whirdlewind come by
Wher Jenny's cloas wer out to dry :
An' off vled frocks amost a-catch'd
By smockfrocks wi' ther sleeves outstratch'd,
An' caps a-frill'd an' yaperns patch'd ;
An'she, a-stiarèn in a fright,
Wer glad enough to zee em light
Wher we did kip our flagon.

An' when white clover wer a-sprung
Among the eegrass green an' young,
An' elder flowers wer a-spread
Among the ruosen white an' red,
An' honeyzucks wi' hangèn head ;
O' Zundae evemens we did zit
To look al roun' the grouns a-bit
Wher we'd a-kept our flagon.

WIK'S END IN ZUMMER, IN THE WOLD
VO'KE'S TIME.

His ant an' uncle ! ah ! the kind
Wold souls be of'en in my mind.
A better couple nivver stood
In shoes, an' vew be voun' so good.
She cheer'd the work-vo'ke in ther twiles
Wi' timely bits an' draps, an' smiles,
An' *he* did gi'e em at wik's end
Ther money down to goo an' spend.

In zummer, when wik's end come roun',
The hâymiakers did come vrom groun',
An' al zit down, wi' weary buones,
'It hin the coort a-piaved wi' stuones,
Along avore the piales between
The coort an' little oben green.
Ther women got wi' bare-neck d chaps,
An' mайдens wi' ther sleeves an' flaps
To screen vrom het ther yarms an' pollis,
An' men wi' beards so black as coals :
Girt stocky *Jim*, an' lanky *John* ;
An' poor wold *Betty* dead an' gone ;

An' cleän-grow'd *Tom* so spry an' strong,
An' *Liz* the best to pitch a zong,
That now ha nearly hafe a score
O' childern zwarmen at her door :
An' whindlen *Ann* that cried wi' fear
To hear the thunder when 'twer near ;
A zickly maid, so piale's the moon,
That drapp'd off in decline so soon ;
An' blushèn *Jeün* so shy an' meek
That seldom let us hear her speak,
That wer a-coorted an' undone
By farmer *Woodley's* woldest son,
An' a'ter she'd a-bin varzook
Wer voun' a-drown'd in Longmeäd brook.

An' zoo, when *he'd* a-bin al roun',
An' pâid em al ther wages down,
She us'd to gi'e em, girt an' smal,
A cup o' cider ar o' yal,
An' then a tutty miade o' lots
O' flowers vrom her flower-nots,
To wear in bands an' button-holes
At church an' in ther evemen strolls.
The pea that rangled to the oves,
An' columbines, an' pinks, an' cloves,
Sweet ruosen vrom ther prickly tree,
An' jilliflow'rs, an' jessamy ;

An' short-liv'd pinies that da shed
Ther leaves upon a yerly bed.
She didden put in honeyzuck,
She'd nuone, she zed, that she cood pluck
Avore wild honeyzucks, a-voun'
In ev'ry hedge ov ev'ry groun'.

Zoo maid an' woman, buoy an' man,
Went off, while zunzet air did fan
Ther merry zunburnt fiazen ; some
Down liane; an' zome droo veels strâight huome.

Ah ! who can tell, that hant a-voun',
The sweets o' wikk's-end commen roun' !
When Zadderdaa da bring oon's mind
Sweet thoughts o' Zundae clouse behind ;
The dae that's al our own to spend
Wi' God an' wi' a buzzom friend.
The wordle's girt vo'ke have a-got
The wordle's good *things* var ther lot,
But Zundae is the poor man's piart,
To siave his soul an' cheer his heart.

THE MEÄD A-MOW'D.

WHEN shiades da val into ev'ry holler,
An' rēach vrom trees hafe a'hirt the groun' ;
An' banks an' walls be a-lookèn yoller,
That be a-turn'd to the zun gwâin down ;
Droo hây in cock, O ;
We al da vlock, O,
Along our road vròm the meäd a-mow'd.

An' when the laste swâyen luoad's a-started
Up hill so slow to the lofty rick,
Then we so weary but merry-hearted
Da shoulder each ö's a riake an' pick,
Wi' empty flagon,
Behine the wagon :
To tiake our road vrom the meäd a-mow'd.

When church is out, an' we al so slowly
About the knap be a-spreadèn wide ;
How gây the pâths be wher we da strolly
Along the liane an' the hedge's zide :
But nuone's a-voun', O,
Up hill ar down, O,
So gây's the road droo the meäd a-mow'd.

An' when the visher da come a-drowèn
 His flutt'ren line auver bliady zedge ;
 Droo grouns wi' red *thisse-heads* a-blowèn,
 An' watchèn ô't by the water's edge ;
 Then he da love, O,
 The best to rove, O,
 Along his road droo the meäd a-mow'd.

THE SKY A-CLEARÈN.

THE drêvèn scud that auvercast
 The zummer sky is al a-past,
 An' softer air, a-blowèn droo
 The quiv'rèn boughs, da shiake the vew
 Laste râin draps off the leaves lik' dew ;
 An' piaviour al a-gettèn dry,
 Da steam below the sunny sky
 That's now so vast a-clearèn.

The shiades that wer a-lost below
 The starmy cloud agen da show
 Ther mockèn shiapes below the light ;
 An' house-walls be a-lookèn white,
 An' vo'ke da stir oonce muore in zight ;
 An' busy birds upon the wing
 Da whiver roun' the boughs an' zing
 To zee the sky a-clearèn,

Below the hill's an ash ; below
The ash white elder flow'rs da blow ;
Below the elder is a bed
O' *Robin-Hoods* o' blushèn red ;
An' there, wi' nunches al a-spread,
 The hâymiakers, wi' each a cup
 O' drink, da smile to zee hold up,
 The râin, an' sky a-clearèn.

Mid blushèn maidens wi' ther zong
Long drâ ther white-stemm'd riakes among
The long-back'd wiales an' new-miade pooks,
By brown-stemm'd trees, an' cloty brooks ;
But have noo cal to spwile ther looks
 By work that God cood never miake
 Ther weaker han's to undertiake,
 Though skies mid be a-clearèn.

'Tis wrong var women's han's to clips
The zull an' reap-hook, spiardes an' whips ;
Ap' men abrode shood leäve by right
Oone faithful heart at huom to light
Ther bit o' vier up at night ;
 An' hang upon the hedge to dry
 Ther snow-white linen, when the sky
 In winter is a-clearèn.

THE EVE MEN STAR O' ZUMMER.

WHEN vust along the^os road, vrom mill,
I zeed ye huome upon the hill,
The poplar tree, so strâight an' tall,
Did russle by the waterfall,
An' in the zummerleäzes, all
The cows wer lyèn down at rest,
An' slowly zunk toward the west,
The evemen star o' zummer.

In perrick there the hây did lie
In wiale below the elems, dry ;
An' up in huome-groun' Jim, that know'd
We al shood come along thik road,
'D a-tied the grass in knots that drow'd
Poor *Poll*, a-watchèn in the west
Oone brighter star than al the rest,
The evemen star o' zummer.

The stars that still da zet an' rise
Did sheen in our forefâther's eyes ;
They glitter'd to the vust men's zight,
The laste wull have em in ther night ;
But who can vine em hafe so bright

As I thought thik piale star above
 My smilèn *Jeān*, my sweet vust love,
 The evemen star o' zummer.

How sweet's the marnen fresh an' new
 Wi' sparklen brooks an' glitt'rèn dew ;
 How sweet's the noon wi' shiades a-drow'd
 Upon the groun' but liately mow'd,
 An' bloom'en flowers al abrode ;
 But sweeter still, as I da clim,
 Theös woody hill in evemen dim
 'S the evemen star o' zummer.

THE CLOTE.

O zummer clote, when the brook's a-slidèn
 So slow an' smooth down his zedgy bed,
 Upon thy brode leaves so siafe a-ridèn
 The water's top wi' thy yoller head,
 By black-rin'd allers,
 An' weedy shallers,
 Thee then dost float, goolden zummer clote.

The grey-bough'd withy's a-leänèn lowly
 Above the water thy leaves da hide ;
 The bendèn bulrush, a-swâyèn slowly,
 Da skirt in zummer thy river's zide ;

An' perch in shoals, O,
 Da vill the holes, O ;
 Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

O when thy brook-drinkèn flow'r's a-blowèn
 The burnèn zummer's a-zettèn in ;
 The time o' greenness, the time o' mowèn,
 When in the hâyviel', wi' zunburnt skin,
 The vo'ke da drink, O,
 Upon the brink, O,
 Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

Wi' yarms a-spreadèn, an' cheäks a-blowèn,
 How proud wer I when I vust cood zwim
 At'�irt the deep pliaice wher thee bist growèn,
 Wi' thy long more vrom the bottom dum ;
 While cows, knee-high, O,
 In brook, wer nigh, O,
 Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

Ov al the brooks droo the meäds a-windèn,
 Ov al the meäds by a river's brim,
 Ther's nuon so flair o' my own heart's vindèn,
 As wher the mäidens da zee thee zwim,
 An' stan to tiake, O,
 Wi' long-stemm'd riake, O,
 Thy flow'r afloat, goolden zummer clote.

I GOT TWO VIEL'S.

I GOT two viel's, an' I don't kiare
What squire mid have a bigger shiare.
My little zummer-leäse da stratch
Al down the hangèn, to a patch
O' meäd between a hedge an' rank
Ov elem's, an' a river bank,
Wher yoller clotes in spreadèn beds
O' floatèn leaves da lift ther heads
By bendèn bullrushes an' zedge
A-swâyèn at the water's edge,
Below the withy that da spread
Athirt the brook his wold grey head.
An' eltrot flowers, milky white,
Da catch the släntèn evemen light ;
An' in the miaple boughs, along
The hedge, da ring the blackbird's zong ;
Ar in the dae, a-vlee-èn droo
The leafy trees, the huosse gookoo
Da zing to mowers that da zet
Ther zives on end, an' stan' to whet.
Vrom my wold house among the trees
A liane da goo along the leäse,
O' yoller gravel down between
Two mëshy banks var ever green.

An' trees, a-hangèn auverhead,
 Da hide a trinklèn gully bed,
 A cover'd by a brudge var hoss
 Ar man a-voot to come across.
 Zoo wi' my huomestead I don't kiare
 What squire mid have a bigger shiare.

POLLY BE-ÈN UPZIDES WI' TOM.

Ah, eesterdae, ya know, I voun'
 Tom Dumpy's cuoat an' smockfrock down
 Below the pollard out in groun',
 An' zoo I slyly stole
 An' took the smock-frock up, an' tack'd
 The sleeves an' collar up, an' pack'd
 Zome nice sharp etunes, al fresh a-crack'd,
 'Ithin each pocket hole.

An' in the evemen, when 'e shut
 Off work, an' come an' donn'd his cuoat,
 Ther edges gi'd en sich a cut!
 How we did stan' an' läfe!
 An' when the smock-frock I'd a-zoe'd
 Kept back his head an' han's, 'e drow'd
 Hizzuf about, an' tiav'd, an' blow'd,
 Lik' any tied up cafe.

Then in a vēag awoy 'e flung
His frock, an' a'ter I 'e sprung,
An' mutter'd out sich dreats! and wrung
 His vist up sich a size!
But I, a-runnen, turn'd an' drow'd
Some doust, a-pick'd up vrom the road,
Back at en wi' the win' that blow'd
 It right into his eyes.

An' he did blink, an' vow he'd catch
Me zomehow eet, an' be my match.
But I wer nearly down to hatch
 Avore he got vur on.
An' up in chammer, nearly dead
Wi' runnen, lik' a cat I vled,
An' out o' winder put my head
 To zee if 'e wer gone.

An' ther 'e wer, a-prowlèn roun'
Upon the green; an' I look'd down
An' tuold en that I hoped 'e voun'
 'E mussen think to peck
Upon a body zoo, nar whip
The miare to drow me off, nor tip
Me out o' cart agen, nar slip
 Cut hoss hiare down my neck.

BE'MI'STER.

SWEET *Be'mi'ster* that bist a-boun'
By green an' woody hills al roun',
Wi' hedges reachèn up between
A thousan' viel's o' zummer green,
Wher elem's lofty heads da drow
Ther shiades var häymiakers below,
An' wild hedge flow'r's da charm the souls
O' mâidens in ther evemen strolls.

When I o' Zundae nights wi' *Jeün*
Da sânter droo a viel ar liane
Wher elder blossoms be a-spread
Above the eltrot's milkwhite head,
An' flow'r's o' blackberries da blow
Upon the brembles, white as snow,
To zet off better in my zight
Jeün's Zunday frock o' snowy white.

O then ther's nothèn that's 'ithout
Thy hills that I da kiare about;
Noo bigger pliace, noo gâyer town
Beyand thy sweet bells' dyen soun'
As tha da ring, ar strick the hour,
At evemen vrom thy wold red tow'r.
No. Gi'e me still a huome an' keep
My buones when I da val asleep.

THATCHÈN O' THE RICK.

As I wer *thatchèn* o' the rick
In ouer bit o' meäd laste *wik*,
Ther green young ee-grass, ankle high,
Did sheen below the cloudless sky ;
An' auver hedge in t'other groun'
Among the bennits dry an' brown,
My dun wold miare, wi' neck a-freed
Vrom zummer work did snart an' veed,
An' in the shiade o' leafy boughs.
My vew wold ragged-cuoated cows
Did rub ther zides upon the râils
Ar switch em wi' ther hiary tails.

An' as the marnen sun rose high
Above my mêshy ruf clouse by,
The blue smoke curdled up between
The lofty trees o' fiadèn green.
A zight that's touchèn when da show
A busy wife is down below
A-workèn var to cheer oon's twile
Wi' her best fiare, an' better smile.
Mid women still in wedlock's yoke
Zend up wi' love ther own blue smoke,
An' husbands vine ther buards a-spread
By fâithvul han's when I be dead ;

An' noo good men in ouer land
Think lightly o' the wedden band.
True happiness da bide aluone
Wi' thēy that ha' ther own heth-stuone,
To gather wi' ther children roun'
A-smilèn at the wordle's frown.

My buqys that brote me *thatch* an' spars
Wer tāitēn down upon the bars,
Ar zot a-cuttēn, wi' a knife,
Dry eltrot roots to miake a fife ;
Ar drēven oon another roun'
The rick upon the grassy groun'.
An', as the àier vrom the west
Did fan my burnèn fiace an' breast,
An' hoppèn birds, wi' twitt'ren beaks,
Did shew ther sheenèn spots an' streaks,
Then, wi' my heart a-vill'd wi' love
An' thankvulness to God above,
I didden *think* ov anything
That I begrudg'd o' lord or king.
Var I ha' roun' me vur ar near
The muoast to love an' nuone to fear ;
An' zoo can wa'k in any pliace.
An' look the best man in the fiace.
What good da come, to yachèn heads
O' lièn down in silken beds,

Ar what's a coach if oone da pine
 To zee oons nàighbour's twice so fine:
 Contentment is a constant feäst
 He's richest that da want the leäst.

BEES A-ZWARMEN.

Avore we went a-milkèn, vive
 Ar zix ö's here wer al alive
 A-tiakèn bees that zwarm'd vrom hive;
 An' we'd sich work to catch
 The hummen rogues, tha led us sich
 A dance al auver hedge an' ditch;
 An' then at laste wher shood em pitch
 But up in uncle's *thatch*?

Dick rung a sheep-bell in his han',
Liz beät a cannister, an *Nan*
 Did bang the little fryèn-pan
 Wi' thick an' thumpen blows;
 An' *Tom* went à'ter carrèn roun'
 A bee-pot up upon his crown,
 Wi' al the zide ö'n reachèn down
 Avore his eyes an nose.

An' oone girt bee wi' spiteful hum,
 Stung *Dicky's* lip, an' miade it come,
 Al up amost so big's a plum ;
 An' zome, a-vlee-en on,
 Got al roun' *Liz*, an' miade her hop,
 An' scream, an twirdle lik' a top,
 An' spring awoy right backward, flop
 Down into barken pon'.

An' *Nan* gie'd *Tom* a roguish twitch
 Upon a bank, an' miade en pitch
 Right down head-voremost into ditch ;
Tom cooden zee a wink :
 An' when the zwarm wer siafe an' soun'
 In mother's bit o' bee-pot groun',
 We coax'd her var a treat al roun'
 O' sillibub to drink.

READÈN OV A HEADSTUONE.

As I wer readèn ov a stuone
 In *Grenley* churchyard al suone,
 A little māid runn'd up, wi' pride
 To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
 A bunch o' bennits that did hide
 A vess her faether, as she zed,
 Put up above her mother's head
 To tell how much 'e lov'd her.

The vess wer very good, but shart,
I stood an' larn'd en off by heart.—
“ Mid God, dear Miary, gi'e me griace
To vine, lik' thee, a better pliace,
Wher I oonce muore mid zee thy fiace:
 An' bring thy childern up to know
 His word that thēy mid come an' shew
 Thy soul how much I lov'd thēe.”

Wher's faether then, I zed, my chile?
“ Dead too,” she answer'd wi' a smile,
“ An' I an' brother Jim da bide
At Betty White's o' t'other zide
O' road.” Mid He, my chile, I cried,
 That's faether to the faetherless,
 Become thy faether now, an' bless
 An' kip, an' leäd, an love thee.

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day ar night;
An' zoo, if we cood tiake it right,
Da show he'll miake his burdens light
 To weaker souls, an' that his smile
 Is sweet upon a harmless chile
 When thēy be dead that lov'd it.

ZUMMER EVE MEN DĀNCE.

COME out to the perrick, come out to the tree,
The maidens an' chaps be a-waitèn var thee :
Ther's Jim wi' his fiddle to plây us some reels ;
Come out along wi' us, an' fling up thy heels.

Come, al the long grass is a-mow'd an' a-carr'd,
An' the turf is so smooth as a buoard an' so hard.
Ther's a bank to zit down, when y'ave danced a dânce
droo,
An' a tree auver head var to keep off the dew.

Ther be ruoses an' honeyzucks hangen among
The bushes, to put in thy wiaste ; an' the zong
O' the nightengiale's heard in the hedges al roun' ;
An' I'll get thee a glow-worm to stick in thy gown.

Ther's Miary so modest, an' Jenny so smart,
An' Mag that da love a good rompse to her heart :
Ther's Joe at the mill that da zing funny zongs,
An' shart-laggid Dick, too, a-waggen his prongs.

Zoo come to the perrick, come out to the tree,
The maidens an' chaps be a-waitèn var thee :
Ther's Jim wi' his fiddle to plây us some reels ;
Come out along wi' us, and fling up thy heels.

ECLOGUE.

VIAIRIES.

SIMON AN' SAMEL.

SIMON.

THERE'S what the vo'kes da cal a viairy ring,
 Out ther lo'k zee. Why 'tis an oddish thing

SAMEL.

Ees 'tis to I. I wunder how da come.
 What is it that da miake it, I da wunder.

SIMON.

Be hang'd if I can tell, I'm sure; but zome
 Da zae da come by lightnèn when da thunder.
 An' zome da zae sich rings as thik ring there is
 Da grow in dāncèn tracks o' little viaries,
 That in the nights o' zummer ar o' spring
 Da come by moonlight, when noo other veet
 Da tread the dewy grass but their's, an' meet,
 An' dānce awoy togither in a ring.

SAMEL.

An' who d'ye think da work the fiddlestick,
 A little viairy too, ar else wold Nick?

SIMON.

Why they da zae that at the viairies' bal
Thers nar a fiddle that's a-heär'd at al:
But tha da plây upon a little pipe
A-miade o' kexes ar o' strâ's, dead ripe,
A-stuck in row, (zome shart an' longer zome),
Wi' slime o' snâils, ar bits o' plum-tree gum.
An' miake sich music that to hear it sound
You'd stick so still's a pollard to the ground.

SAMEL.

What do 'em dânce? 'tis plâin by theös green whêels
Tha don't frisk in an' out in dree-hand reels;
Var else, instead o' theös here girt roun' O,
Tha'd cut us out a figure 'v 8 d'ye know.

SIMON.

Oh! they ha jigs to fit ther little veet:
They wooden dânce, ya know, at ther fine bal,
The dree an' vow'r han' reels that we da sprâ'l
An' kick about in, when we men da meet.

SAMEL.

An' have zome fellers, in ther midnight rambles,
A-catch'd the viairies then in theösem gambols.

SIMON.

Why ees, but they be off lik' any shot
So soon's a man 's a-comèn near the spot.

SAMUEL.

But, in the dae-time, wher da viairies hide?
 Wher be ther huomes then, wher da viairies bide?

SIMON.

O they da git awoy down under groun'
 In holler pliazen, wher tha cān't be voun' ;
 But still my gramfer, many years agoo,
 ('E liv'd at Grenley farm, an' milk d a diairy.)
 If what the vo'kes da tell is true,
 Oone marnen yerly voun' a viairy.

SAMUEL.

An' did er stop then wi' the good wold buoy?
 Ar did er soon contrive to slip awoy?

SIMON.

Why, when the vo'kes were al asleep a-bed,
 The viairies us'd to come, as 'tis a-zed,
 Avore the vire wer cuold, an' dānce an hour
 Ar two at dead o' night upon the vlour,
 Var they, by only utterēn a word
 Ar charm, can come down chimley, lik' a bird ;
 Ar drā' ther bodies out so long an' narra,
 That they can vlee droo keyholes lik' an arra.
 An' zoo oone midnight, when the moon did drow
 His light droo winder roun' the vlour below,
 An' crickets roun' the bricken heth did zing,
 Tha come an' dānced about the hal in ring ;

An' tapp'd, droo little holes noo eyes cood spy,
A kag o' poor ant's meäd a-stannèn by ;
An' oone ò'm drink'd so much 'e codden mind
The word 'e wer to zae to make en smal,
'E got a-dather'd zoo that a'ter al
Out t'others went an' left en back behind.
An' a'ter he'd a-beät about his head
Agen the keyhole, till 'e wer hafe dead,
'E laid down al along upon the vlour
Till gran'fer, comen down, unlocked the door:
And then, 'e zeed en ('twer enough to frighten èn)
Bolt out o' door, an' down the road lik lightenen.

FALL.



FALL.

CARN A-TURNÈN YOLLER.

THE copse ha' got his shiady boughs,
Wi' blackbirds' evemen whissles :
The hills ha' sheep upon ther brows,
The zummerleäze ha' thissles .
The meäds be gây in grassy Mây,
But O vrom hill to holler,
Let I look down upon a groun'
O' carn a-turnèn yoller.

An' pëase da grow in tangled beds,
An' beäns be sweet to snuff, O ;
The tiaper woats da bend ther heads,
The barley's beard is rough, O ;
The turnip green is fresh between
The carn in hill ar holler,
But I'd look down upon a groun'
O' wheat a-turnèn yoller.

'Tis merry when the brawny men
 Da come to reap it down, O,
 Wher glossy red the poppy head
 s among the stā'ks so brown, O ;
 'Tis merry while the wheat's in hile
 Ar when, by hill ar holler,
 The leäzers thick da stoop to pick
 The ears so ripe an' yoller.

A-HALEN CARN.

EES, eesterdae, ya know, we carr'd
 The piece o' carn in *Zidelen Plot*,
 An' work'd about it pirty hard,
 An' voun the weather pirty hot.
 'Twer al a-tied an' zet upright
 In tidy hile o' Monday night.
 Zoo eesterdae in a'-ternoon
 We zet, in yarnest, ev'ry oone
 A-halèn carn.

The hosse, wi' the het an' luoad,
 Did froth, an' zwang vrom zide to zide,
 A-gwáin along the dousty road,
 That I 'miade sure tha wou'd a-died.

An' wi' my collar al undone
An' neck a-burnen wi' the zun,
I got, wi' work an' doust, an' het,
So dry at laste I cooden spet,
A-halèn carn.

At uncle's archet gwain along
I bagged some apples var to quench
My drith, o' *Poll* that wer among
The trees; but she, a sassy wench,
Toss'd auver hedge zome grabs var fun
I squâil'd her, though; an' miade her run;
An' zoo she gie'd me var a treat
A lot o' *stubberds* var to eat,
A-halèn carn.

An' up at rick *Jeün* took the flaggon
An' gid us out zome yal, an' then
I carr'd her out upon the waggon
Wi' bread an' cheese to gi'e the men.
An' ther, var fun, we dress'd her head
Wi' noddèn poppies bright an' red,
As we wer catchèn vrom our laps
Below a woak, our bits an' draps
A-halen carn.

HARVEST HUOME.

The rust Piart. The Supper.

SINCE we wer striplens, náighbour John,
The good wold merry times be gone:
But we da like to think upon
 What we've a-zeed an' done.
When I wer up a hardish lad,
At harvest huome the work vo'ke had
Sich suppers tha' wer jumpen mad
 Wi' feästèn an' wi' fun.

At uncle's, I da mind, oone year,
I zeed a vill o' hearty cheer,
Fat beef an' puddèn, yal an' beer,
 Var ev'ry workman's crop.
An' a'ter tha'd a-gid God thanks,
Tha al zot down in two long ranks,
Along a tiable miade o' planks,
 Wi' uncle at the top.

An' ther, in platters big an' brown,
Wer red fat biacon, an' a roun'
O' beef wi' gravy that wou'd drown,

A pup ar little pig.
Wi' beans an' tatiess vull a zack,
An' cabbage that wou'd miake a stack,
An' puddens brown a-speckled black
Wi' figs, so big's my wig.

An' uncle, wi' his elbows out,
Did carve an' miake the gravy spout,
An' ant did gi'e the mugs about
A-frothèn to the brim.
Pliates werden then ov ethen ware,
Tha eat off pewter that wou'd bear
A knock; ar wooden trenchers, square,
Wi' salt holes at the rim.

An' zoo tha munch'd ther hearty cheer,
An' dipp'd ther beards in frothy beer,
An' laf'd, an' joked, tha cou'den hear
What oon another zaid.
An al ö'm drink'd, wi' oone accuord,
The wold vo'kes health; an' beät the buord,
An' swung ther yarms about, an' roar'd,
Enough to crack oone's head.

HARVEST HUOME.

Second Part. What tha done ater Supper.

Zoo ater supper wer a-done
 Tha' clear'd the tiabes an' begun
 To have a little bit o' fun,
 As long as tha mid stop.
 The wold oones took ther pipes to smoke,
 An' tell ther tiales, an' lafe an' joke,
 A-lookèn at the younger vóke
 That got up var a hop.

Oone scriap'd awoy, wi' merry grin,
 A fiddle stuck below his chin,
 An' oone ö'm took the rollèn pin
 An' beät the fryèn pan.
 An' t'others, dancèn to the soun'
 Went in an' out, an' droo an' reún,
 An' kick'd, an' beät the tuèn down
 A-lafèn, maid an' man.

An' then a maid, al up tip-tooe,
 Vell down; an' oone ö'm wi' his shoe
 Slit down her pocket hole al droo

Cleān down vrom top to bottom.
 An' when tha had a-danced enough,
 Tha got a-plāyēn blueman's buff,
 An' sard the maidens party rough,
 When oonce tha had a-got 'em.

An' zome did drink, an' lafe, an' roar,
 At lots o' tiales tha had in store,
 O' things that happen'd years avore
 To thēy ar vōkes tha knowed.
 An' zome did joke, an' zome did zing,
 An' miake the girt wold kitchen ring,
 Till uncle's cock, wi' flappēn wing,
 Stratch'd out his neck an' crow'd.

A ZONG OV HARVEST HUOME.

THE groun' is clear. Ther's nar a ear
 O' stannen carn a-left out now
 Var win' to blow, ar rāin to drow;
 'Tis al up siafe in barn ar mow.
 Here's health to thae that plough'd an' zow'd;
 Here's health to thae that reap'd an' mow'd:
 An' thae that had to pitch an' luoad,
 Ar tip the rick at Harvest Huome.
The happy sight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

An' mid noo harm o' vire ar starm
 Beval the farmer ar his carn;
 An' ev'ry zack o' zeed gi'e back
 A hunderduold so much in barn.
 An' mid his Miaker bless his store,
 His wife an' all that she've a-bore,
 An' kip al evil out o' door,
 Vrom Harvest Huome to Harvest Huome.
The happy sight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

Mid nothèn ill betide the mill
 As dae by dae the miller's wheel
 Da dréve his clacks, an' histe his zacks,
 An' vill his bens wi' show-ren meal:
 Mid 's water niver auoverflow
 His dousy mill, nar zink too low,
 Vrom now till wheat agen da grow,
 An' we've another Harvest Huome.
The happy sight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

Droo cisterns wet, an' malt kil's het
 Mid barley pây the malter's pâins.
 An' mid noo hurt beval the wort
 A-bwilèn vrom the brewer's grâins.
 Mid al his beer kip out o' harm
 Vrom busted hoop ar thunder starm,
 That we mid have a mug to warm

Our merry hearts nex' Harvest Huome.
The happy zight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

Mid luck an' jây, the biaker pây,
As he da hear his vier roar,
Ar nimbly catch his hot white batch
A-reekèn vrom the öben door.
An' mid it niver be too high
Var our vew zixpences to buy,
When we da hear our childern cry
Var bread, avore nex' Harvest Huome.
The happy zight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

Wi' jây o' heart mid shooters start
The whirrèn pâtridges in vlocks ;
While shots da vlee droo bush an' tree
An' dogs da stan' so still as stocks.
An' let em ramble roun' the farms
Wi' guns 'ithiu ther bended yarms.
In goolden zunsheen free o' starms
Rejâicèn var the Harvest Huome.
The happy zight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.

POLL'S JACK DA.

Ah, Jimmy vow'd e'd have the là
Ov ouer cousin Poll's jack dā,
That had by dæ his withy jāil
A-hangen up upon a nāil
Agen the elem tree, avore
The house, jist auver-right the door ;
An' ballerag'd the voke gwain by
A-most so plāin as you ar I.
Var hardly any dæ did pass
'Ithout Tom's tæchén d'n zome sass,
Till by an' by 'e cal'd 'em al
Satepolls an' gäkeys, girt an' smal.

An' zoo as Jim went down along
The liane a-whislen ov a zong,
The sassy dā cried out by rote
“ Girt satepoll,” lik' to split hiz drote.
Jim stopp'd an' grabbed up a clot
An' zent en at en lik' a shot ;
An' down went dā an' cage avore
The clot, up thump agen the door.
Zoo out rinn'd Poll an' Tom to zee
What al the meänen ö't mid be.
“ Now who done that ? ” cried Poll, “ who whurr'd
'Theös clot ? ” “ Girt satepoll,” cried the bird.

An' when Tom catch'd a glimpse o' Jim
 A-lookèn al so red an' slim,
 An' slinkèn on, 'e vled, red hot,
 Down liane to catch en, lik' a shot.
 But Jim, that thought e'd better trust
 To lags that vistes, tried em vust;
 An' Poll, that zeed Tom wooden catch
 En, stood a-smilèn at the hatch.
 An' zoo 'e volleed en var two
 Ar dree stuones' drows, an' let en goo.

THE IVY.

UPON theōs knap I'd sooner be
 The ivy that da clim the tree
 Than bloom the gâyst ruose a-tied
 An' trimm'd upon the house's zide.
 The ruose mid be the māidens' pride,
 But etill the ivy's wild an' free:
 An' what is al that life can gi'e
 'Ithout a free light heart, John?

The crēpēn shiade mid steal too soon
 Upon the ruose in a'ternoon.
 But here the zun da drow his het
 Vrom when da rise till when da zet,
 To dry the leaves the rāin da wet;

An' evemen âir da bring along
 The merry dairy-mâidens' zong,
 The zong of free light hearts, John.

O why da voke so of'en chàin
 Ther pinèn minds var love o' gain,
 An' gi'e ther innocence to rise
 A little in the wordle's eyes?
 If pride coo'd rise us to the skies,
 What man da vallee, God da slight,
 An' al is nothièn in His zight,
 'Ithout a honest heart, John.

A ugly fiace càn't bribe the brooks
 To show it back young han'some looks,
 Nar crooked vo'ke intice the light
 To cast ther zummer shiades upright.
 Noo goold can bline our Miaker's zight.
 An' what's the odds what cloth da hide
 The buzzom that da hold inside
 A free an' honest heart, John?

THE WELSHNUT TREE.

WHEN in the evemen the zun's a-zinkèn,
 A-drowèn shiades vrom the yoller west;
 An' mother wéary 's a-zot a-thinkèn,
 Wi' vuolded yarms by the vire at rest,

Then we da zwarm, O,
 Wi' sich a charm, O,
 So vull o' glee by the welshnut tree.

A-leävèn fäther indoors, a-leinèn
 In his girt chair, in his èasy shoes,
 Ar in the settle so high behine en,
 While down beside en the dog da snooze,
 Our tongues da run, O,
 Enough to stun, O,
 Your head, wi' glee by the welshnut tree.

'Ther we da drëd the wold woman's niddle,
 An' slap the mäidens a-dartèn droo,
 Ar try who'l ax em the hardest riddle,
 Ar soonest vind out oone put us, true ;
 Ar zit an' ring, O,
 The bells ding, ding, O,
 Upon our knee, by the welshnut tree.

An' zome da goo out an' hide in archet,
 An' t'others, silly a-stealèn by,
 Wher ther's a dark cunnen pliace da sarch it,
 Till they da zee em, an' cry, " I spy."
 An' thik a-vound, O,
 Da gi'e a bound, O,
 To git off free to the welshnut tree.

Poll went oone night, that we midden vind her,

Inzide a woak wi' a holler moot,

An' droo a hole near the groun' behind her,

I pok'd a stick in an' catch'd her voot.

An' out she scream'd, O,

An' jump'd; an' seem'd, O,

A-most to vlee to the welshnut tree.

An' when at laste at the drashel, mother

Did cal us, smilèn, indoor to rest,

Then we da cluster by oone another,

To zee huome they we da love the best.

An' then da sound, O,

"Good night," al round, O,

To end our glee, by the welshnut tree.

JENNY OUT VROM HUOME.

O wild-riavèn west winds, as you da roar on,

The elems da rock, an' the poplars da ply;

An' wiave da dreve wiave in the dark-watered pon.

Oh ! wher do ye rise vrom, an' wher do ye die?

O wild-riavèn winds, I da wish I cou'd vlee

Wi' you lik' a bird o' the clouds up above

The rudge o' the hill, an' the top o' the tree,

To wher I da long var, an' vo'kes I da love.

Ar else that in under *theōs* rock I cou'd hear,
 In the soft holler sounds ya da leäve in your road,
 Zome words ya mid bring me, vrom tongues that bedear
 Vrom friends that da love me, al scatter'd abrode.

O wild-riavèn winds, if ya ever da roar
 By the house an' the elems vrom wher I'm a-come,
 Breathe up at the winder ar cal at the door,
 An' tell ya've a-voun' me a-thinken o' huome.

GRENLEY WATER.

THE shiadeless darkness o' the night
 Can niver blind my mem'ry's zight ;
 An' in the starm my fancy's eyes
 Can look upon ther own blue skies.
 The laggèn moon mid fâil to rise,
 But when the daelight's blue an' green
 Be gone my fancy's zun da sheen
 At huome at *Grenley Water.*

As when the workvo'ke us'd to ride
 In waggon, by the hedge's zide,
 Droo evemen shiades that trees drow'd down
 Vrom lofty stems athirt the groun' ;
 An' in at house the mug went roun'
 While ev'ry merry man prâis'd up
 The pirty maid that vill'd his cup,
 The maid o' *Grenley Water.*

Ther I da seem agen to ride
 The hosses to the water-zide,
 An' zee the visher fling his hook
 Below the withies by the brook;
 Ar Fanny, wi' her modest look,
 Car on her pâil, ar come to dip,
 Wi' kiarevul step, her pitcher's lip
 Down into *Grenley Water*.

If I'd a farm wi' vower ploughs,
 An' var my diairy fifty cows;—
 If *Grenley Water* winded down
 Droo two good mile o' my own groun';—
 If hafe ov *Ashknowle Hill* wer brown
 Wi' my own carn,—noo growèn pride
 Shood ever miake me cast azide
 The màid o' *Grenley Water*.

THE VIARY VEET THAT I DA MEET.

WHEN dewy fall's red leaves da vlee
 Along the grass below the tree,
 Ar lie in yoller beds a-shook
 Upon the shaller-water'd brook,
 Ar drove 'ithin a shiady nook,
 Then softly in the evemen, down
 The knap da stéal along the groun'
 The viary veet that I da meet
 Below the row o' beech trees.

'Tis jist avore the candle-light
 Da redden winders up at night.
 An' pialer stars da light the vogs
 A-risèn vrom the brooks an' bogs,
 When in the bark'ns yoppèn dogs
 Da bark at vo'ke a-comen near,
 Ar growl a-lisenèn to hear
 The viary veet that I da meet
 Below the row o' beech trees.

Dree times a year da bless the road
 O' womanhood a-gwâin abrode.
 When vust her litty veet da tread
 The yerly Mây's white diasy bed :—
 When leaves be al a-scatter'd dead :—
 An' when the winter's vrozen grass
 Da glissen in the zun lik' glass,
 Var viary veet that we mid meet
 Below the row o' beech trees.

MARNEN.

WHEN vust the bréakèn dae is red
 An' grass is dewy wet ;
 An' roun' ripe blackberries 's a-spread
 The spider's gliss'n'en net ;

N

Then I da drēve the cows across
The brook that's in a vog,
While they da trot, an' bliare, an' toss
Ther heads to hook the dog.
Var the cock da gi'e me warnen,
An' light ar dark,
So brisk's a lark,
I'm up at break o' marnen.

Avore the māiden's sleep 's a-broke
By winder-striken zun,
Avore the busy wife's vust smoke
Da curdle vrom the tun,
My dae's begun ; an' when the zun
'S a-zinken in the west,
The work the marnen brote 's a-done,
An' I da goo to rest
'Till the cock da gi'e me warnen,
An' light ar dark,
So brisk's a lark,
I'm up agen nex' marnen.

We cānt keep back the daely zun,
The wind is never still,
The water never have a-done
A-runnen down at hill.
Zoo they that ha' ther work to do
Shood do't so soon's tha can.

Var time an' tide wool come an' goo,
 An' never stây var man;
 As the cock da gi'e me warnen,
 When, light ar dark,
 So brisk's a lark
 I'm up so rathe in marnen.

We've leäzes wher the âir da blow,
 An' meäds wi' diary cows,
 An' copse wi' lewth an' shiade below
 The auverhangen boughs.
 An' when the zun noo time can tire
 'S a-quench'd below the west,
 Then we've avore the bliazèn vire,
 A settle var to rest,
 To be up agen nex' marnen
 So brisk's a lark,
 When, light ar dark,
 The cock da gi'e us warnen.

OUT A-NUTTÈN.

LASTE wik, when we'd a-hal'd the crops,
 We went a-nuttèn out in copse,
 Wi' nuttèn-bags to bring huome vull,
 An' beaky nuttèn-crooks to pull

The bushes down ; an' al ó's wore
 Wold cloaz that wer in rags avore,
 An' look'd, as we did skip an' zing,
 Lik' merry gipsies in a string,
 A-gwáin a-nuttèn.

Zoo droo the stubble, auver rudge
 An' vurra we begun to trudge ;
 An' *Sal* an' *Nan* agreed to pick
 Along wi' I, an' *Poll* wi' *Dick* ;
 An' they went wher the wold wood high
 An' thick did meet, an' hide the sky ;
 But we thought we mid vine zome good
 Ripe nuts in shart an' zunny wood,
 The best var nuttèn.

We voun' zome bushes that did fiace
 The zun up in his highest pliae,
 Wher clusters hung so thick an' brown
 That some slipp'd shell an' vell to groun' ;
 But *Sal* wi' I zoo hitch'd her lag
 In brembles that she coeden wag ;
 While *Poll* kept clouse to *Dick*, an' stole
 Nuts vrom his hinder pocket-hole,
 While he did nutty.

An' *Nanny* thought she zeed a sniake,
 An' jump'd awoy into a briake,

An' tore her bag wher she'd a-put
 Her nuts, an' shatter'd ev'ry nut.
 An' out in viel' we al zot roun'
 A white-rin'd woak upon the groun';
 Wher yoller evenem light did strik
 Droo yoller leaves that still wer thick
 In time o' nuttèn.

An' tuold ov al the luck we had
 Among the bushes, good an' bad,
 Till al the maidens left the buoys
 An' skipp'd about the leäze al woy's
 Var musherooms to car back some
 A treat var faether in at huome.
 Zoo off we trudg'd wi' cloaz in slents
 An' libbets jis' lik' Jack-o-lents,
 Vrom copse a-nuttèn.

TIAKÈN IN APPLES.

We took the apples in laste wik,
 An' got zome proper yachèn backs,
 A-stoopèn down al day to pick
 'Em al up into mæns an' zacks.
 An' ther wer Liz so proud an' prim,
 An' dumpy Nan, an' Poll so sly;
 An' dapper Tom, an' loppèn Jim,
 An' little Dick, an' Fan, an' I.

An' when the maidens come in roun'
 The luoaded trees to vill ther laps,
 Werottled al the apples down
 Lik' hâil, an' gie'd ther backs sich raps.
 An' then we had a bout at squâils:
 An' Tom, a jumpèn in a bag,
 Got pinch'd by al the maiden's nâils,
 An' rolled right down into a quag.

An' then tha' carr'd our Fan al roun'
 Up in a mæn, till zome girt stump
 Upset en, stickèn out o' groun'
 An' drow'd 'er out alongstrâight plump.
 An' in the cider-house we zot
 Upon the wanliass Poll an' Nan,
 An' spun' 'em roun' till tha wer got
 So giddy that tha cooden stan.

MIAPLE LEAVES BE YOLLER.

COME le's stroll down so vur's the poun'
 Avore the sparklen zun is down:
 The zummer's gone, an' daes so flair
 As theös be now a-gittén riare.
 The night wi' muore than daelight's shiare
 O' wat'ry sky, da wet wi' dew
 The ee-grass up above oon's shoe,
 An' miaple leaves be yoller.

The läste hot doust, above the road,
 An' vust dead leaves ha' bin a-blow'd
 By pläysome win's wher spring did spread
 The blossoms that the zummer shed ;
 An' near blue sloos an' conkers red,
 The evemen zun, a-zettèn soon,
 Da leäve, a-quiv'ren to the moon,
 The miaple leaves so yoller.

Zoo come along, an' le's injây
 The läste fine weather while da stây ;
 While thee can'st hang wi' ribbons slack
 Thy bonnet down upon thy back ;
 Avore the winter, cuold an' black,
 Da kill thy flowers, an' avore
 Thy bird-cage is a-took in-door,
 Though miaple leaves be yoller.

THE WEATHER-BEÄTEN TREE.

THE woaken tree, a-beät at night
 By starmy win's wi' al ther spite,
 Mid toss his lim's, an' ply, an' muoan,
 Wi' unknown struggles al aluone ;
 An' when the dae da show his head
 A-stripp'd by win's that be a-laid,
 How vew mid think, that didden zee,
 How night-time had a-tried thik tree.

An' in our tryèn hardships we
 Be lik' the weather-beaten tree;
 Var happy vo'ke da seldom know
 How hard our unknown starms da blow:
 But He that brote the starm 'ul bring
 In His good time, the sunny spring,
 An' leaves, an' young vo'ke vull o' glee
 A-dáncèn roun' the woaken tree.

True love's the ivy that da twine
 Unweth'ren roun' his meshy rine,
 When winter's zickly zun da sheen
 Upon its leaves o' glossy green;
 So páitiently a-holdèn vast
 Till starms an' cuold be al a-past,
 An' only livèn var to be
 A-miated to the woaken tree.

SHODON FIAIR.

The vast Piart.

An' zoo's the dae wer warm an' bright,
 An' nar a cloud wer up in zight,
 We wheedled faether var the miare
 An' cart, to goo to *Shodon* flair.

Zoo *Poll* an' *Nan*, from each her box,
Runn'd up to git ther newest frocks,
An' put ther bonnets on, a-lined
Wi' blue, an' sashes tied behind;
An' turn'd avore the glass ther face
An' back, to zee ther things in pliace;
While *Dick* an' I did brush our hats
An' cuoats, an' cleān ourzuvs lik' cats.

At oon ar two o'clock we voun'
Ourzuvs upon the very groun',
A-struttèn in among the rows
O' tilted stannens, an' o' shows;
An' girt long booths wi' little bars
Chock vull o' barrels, mugs, an' jars,
An' meat a-cookèn out avore
The vier at the upper door.
There zellers buold to buyers shy
Did hally roun' us "What d'ye buy?"
While scores o' merry tongues did speāk,
At once, an' childern's pipes did squeak,
An' harns did blow, an' drums did rumble,
An' balèn merrymen did tumble;
An' oon did al but want an edge
To piart the crowd wi' lik' a wedge.

We zeed the dāncers in a show
Dānce up an' down, an' to an' fro,

Upon a ruope, wi' chāky zoles,
 So light as magpies up 'pon poles ;
 An' tumblers, wi' ther strēaks an' spots,
 That al but tied therzuvs in knots ;
 An' then a conjurer burn'd off
Poll's hankershif so black's a snoff,
 An' het en, wi' a single blow,
 Right back agen so white as snow ;
 An' a'ter that 'e fried a fat
 Girt kiake inzide o' my new hat,
 An' eet, var al 'e done en brown,
 'E didden even zwēal the crown.

SHODON FIAIR.

The rest o't.

An' a'ter that we met wi' zome
 O' *Mans'on* vo'ke but jist a-come,
 An' had a raffle var a trēat
 Al roun' o' gingibread, to ēat,
 An' Tom drow'd leäst wi' al his shiakes,
 An' pâid the money var the kiakes,
 But wer so luoth to put it down
 As if a penny wer a poun'.
 Then up come zidelen *Sammy Hiare*,
 That's fond o' *Poll* an' she cān't bear,

An' holded out his girt scram vist,
An' ax'd her, wi' a grin an' twist,
To have zome nuts ; an' she to hide
Her lafèn, turn'd her head azide,
An' änswer'd that she'd rather not,
But *Nancy* mid ; an' *Nan* so hot
As vier, zaid 'twer quite enough
Var she to änswer var herzuf.
She had a tongue to speak, an' wit
Enough to use en, when 'twer fit.
An' in the dusk, a-ridèn roun'
Droo *Okford*, who d'ye think we voun'
But *Sam* agen, a-gwain vrom flair
Upon his broken-winded miare,
An' hetten her a cut 'e tried
To kip up clouse by ouer zide ;
But when we come to *Häyward brudge*
Our *Poll* gie'd *Dick* a meänen nudge,
An' wi' a little twitch our miare
Drow'd out her lags lik' any hiare
An' left poor *Sammy*'s skin an' buones
Behine a-kickèn o' the stuones.

MARTIN'S TIDE.

COME bring a log o' clift wood, Jack,
An' fling en on here at the back,
An' zee the outside door is vast:
The win' da blow a cuoldish blast.
Come sō's; come, pull your chairs in roun'
Avore the vire; an' let's zit down,
An' kip up Martin'stide, var I
Shall kip it up till I da die.
'Twer Martinmas, an' our flair
When Jeān an' I, a happy piair,
Vust wā'k'd hitch'd up in Zunday clothes
Among the stan'ens an' the shows.
An' thik day twel'month, never fāilēn,
She gived me at the chāncel rāilēn
A heart,—though I da sound her prāise,—
As true as ever beāt in stāys.
How vast the time da goo, da seem
But eesterday. 'Tis lik' a dream.

Ah, sō's 'tis now zome years agoo
You vust know'd I, an' I know'd you:
An' we've a-had zome bits o' fun,
By winter vire an' zummer zun.

Ees, we've a-prowl'd an' rigg'd about
Lik' cats, in harm's woy muore than out,
An' scores o' tricks have we a-plây'd
To outwit chaps, or plague a māid.
An' out avore the bliazèn heth
Our naisy tongues, in winter meth,
'V a-shook the warmenpan a-hung
Bezide us till his cover rung.

There, 'twre but t'other dae, thik chap
Our Roberd, wer a chile in lap,
An' Poll's two little lags hung down
Vrom thik wold chair a span vrom groun',
An' now the sassy wench da stride
About wi' steps o' dree veet wide.
How time da goo, a life da seem
As 'twre a year. 'Tis lik' a dream.

GUY FAUX'S NIGHT.

Guy Faux's night, dost know, we chaps,
A-putten on our woldest traps,
Went up the highest o' the knaps
An' miade up sich a vier!
An' thee an' Tom wer al we miss'd;
Var if a serpent had a-hiss'd
Among the rest in thy sprack vist,
Our fun 'd a-bin the higher.

We chaps at huome an' *Will* our cousin,
 Took up a hafe a luoad o' vuzzen,
 An' burn'd a barrel wi' a dozen
 O' fakkets, till above en
 The flames, arisèn up so high
 'S the tun, did snap, an' roar, an' ply,
 An' drow a gliare agen the sky
 Lik' vier in an oven.

An' zome, wi' hissèn squibs did run
 To pày off zome what they'd a-done,
 An' let em off so loud's a gun
 Agem ther smokèn pollis;
 An' zome did stir ther nimble pags
 Wi' crackers in between ther lags,
 While zome did burn ther cuoats to rags,
 Ar wes'cots out in holes.

An' zome ò'm's heads lost hafe ther locks,
 An' zome ò'm got ther white smock-frocks
 Jist fit to vill the tender-box,
 Wi' hafe the backs ò'm off;
 An' *Dick*, that al ò'm vell upon,
 Voun' oone flap ov his cuoat-tâil gone,
 An' t'other jist a-hangen on,
 A-zwéal'd so black's a snoff.

NIGHT A-ZETTÈN IN.

WHEN leäzers wi' ther laps o' carn
 Noo longer be a-stoopèn,
An' in the stubble, al varlarn,
 Noo poppies be a-droopèn ;
When theós young harvest-moon da wiane
 That now 'v his harns so thin, O,
We'll leäve off wa'kèn in the liane
 While night's a zettèn in O.

When zummer doust is al a-laid
 Below our litty shoes, O,
When al the rain-chill'd flow'rs be dead
 That now da drink the dews, O ;
When beauty's neck that's now a-show'd,
 'S a-muffled to the chin, O,
We'll leäve off wa'kèn in the road
 When night's a-zettèn in, O.

But now while barley by the road
 Da hang upon the bough, O ;
A-pull'd by branches off the luoad
 A-ridèn huome to mow, O ;

While spiders, roun' the flower-stā'ks,
 Ha' cobwebs eet to spin, O,
 We'll cool ourzuvs in outdoor wā'ks
 When night's a-zettèn in, O.

While down at vuord the brook so smal,
 That liately wer so high, O,
 Wi' little tinklèn sounds da val
 In roun' the stuones hafe dry, O ;
 While twilight ha' sich âir in store,
 To cool our zunburnt skin, O,
 We'll have a ramble out o' door
 When night's a-zettèn in, O.

ECLOGUE.

THE COMMON A-TOOK IN.

THOMAS AN' JOHN.

THOMAS.

Good marn t'ye John. How b' ye? how b' ye?
 Zoo you be gwain to market, I da zee.
 Why you be quite a-luoaded wi' your geese.

JOHN.

Ees, Thomas, ees.
 I fear I must get rid oy ev'ry goose
 An' goslin I've a-got ; an' what is woose,
 I fear that I must zell my little cow.

THOMAS.

How zoo, then, John ? Why, what's the matter now ?
 What cān't ye get along ? B' ye run a-groun' ?
 An' cān't pây twenty shillens var a poun' ?
 What cān't ye put a luoaf on shelf ?

JOHN.

Ees, now ;
 But I da fear I shan't 'ithout my cow.
 No, they be gwâin to 'clouse the Common, I da hear.
 An' 'twull be soon begun upon ;
 Zoo I must zell my bit o' stock to year,
 Bekiase tha woon't have any groun' to run upon.

THOMAS.

Why what d'ye tell o' ? I be very zarry
 To hear what they be gwâin about ;
 But eet I s'pose there'll be a 'lotment var ye
 When they da come to mark it out.

JOHN.

No, not var I, I fear ; an' if ther shood,
 Why 'twooden be so handy as 'tis now ;
 Var 'tis the Common that da do I good ;
 The run var my vew geese, or var my cow.

THOMAS.

Ees, that's the job ; why 'tis a handy *thing*
 To have a bit o' common, I da know,
 To put a little cow upon in spring,
 The while oon's bit ov archet grass da grow.

JOHN.

Ees, that's the *thing* ya zee: now I da mow
 My bit o' grass, an' miake a little rick,
 An' in the zummer, while da grow,
 My cow da run in comimon var to pick
 A bliade ar two o' grass, if she can vind 'em,
 Var t'other cattle don't leäve much behind 'em.
 Zoo, in the evemen, we da put a lock
 O' nice fresh grass avore the wicket;
 An' she da come at vive ar zix o'clock,
 As constant as the zun, to pick it.
 An' then bezides the cow, why we da let
 Our geese run out among the emmet hills;
 An' then when we da pluck em, we da get
 Zome veathers var to zell, an' quills;
 An' in the winter we da fat 'em well
 An' car 'em to the market var to zell
 To gentlevo'ks, var we do'nt oft avvuord
 To put a goose a-top ov ouer buoard ;
 But we da get ouer feäst; var we be yable
 To clap the giblets up a-top o' tiable.

THOMAS.

An' I don't know o' many better things
Than geese's heads an' gizzards, lags an' wings.

JOHN.

An' then, when I got nothen else to do,
Why I can tiake my hook an' gloves, an' goo
To cut a lot o' vuzz an' briars
Vor hetèn ovens, or var lightèn viers.
An' when the childern be too young to yarn
A penny, they can goo out in dry weather,
An' run about an' get together
A bag o' cow dung var to burn.

THOMAS.

'Tis handy to live near a common ;
But I've a-zeed, an' I've a-zaid,
That if a poor man got a bit o' bread
They'll try to tiake it vrom en.
But I wer tuold back t'other day
That they be got into a way
O' lettèn bits o' groun' out to the poor.

JOHN.

Well I da hope 'tis true, I'm zure,
An' I da hope that they wull do it here,
Ar I must goo to workhouse I da fear.

ECLOGUE.

TWO FARMS IN OONE.

*ROBERT AN' THOMAS.***ROBERT.**

You'll lose your miaster soon then, I da vind;
 'E's gwain to leäve his farm, as I da larn,
 At Miëlmas; an' I be zarry var 'n.
 What, is er got a little bit behind?

THOMAS.

O no, at Miëlmas his time is up,
 An' thik there sly wold feller, farmer Tup,
 A-fearèn that 'e'd git a bit o' bread,
 'V a-ben an' took his farm here auver 's head.

ROBERT.

How come the squire to use yer miaster zoo?

THOMAS.

Why he an' miaster had a word or two.

ROBERT.

Is farmer Tup a-gwain to leäve his farm?
 'E han't a-got noo young oones var to zwarm.

Poor auverrēachēn man, why to be sure
 'E don't want al the farms in parish, do er?

THOMAS.

Why ees, al ever he can come across.
 Laste year, ya know, 'e got awoy the yacre
 Ar two o' groun' a-rented by the biaker,
 An' what the butcher had to keep his hoss ;
 An' vo'ke da beāhan' now that miaster's lot
 Wull be a-drow'd along wi' what 'e got.

ROBERT.

That's it. In *theōs* here pliaice ther used to be
 Aight farms avore tha wer a-drow'd togither ;
 An' aight farm-housen. Now how many be ther ?
 Why a'ter this, ya know, ther'll be but dree.

THOMAS.

An' now tha don't imply so many men
 Upon the land as work'd upon it then ;
 Var al tha midden crop it woose, nor stock it.
 The lan'lord, to be sure, is into pocket ;
 Var hafe the housen be-ēn down, 'tis clear,
 Don't cost so much to keep 'em up a-near.
 But then the jobs o' work in wood an' marter,
 Da come, I 'spose ya know, a little sharter ;
 An' many that wer little farmers then
 Be now a-come al down to liab'ren men ;
 An' many liab'ren men wi' empty han's,
 Da live lik' drones upon the workers' lan's.

ROBERT.

Aye, if a young chap oonce had any wit
 To try an' scrape togither zome vew poun'
 To buy some cows, an' tiake a bit o' groun'
 'E mid become a farmer, bit by bit.
 But, hang it, now the farms be al so big,
 An' bits o' groun' so skia'ce oone got no scope ;
 If oone cood siave a poun' oon cooden hope
 To keep noo live stock but a little pig.

THOMAS.

Why here wer voorteen men zome years agoo
 A-kept a-drashèn hafe the winter droo.
 An' now, oon's drashels be'n't a bit o' good.
 Tha got machines to drashy wi', plague tiake 'em:
 An' he that vust vound out the woy to miake 'em :
 I'd drash his busy zides var'n, if I cood.

ROBERT.

Tha hadden need miake poor men's liabour less,
 Var work a'ready is uncommon skia'ce ;

THOMAS.

Ah ! Robert ; times be badish var the poor
 An' woose wull come, I be a-fear'd, if *Moore*,
 In theos year's almanick, do tell us right.

ROBERT.

Why then we sartainly must starve. Good night.

WINTER.



WINTER.

THE VROST.

COME, run up huome wi' we to night,
Athirt the veel a-vroze so white,
Wher vrosty shiade da lie below
The winter ricks a-tipp'd wi' snow,
An' lively birds, wi' waggèn tails
Da hop upon the icy räils,
An' rime da whiten al the tops
O' bush an' tree in hedge an' copse,
An' win's be cuttèn keen.

Come màidens, come: the groun's a-vroze
Too hard to-night to spwile your cloaz.
Ya got noo pools to waddle droo
Nar clâ a-pullèn off your shoe;
An' we can trig ye at the zide
To kip ye up if ya da slide:
Zoo while ther's neither wet nar mud
'S the time to run an' warm your blood,
Though win's be cuttèn keen.

Var young men's hearts an' maidens eyes
 Don't vreeze below the cuoldest skies,
 While theæ in twice so keen a blast
 Can wag ther brisk lims twice so vast,
 Though vier-light, a-flick'ren red
 Droo frosty winder-pianes, da spread
 Vrom wall to wall, vrom heth to door
 Var we to goo an' zit avore,
 Now win's be cutten keen.

A BIT O' FUN.

Wz thought ya wooden leäve us quite
 So soon as what ya did läste night ;
 Our fun jist got up to a height
 As you about got huome.
 The chaps did skip an' jump about,
 An' coose the maidens in' an' out,
 A-miakèn sich a naise an' rout
 Ya cooden hear a drum.

An' Tom, a-springen a' ter Bet,
 Blinevoulded, whizz'd along an' het
 Poor Grammer's chair, an' auvezet
 Her, playèn bline-man's buff;
 An' she, poor soul, as she did val,
 Did show her snags o' teeth, an' squal,
 An', what she zaid wer woose than al,
 She shatter'd al her snuff.

An' Bet, a-hoppèn back var fear
O' Tom, struck Uncle zittèn near,
An' miade his han' spill al his beer,
 Right down her poll an' back;
An' Joe, in middle o' the din,
Slipt out a bit, an' soon come in
Wi' al below his dapper chin
 A-jumpèu in a zack.

An' in a twinklen t'other chaps
Jist hang'd en to a crook wi' straps,
An' miade en bear the māidens' slaps,
 An' prickèns wi' a pin.
An' Jim, a-catchèn Poll, poor chap,
In backhouse in the dark, vell slap
Into a tub o' barm, a trap
 She zet to catch en in.

An' then we zot down out o' breath,
Al in a circle, roun' the heth,
A-kippèn up our harmless meth
 Till supper wer a-come.
An' a'ter we'd a-had zome prog,
Al' t'other chaps begun to jog,
Wi' sticks to lick a thieff ar dog,
 To zee the māidens huome.

FANNY'S BETHDAE.

How merry wi' the cider cup
We kept poor Fanny's bethdae up,
An' how our busy tongues did ran
An' han's did wag, a-miakèn fun !
What plâysome anticks zome ö's done !
An' how, a-reelen roun' an' roun',
We beât the merry tuen down,
While music wer a-soundèn.

The mайдens' eyes o' black an' blue
Did glissen lik' the marnen dew,
An' while the cider mug did stan'
A-hissèn by the bliazèn bran',
An' uncle's pipe wer in his han',
How little he or we did think
How piale the zettèn stars did blink
While music wer a-soundèn.

An' Fanny's laste young *teen* begun,
Poor mайд, wi' thik da's risèn zun,
An' we al wish'd her many muore
Long years wi' happiness in store;
An' as she went an' stood avore

The vier, by her faether's zide,
 Her mother drapp'd a tear o' pride
 While music wer a-soundèn.

An then we done al kinds o' tricks
 Wi' hankerchifs, an' strings, an' sticks ;
 An' oone did try to auvermatch
 Another wi' zome cunnen catch,
 While t'others slyly tried to hatch
 Zome ghiame ; but eet, by chap an' māid,
 The dāncēn wer the muost injây'd,
 While music wer a-soundèn.

The briskest chap ov al the lot
 Wer Tom that dānc'd hizzuf so hot,
 He doff'd his cuot an' jump'd about
 Wi' girt new shirt-sleeves al a-strout,
 Among the māidens screamèn out,
 A-thinkèn, wi' his strides an' stamps,
 E'd squot ther veet wi' his girt clamps,
 While music wer a-soundèn.

Then up jump'd Uncle vrom his chair,
 An' puli'd out Ant to miake a piair,
 An' off 'e zet upon his tooe
 So light's the best that beät a shoe,
 Wi' Ant a-crièn "Let me goo :"
 While al o' we did lafe so loud
 We drown'd the music o' the croud
 So merrily a-soundèn.

An' comen out ov entry, Nan,
 Wi' pipes an' cider in her han',
 An' watchèn uncle up so sprack,
 Vargot her veet an' vell down smack
 Athirt the wold dog's shaggy back,
 That wer in entry var a snooze
 Beyand the reach o' dânce's shoes,
 While music wer a-soundèn.

WHAT DICK AN' I DONE.

LASTE wik the Browns ax'd nearly al
 The nài'bours to a randy,
 An' left we out ô't, girt an' smal,
 Var al we liv'd so handy ;
 An' zoo I zed to *Dick*, "we'll trudge,
 When tha be in ther fun, min ;
 An' car up zummat to the rudge
 An' jis stop up the tun, min.

Zoo, wi' the lather vrom the rick,
 We stole towards the house,
 An' crêp'd in roun' behine en lik'
 A cat upon a mouse.
 Then, lookèn roun', *Dick* whisper d "how
 Is theös job to be done, min :
 Why we da want a fakket now
 Var stoppèn up the tun, min."

"Stan still," I answer'd, "I'll tiake kiare
O' that: why dussen zee
The little grinnèn stuone out there
Below the apple-tree?
Put up the latther; in a crack
Shat zee that I 'ool run, min.
An' car en up upon my back
An' soon stop up the tun, min."

Zoo up I clomb upon the *thatch*,
An' clapp'd en on, an'滑了
Right down agen, an' runn'd droo hatch,
Behine the hedge, an' hided.
The vier, that wer clear avore,
Begun to spwile ther fun, min:
The smoke al roll'd toward the door,
Var I'd a-stopp'd the tun, min.

The māidens cough'd ar stopp'd ther breath,
The men did hauk an' spet;
The wold vo'ke bundled out from heth
Wi' eyes a-runnen wet.
"T'ool chok us al," the wold man cried,
"Whatever 's to be done, min?
Why summat is a-vell inside
O' chimley, droo the tun, min."

Then out thā scamper'd al, vull run,
An' out cried *Tom* "I think

The grinnèn stuone is up 'pon tun
 Var I can zee the wink.
 This is some kindness that the vo'ke
 At *Woodley* have a-done min.
 I wish I had em here, I'd poke
 Ther numskuls down the tun, min."

Then off 'e zet, an' come so quick
 'S a lamplighter, an' brote
 The little lather in vrom rick,
 To clear the chimley's droat.
 An' when, at läste, wi' much adoo,
 'E thought the job a-done, min,
 His girt sharp knees broke right in droo
 The hatch, below the tun, min.

GRAMMER'S SHOES.

I da seem to zee Grammer as she did use
 Var to shew us, at Chris'mas, her weddèn shoes,
 An' her flat spreadèn bonnet so big an roun'
 As a girt pewter dish, a-turn'd upseedown.
 When we al did dra near
 In a cluster to hear
 O' the merry wold soul how she did use
 To wa'ke an' dânce wi' her high-heel shoes.

She'd a gown wi' girt flowers lik' hollyhocks,
An' zome stockēns o' gramfer's a-knit wi' clocks,
An' a token she kept under lock an' key,
A smal lock ov his hiair off avore 'twer grey.

An' her eyes wer red,
An' she shook her head,
When we'd al a-look'd at it, an' she did use
To lock it awoy wi' her weddēn shoes.

She cood tell us sich tiales about heavy snows,
An' o' ráins an' o' floods when the waters rose
Al up into the housen, an' carr'd awoy
Al the brudge wi' a man an' his little buoy,
An' o' vog an' vrost
An' o' vo'ke a-lost,
An' o' piarties at Chris'mas when she did use
Var to wā'ke huome wi' gramfer in high-heel shoes.

Ev'ry Chris'mas she lik'd var the bells to ring,
An' to have in the zingers to hear em zing
The wold carols she heärd many years a-gone,
While she warm'd 'em zome cider avore the bron ;
An' she'd look an' smile
At our dāncēn, while
She did tell how her friends that wer gone did use
To reely wi' she in ther high-heel shoes.

Ah! an' how she did like var to deck wi' red
Holly-berries the winder an' wold clock's head,

An' the clavy wi' boughs o' some bright green leaves.
 An' to miake tuoast an' yale upon Chris'mas eves,
 But she's now droo griace,
 In a better pliaice.
 Though we'll never vargit her, poor soul, nor loose
 Gramfer's token ov hiair nar her weddèn shoes.

ZUNSHEEN IN THE WINTER.

THE winter clouds that long did hide
 The zun, be al a-blow'd azide,
 An' in the light, noo longer dim,
 Da sheen the ivy that da clim
 The tower's zide an' elem's stim ;
 An' holmen bushes, in between
 The leafless zharns, be bright an' green,
 To zunsheen o' the winter.

The trees that eesterdae did twist
 In win's a-drévèn râin an' mist,
 Da now drow shiades out, long an' still ;
 But roarèn watervals da vil
 Ther whirdlen pools below the hill,
 Wher, wi' her pâil upon the stile,
 A-gwâin a-milken *Jeän* da smile
 To zunsheen o' the winter.

The birds da shiake, wi' pläysome skips,
The rain draps off the bushes' tips,
A-cherripèn wi' merry sound ;
While down below, upon the ground,
The wind da whirdle round an' round
So softy ; that the dae da seem
Muore lik' a zummer in a dream
Than zunsheen in the winter.

The wold vo'ke now da meet abrode
An' tell o' winters tha've a-know'd ;
When snow wer long upon the groun',
Ar floods broke al the brudges down,
Ar wind unheal'd a hafe the town :
The tiales o' wold times long agone,
But ever dear to think upon,
The zunsheen o' ther winter.

Var now to thēy noo brook can run,
Noo hill can fiace the winter zun,
Noo leaves can val, noo flow'r's can fiade,
Noo snow can hide the grasses bliade,
Noo vrost can whiten in the shiade,
Noo dae can come, but what da bring
To mind agen ther yerly spring,
That's now a-turn'd to winter,

THE WEEPÈN LIADY.

WHEN liate o' nights, upon the green
By *thik* wold house, the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head 's a-wakèn to an' fro
In robes so white 's the driven snow;
Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest
Al lily-white upon the breast
O' *thik* poor weepèn liady.

The curdlen win' an' whislen squall
Da shiake the ivy by the wall,
An' miake the plyèn tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock,
An' slammen door an'rottlen lock
That in *thik* empty house da sound
Da never seem to miake look round
Thik downcast weepèn liady.

A liady, as the tiale da goo,
That once liv'd there, an' lov'd too true,
Wer by a young man cast azide
A mother sad, but not a bride;
An' then her fâther in his pride

An' anger offer'd oon o' two
 Vull bitter *things* to undergoo
 To *thik* poor weepèn liady.

That she herzuf shood leäve his door
 To darken it agen noo muore ;
 Ar that her little pläysome chile,
 A-zent awoy a thousand mile
 Shood never meet her eyes to smile,
 An' pläy agen, till she in shiame
 Shood die an' leäve a tarnish'd niame,
 A sad variaken liady.

"Let me be lost," she cried, "the while"
 "I do but know var my poor chile;"
 An' left the huome ov al her pride
 To wander droo the wordle wide,
 Wi' grief that vew but she ha' tried:
 An' lik' a flow'r a blow ha' broke
 She wither'd wi' *thik* deadly stroke,
 An' died a weepèn liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on
 To zee *thik* fäther dead an' gone,
 As if her soul could have noo rest
 Avore her teary cheäk 's a-prest
 By his vargivèn kiss: zoo blest
 Be they that can but live in love,
 An' vine a pliace o' rest above
 Unlik' the weepèn liady.



THE HAPPY DAES WHEN I WER YOUNG.

THE happy daes when I wer young !
Tha had noo ho, tha lafe'd an' zung :
The māid wer merry by her cow,
The man wer merry wi' his plough.
Tha' tāk'd 'ithin door an' 'ithout,
But not o' what's a-tāk'd about
By many now ; that to despise
The lā's o' God an' man is wise.
Wi' daely health an' daely bread,
An' thatch above ther shelter'd head,
Tha had noo spiteful hearts to yache
An' kip ther viry eyes awiake.
O grassy meād, an' woody nook,
An' waters o' the windēn brook,
A-runnen on vrom when the sky
Begun to rain till seas be dry ;—
An' hills a-stannen on while al
The works o' man da rise an' val ;—
An' trees the toddlen chile da vind
An' live, an' die, an' leäve behind.
Oh ! speak to martals an' unvuold
The peace an' jāy o' times o' wold :
Ar tell if you can vine a tongue.
O' happy daes when I wer young.

Vrom where wer al this venom brought,
To put out hope an' pwison thought?
Clear brook, thy water cooden bring
Sich pwison vrom thy rocky spring:
An' did it come in zummer blights
Ar riavèn starms o' winter nights?
Ar in the cloud, an' viry stroke
O' thunder that da split the woak?

O valley dear, I wish that I
'D a-liv'd in farmer times to die
Wi' al the happy souls that trod
Thy turf in peace, an' died to God.
Ar gone wi' tha that laf'd an' zung
In happy daes, when I wer young.

IN THE STILLNESS O' THE NIGHT

Ov al the housen o' the pliaice
Ther's oone wher I da like to cal
By dae ar night the best ov al,
To zee my Fanny's smilèn fiace;
An' ther the stately trees da grow,
A-rockèn as the win' da blow,
While she da sweetly sleep below,
In the stillness o' the night.

An' ther, at evemen, I da goo
 A-hoppèn auver ghiates an' bars,
 By twinklen light o' winter stars,
 When snow da clumper to my shoe:
 An' zometimes we da slyly catch
 A chat an ouer upon stratch,
 An' piart wi' whispers at the hatch
 In the stillness o' the night.

An' zometimes she da goo to zome
 Young nàighbours' housen down about
 The pliace, an' I da vine it out
 An' goo ther too to zee her huome.
 An' I da wish a yield a mile,
 As she da sweetly chat an' smile,
 Along the drove, or at the stile,
 In the stillness o' the night.

THE SETTLE AN' THE GIRT WOOD VIRE.

Ah ! nàighbour Jahn, zince I an' you
 Wer youngsters, ev'ry thing is new.
 My father's vires wer miade o' logs
 O' clift-wood down upon the dogs,
 In our girt vier-pliace, so wide
 That ya mid drëve a cart inside;

An' big an' little mid zit down
At buoth zides, an' bevore, al roun'.
An' up in chimley tha did hitch
The zalt-box an' the biacon-vlitch.
An' when I wer a-zittèn, I
Cou'd zee al up into the sky,
An' watch the smoke goo vrom the vier
Al up an' out o' tun an' higher.
An' ther wer biacon up 'pon rack,
An' pliates to eat it up 'pon tack:
An' roun' the wals were yarbs a-stowed
In piapern bags, an' blazhers blowed;
An' jist above the clavy buoard
Wer father's spurs, an' gun, an' sword;
An' ther wer then our girtest pride
The settle, by the vier zide.

Ah! Gi'e me, ef I wer a squier,
The settle an' the girt wood vier.

But now tha've wall'd al up with bricks
The vier pliaice var dogs an' sticks,
An' only left a little hole
Jist var a little griate o' coal,
So smäl that only twoos or drees
Can jist push in an' warm ther knees.
An' then the carpets tha da use
Bêñ't fit to tread wi' ouer shoes;

An' chairs an' sopheres be so neat
Ya mossen use em var a seat:
Tha be so finé that tha mus' pliae
Al auver 'em an' outside kiase,
An' then the cover when 'tis on
Is still too fine to loll upon.

Ah! Gi'e me, ef I wer a squier,
The settle an' the girt wood vier.

Carpets indeed! Ya cou'den hurt
The stuone vlow'r wi' a little dirt,
Var what wer bröte in by the men,
The women soon mopped out agen.
Zoo we did come out o' the muirë
An' walke in straight avore the vier.
But now, when oone da come to door,
Why 'e mus' work an hour avore
'E's scriaped an' rubb'd, an' cleän, an' fit
To goo in where 'is wife da zit.
An' then ef 'e shou'd have a whiff
O' bakky there, ther'd be a miff:
'E cänt smoke there, var smoke woont go
Into the little nasty flue.

Ah! Gi'e me, ef I wer a squier,
The settle an' the girt wood vier.

THE CARTER.

I be the carter o' the farm:
I be so happy ev'ry where,
Wi' my long whip *athirt* my yarm,
As ef I carr'd a sceptre there.

An' I da hal in al the crops,
An' I da bring in vuzz vrom down,
An' I da goo var wood to copse,
An' I da car the stræt to town.

When I da goo var lime, ar bring
Huome coal ar cider wi' my team,
Then I da smack my whip an' zing
While al ther bells da sweetly cheeme.

An' I da zee the wordle too:
Var zometimes I mid be upon
A hill, an' in an hour ar zoo,
Why I be two miles vurder on.

An' I da always know the pliace
To gi'e the hosses breath, ar drug;
An' ev'ry hoss da know my fiace,
An' mind my '*mether ho* an' *whug*.

An' when the hâymiakers da ride
Vrom veel in zummer wi' ther prongs,
I got a score ô'm zide by zide
Upon the riaves a-zingèn zongs.

An' when the vrost da vreeze the streams,
An' oves wi' icicles be hung,
My pantèn hosses' breath da steam
Out in the groun' a-carrèn dung.

An' mine's the waggon var a luoad,
An' mine be luoads to cut a rout;
But I don't vind a routy ruoad
Wher my team cooden pull 'em out.

A zull is nothèn when da come
Behine ther lags, an' thā da tiake
A roller as thā wou'd a drum,
An' harras as thā wou'd a riake.

I be the carter o' the farm:
I be so happy ev'ry where,
Wi' my long whip athirt my yarm,
As ef I carr'd a sceptre there.

CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

COME down to marra night, an' mind
Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind.
We'll shiake a lag an' drink a cup
O' yal to kip wold Chris'mas up.

An' let thy sister tiake thy yarm,
The wä'k woont do 'er any harm:
Ther's noo dirt now to spwile her frock,
Var 'tis a-vroze so hard's a rock.

Ther bën't noo stranngers that 'ull come,
But only a vew nährboors: zome
Vrom *Stowe*, an' *Combe*, an' two ar dree
Vrom uncles up at *Rookery*.

An' thee woot vine a ruozy fiace,
An' pair ov eyes so black as sloos,
The pirtiest oones in al the pliace.
I'm sure I needen tell thee whose.

We got a back bran', dree girt logs
So much as dree ov us can car:
We'll put 'em up athirt the dogs,
An' miake a vier to the bar,

An' ev'ry oone wull tell his tiale,
 An' ev'ry oone wull zing his zong,
 An' ev'ry oone wull drink his yal,
 To love an' frien'ship al night long.

We'll snap the tong^s, we'll have a bal,
 We'll shiake the house, we'll rise the ruf,
 We'll romp an' miake the māidens squal,
 A catchèn o'm at bline-man's buff.

Zoo come to marra night, an' mind
 Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind :
 We'll shiake a lag, and drink a cup
 O' yal to kip wold Chris'mas up.

KEEPÈN UP O' CHRIS'MAS.

An' zoo ya didden come athirt
 To have zome fun laste night. How wer't?
 Var we'd a-work'd wi' al our might,
 To scour the iron *t*hings up bright ;
 An' brush'd an' scrubb'd the house al droo,
 An' brote in var a brand, a plock
 O' wood so big's an uppenstock,
 An' hung a bough o' misseltoo,
 An' ax'd a merry friend ar too,
 To keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

An' ther wer wold an' young ; an' *Bill*
Soon a'ter dark stā'k'd up vrom mill,
An' when 'e wer a-comen near
'E whissled loud var I to hear ;
An' roun' my head my frock I roll'd,
An' stood in archet like a post,
To miake en think I wer a ghost ;
But he wer up to't, an' did scuold,
To vine me stannen in the cuold,
A keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

We plây'd at farfeits, an' we spun
The trencher roun' an' miade sich fun !
An' had a giame o' dree-kiard loo,
An' then begun to hunt the shoe.
An' al the wold vo'ke zittèn near,
A-chattèn roun' the vier pliace,
Did smile in oone another's fiaice,
An' shiake right han's wi' hearty cheer,
An' let ther left han's spill ther beer,
A keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

ZITTEN OUT THE WOLD YEAR.

WHY rāim ar sheen, ar blow ar snow,
I zaid if I coo'd stan', Sō's,
I'd come var al a frind ar foe
To shiake ye by the han', Sō's;
An' spend, wi' kinsvo'ke near an' dear,
A happy evemen oonce a year,
A-zot wi' meth
Avore the heth
To zee the new year in, Sō's.

Ther's *Jim* an' *Tom* a-grow'd the size
O' men, girt lusty chaps, Sō's,
An' *Fanny*, wi' her sloo-black eyes,
Her mother's very dape, Sō's;
An' little *Bill* so brown's a nut,
An' *Poll*, a gigglen little slut,
I hope wull shoot
Another voot
The year that's comen in, Sō's.

An' ther, upon his mother's knee
So peert, da look about, Sō's,
The little oone ov al, to zee
His vust wold year goo out, Sō's.

An' zoo mid God bless al 'o's still,
 Gwâin up ar down along the hill,
 To mit in glee
 Agen, to zee,
 A happy new year in, Sô's.

The wold clock's han' da softly stéal
 Up roun' the year's laste hour, Sô's
 Zoo let the han'-bells ring a pêal
 Lik' they a-hung in tow'r, Sô's.
 Here, here be two var *Tom*; an' two
 Var *Fanny*; an' a pair var you.
 We'll miake em swing,
 An' miake em ring
 The merry new year in, Sô's.

Tom, mind your time ther; you be wrong.
 Come, let your bells al sound, Sô's:
 A little cluoser *Poll*: ding, dong:
 Ther, now 'tis right al round, Sô's.
 The clock's a-strikkèn twelve, d'ye hear?
 Ting, ting; ding, dong: Farwell wold year;
 'Tis gone, tis gone;
 Goo on, goo on;
 An' ring the new oone in, Sô's.

WOAK WER GOOD ENOUGH OONCE.

EES : now meogany's the goo,
An' good wold English woak woon't do.
I wish vo'ke always mid avuord
Hot meals upon a woaken buoard.
A woaken buoard did tiake my cup
An' trencher al my growèn up,
Ah ! I da mind en in the hall,
A-reachèn al along the wall,
Wi' we at faether's end, while 'tother
Did tiake the māidens wi' ther mother,
An' while the risèn steam did spread
In curdlen clouds up auver head,
Our mou's did wag, an' tongues did run,
To miake the māidens lāfe o' fun..

Meogany ! ya mussen brag
O' that: var mother wi' a rag
An' drap o' bullick's blood did stāin
Our clavy till 'e had a grāin
So fine, meogany by thik
Wold buord wou'd look so dull's a brick.
A woaken bedstead black an' bright
Did tiake my weary b̄ones at night,
Wher I cood stratch an' roll about
'Ithout much fear o' vallen out ;

An' up above my head a piar
 Ov ugly heads a-carv'd did stare
 An' grin avore a bright vull moon
 A'most 'enough to frighten •oone.

An' then we had var cuots an' frocks
 Woak cuoffers wi' ther rusty locks,
 An' niames in náils, a-left behind
 By kinsvo'ke dead an' out o' mind,
 Zoo we did git on well enough
 Wi' things a-miade ov English stuff.
 But then, ya know, a woaken stick
 Wer cheap; var woaken trees wer thick.
 When poor wold Gramfer *Green* wer young,
 'E zed a squerrel mid a sprung
 Along the dell vrom tree to tree,
 Vrom *Woodcomb* al the way to *Lea*,
 An' woak wer al vo'ke did avuord
 Avore his time at bed ar buoard.

MARY-ANN'S CHILE.

MARY-ANN wer aluone wi' her biaby in yarms,
 In her house wi' the trees auver head,
 Var her husban' wer out in the night an' the starm
 In his bizness a-twilen var bread.
 An' she, as the wind in the elem's did roar,
 Did grievy var Roberd al night out o' door.

An' her kinsvo'ke an' naighbours did zae ov her chile
 (Under the high elem tree,)

That a pirtier never did babble ar smile

Up o' top ov a proud mother's knee,
 An' his mother did toss en, an' kiss en, and cal
 En her darlèn, an' life, an' her hope, an' her al.

But she voun' in the evemen the chile werden well
 (Under the dark elem tree,)

An' she thought she cood gi'e al the wordle to tell
 Var a truth what his ailèn mid be ;

An' she thought o' en laste in her prâyers at night,
 An' she look'd at en laste as she put out the light.

An' she voun' en grow woos in the dead o' the night,
 (Under the dark elem tree,)

An' she press'd en agen her warm buzzom so tight,
 An' she rock'd en so zarrafully ;

An' there laid a-nes'len the poor little buoy
 Till his struggles grow'd weak, an' his cries died awoy.

An' the moon wer a-sheenen down into the pliace,
 (Under the dark elem tree,)

An' his mother cood zee that his lips an' his fiace
 Wer so white as cleän axen cood be,

An' her tongue wer a-tied an' her still heart did zwell
 Till her senses come back wi' the vust tear that vell.

Never muore can she veel his warm fiace in her breast,
 (Under the green elem tree,)
 Var his eyes be a-shut, an' his han's be at rest,
 An' she cānt zee en smile up at she ;
 But his soul, we da know, is to he'ven a-vled
 Wher noo pāin is a-know'd an' noo tears be a-shed.

ECLOGUE.

F A E T H E R C O M E H U O M E.

JOHN, WIFE, AN' CHILE.

CHILE.

O MOTHER, mother, be the tiaties done ?
 Here's faether now a-comēn down the track.
 'E got his nitch o' wood upon his back,
 An' sich a spyeker in en ! I'll be boun'
 E's long enough to reach vrom groun'
 Up to the top ov ouer tun !
 Tis jist the very *thing* var Jack an' I
 To goo a colepecksen wi' by an' by.

WIFE.

The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh ;
 Do tiake oone up upon the fark, an' try.
 The kiake upon the vier too 's a-burnen
 I be afeārd : do run an' zee ; an' turn en.

JOHN.

Well, mother, here I be a-come oonce muore.

WIFE.

Ah ! I be very glad ya be, I'm sure ;
 Ya be a-tired, an' cuold enough, I s'pose.
 Zit down, an' ease yer buones, an' warm yer nose.

JOHN.

Why I be peckish : what is ther to eat ?

WIFE.

Yer supper's nearly ready ; I've a-got
 Some tiaties here a-doén in the pot ;
 I wish wi' al my heart I had some meat.
 I got a little kiake too here, a-biakèn ö'n
 Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time though.
 'E's nice an' moist ; var when I wer a-miakèn ö'n,
 I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

CHILE.

Well, faether, what d'ye think ? The pig got out
 This marnen ; an' avore we zeed ar heärd en,
 'E runned about an' got out into giarden,
 An' routed up the groun' zoo wi' his snout !

JOHN.

Now what d'ye think o' that ! You must contrive
 To keep en in, ar else 'e'll never thrive.

CHILE.

An' faether, what d'ye think ? I voun' to-day
 The nest wher thik wold hen ov our's da lay :

'Twer out in archet hedge, an' had vive agg's.

WIFE.

Lok there! how wet ya got yer veet an' lags!
How did ye git in sich a pickle, Jahn?

JOHN.

I broke my hoss, an' ben a-fuossed to stan'
Right in the mud an' water var to dig,
An' miade myzelf so watshod as a pig.

CHILE.

Faether, tiake off yer shoes, an' gi'e 'em to I:
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an' dry.

WIFE.

An' have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN.

Enough to lèste var dree weeks muore ar zoo.

WIFE.

An' when y'ave done the job ya be about,
D'yé think ya'll have another vound ye out?

JOHN.

O ees, there'll be some muore: when I done that
I got a job o' trenchèn to goo at:
An' then zome trees to shroud, an' wood to vell;
Zoo I da hope to rub on pirty well
Till Zummer time; an' then I be to cut
The wood an' do the trenchèn by the tut.

CHILE.

An' nex' week, faether, I be gwain to goo
 A-pickèn stuones , ya know, var Farmer True.

WIFE.

An' little Jack, ya know, is gwain to yarn
 A penny keepèn birds off vrom his carn.

JOHN.

O brave ! What wages do er meän to gi'e?

WIFE.

She dreppence var a day, an' twopence he.

JOHN.

Well, Polly, thee must work a little spracker
 When thee bist out, ar else thee wu'ten pick
 A dungpot luoad o' stuones not very quick.

CHILE.

O ees I sholl: but Jack da want a clacker.
 An' faether, wull ye tiake an' cut
 A stick ar two to miake his hut.

JOHN.

Ya little wench, why thee bist always baggèn !
 I be too tired now to-night, I'm sure,
 To zet a-doèn any muore ;
 Zoo I shall goo up out o' the woy o' the waggon.

ECLOGUE.

A GHOST.

JEM AN' DICK.

JEM.

THIS is a darkish evenen, b'ye a-feärd
O' ghosts? Theös liane's a-hänted I've a-heärd.

DICK.

No I bënt much a-feär'd, var I can boast
I never wer a-frighten'd by a ghost,
An' I've a-bin about al night, ya know,
Vrom candle-lightèn till the cock did crow,
But never met wi' nothèn bad enough
To be much woos than what I be myzuf,
Though I, lik' others, have a-heärd vokes zae
The girt house is a-hänted night an' dae.

JEM.

Ees, I da mind oone winter 'twer a-zed
The farmer's vokes cood hardly sleep a-bed
Tha heärd at night sich scuffëns, an' sich jumpëns.
Sich ugly groanen naises an' sich thumpëns.

DICK.

Aye I did use to hear his son, young Sammy,
 Tell how the chairs did dānce, an' doors did slammy ;
 'E used to zwear—though zome vo'ke didden heed en—
 'E didden only hear the ghost, but zeed en :
 An' I'll be hang'd if didden miake I shiake
 To hear en tell what ugly shiapes did tiake.
 Zometimes did come vull zix veet high, ar higher,
 A-dressed in white, wi' eyes lik' coals o' vier,
 An' zometimes lik' a liady in a bussel
 A-trippēn on in silk ; 'E heärd it russel ;
 His hiair, 'e zed, did use to stan' upright
 Jist lik' a bunch o' rushes wi' his fright.

JEM.

An' then ya know that zummat is a-zeed
 Down in the liane, an' auver in the meäd.
 Zometimes da come a-runnen lik' a houn'
 Ar rollēn lik' a vleece along the groun'.
 Oone time when gramfer wi' his wold grey miare
 Wer ridēn down the liane vrom Shoden flair,
 It roll'd so big's a pack ov wool across
 The road jist under en, an' liam'd his hoss.

DICK.

Aye, did ye ever hear—vo ke zed 'twer true—
 What happened to Jack Hine zome years agoo.
 Oone vrosty night, ya know, at Chris'mas tide,
 Jack an' another chap ar two bezide

'D a-bin out zomewher up at t'other end
O' parish, to a nāighbour's var to spend
A merry hour, an' had a-took a cup
Ar two o' cider, to kip Chris'mas up.
An' zoo I spuose 'twere liate avore the piarty
Broke up. I spuose tha burn'd the bron avore
Tha thought o' turnen out o' door
Into the cuold, var friendship then wer hearty.
Zoo cluos agen the vootpāth that did leäd
Vrom higher parish auver the girt meäd,
Ther 's a girt holler, ya da know. Tha tried ther
In farmer times to miake a cattle pit,
But gi'd it up, bekiaze tha cooden git
The water any time to bide ther.
Zoo when the merry fellers got
Jist auverright *theōs* very spot,
Jack zeed a girt black bull dog wi' a collar
A-stannen down in *thik* *there* holler.
Lo'k ther, 'e zed, ther's a girt dog a-pawlēn,
I'll jist gi'e he a goodish lick
Ar two, wi' *theōs* here groun'-ash stick,
An' zend the shaggy rascal huome a-howlēn.
An' zoo 'e rinned, an' gi'd en a good whack
Wi' his girt ashen stick a-thirt his back:
An', al at oonce, his stick split right al down
In vower pieces, an' the pieces vled
Out ov his han' al up above his head
An' pitch'd in the vow'r carners o' the groun'.

An' then his han' an' yarm got al so num'
'E coodden veel a vinger ar a thum',
An' åter that his yarm begun to zwell,
An' in the night a-bed 'e voun'
The skin o't peel al off al roun',
'Twer near a month avore 'e got it well.

JEM.

That wer var hettèn ö'n, 'e shood a let en
Aluone, ya zee, 'twer wicked var to het en.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

An' then his han'
'E codden veel
An' ater that
An' in the
The skin
'Twer

T

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A ZONG.

O JENNY, dont sobby, var I shall be true,
Noo might under Heaven shall piart me vrom you.
My heart wull be cuold, Jenny, when I don't prize
The zwell o' thy buzzom, the light o' thy eyes.

'Tis true that my kinsvo'ke da try to persuâide
Me to marry var money a humpbackid maid ;
But I'd sooner liabour wi' thee var my bride
Than live lik' a squier wi' any bezide.

Var al busy kinsvo'ke my love wull be still
A-zet upon thee lik' the vir in the hill ;
Zoo vo'kes mid persuâide ; tha mid dreaten, an' mock ;
My head's in the starm, but my root's in the rock.

Zoo Jenny, don't sobby, var I shall be true,
Noo might under Heaven shall piart me vrom you.
My heart will be cuold, Jenny, when I don't prize
The zwell o' thy buzzom, the light o' thy eyes.

THE MAID VAR MY BRIDE.

AH ! don't tell o' māidens ; the oone var my bride
Is but little lik' too many māidens bezide ;
Not brāntēn, nar spitevul, nar wild ;—she've' a mind
Var to *think* what is right, an' a heart to be kind.

She's strāight an' she's slender, but not auver tal ;
Her lims da move lightly, her veet be so smal :
A spirit o' heaven da breathe in her fiace,
An' a queen, to be stiately, must wā'ke wi' her piace.

Her frocks be so tidy, an' pirty, an' plāin :
She don't put on *things* that be fliarēn an' vāin :
Her bonnet a-got but two ribbons, a-tied
Up under her chin, ar let down at the zide.

When she da speak to oone, she don't stiare an' grin ;
There's sense in her looks vrom her eyes to her chin ;
An' her vāice is so kind, var she's modest an' meek,
An' da look down to groun' a-beginnen to speak.

Her skin is so white as a lily, an' each
Ov her cheäks is so downy an' red as a peach :
She's pirty enough zittēn still ; but my love
Da watch her to madness when oonce she da move.

An' when she da wā'ke huome vrom church, droo the
groun'
Wi' oone yarm in mine, an' wi' oone hangēn down,
I'm a-shiam'd o' myzuf; var I'm sure I must be
Oncommonly ugly along zide o' she.

Zoo don't tā'ke o' māidens; the oone var my bride
Is but little lik' too many māidens bezide;
Not brānten, nar spitevul, nar wild; she 'v' a mind
Var to think what is right, an' a heart to be kind.

THE HUOMESTEAD.

If I had al the land my zight
Can auverlook vrom Chalwell hill
Vrom Sherbo'n left, to Blan'vord right,
Why I cood be but happy still.
An' I be happy wi' my spot
O' freehold groun' an' mossy cot,
An' shou'den git a better lot
If I had al my will.

My archet's wide, my trees be young,
An' tha da bear sich heavy crops
Their boughs, lik' inon ruopes a-hung,
Be hāfe trigg'd up to year wi' props:

I got a giarden var to dig,
A parrick, an' a cow, an' pig :
I got some cider var to swig ;
An' yale o' malt an' hops.

I m lan'lard o' my little farm,
I 'm king 'ithin my little pliaace ;
I broke noo lá's, I done noo harm,
An' I da dread noo martal's fiace.
When I be cover'd wi' my *thatch*,
Noo man da diare to lift my latch,
Where honest han's da shut the hatch,
Fear's shut out wi' the biase.

Wher lofty elem trees da screen
My wold brown cottage ruf below,
My geese da strut upon the green
An' hiss, an' flap ther wings o' snow ;
An' I da wá'k along a rank
Ov apple trees, ar by a bank,
Ar zit upon a bar ar plank,
To see how *things* da grow.

THE FARMER'S WOLDEST DAETER.

No. No. I bēn't arinnen down
The pirty māidens o' the town;
 Nar wishèn ö'm noø harm.
But she that I 'od marry vust
To shiare my good luck ar my crust
 S a-bred up at a farm.
In town, a māid da zee more life,
 An' I dont underriate her,
But ten to oone, the sprackest wife
 'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

Var she da veed wi' tender kiare
The little oones, an' piart the'r hiair,
 An' kip 'em neat an' pirty:
An' kip the sassy little chaps
O' buoys in trim, wi' dreats an' slaps
 When tha·be wild an' dirty.
Zoo if ya'd have a bus'len wife
 An' childern well look'd a'ter,
The māid to help ye al droo life
 'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

An' she can iern up an' vuold
A book o' clothes wi' young ar wold

An' zalt an' roll the butter ;
 An' miake brown bread, an' elder wine,
 An' zalt down meat in pans o' brine,
 An' do what ya can put her.
 Zoo if ya 've wherewi' an' 'od vind
 A wife wo'th lookèn à'ter,
 Goo an' git a farmer in the mind
 To g'ye his woldest daeter.

Her heart's so innocent an' kind,
 She idden thoughtless, but da mind
 Her mother an' her duty.
 The livèn blushes that da spread
 Upon her healthy fiace o' red,
 Da heighten al her beauty.
 So quick's a bird, so neat's a cat,
 So cheerful in her niater.
 The best o' maidens to come at
 'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

UNCLE OUT O' DEBT AN' OUT O' DANNGER.

Ees, Uncle had thik smäl huomestead,
 The leäzes an' the bits o' meäd,
 Bezides the archet, in his prime,
 An' copse-wood var the winter time.

His wold black miare, that dra'd his cart,
An' he, wer seldom long apairt.
Var he work'd hard, an' pâid his woy,
An' zung so litsom as a buoy,
As 'e toss'd an' work'd,
An' blow'd an' quirk'd,
I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger ;
I've a vist var friends, an' I'll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

His miare's long vlexy vetlocks grow'd
Down roun' her hufs so black an' brode,
Her head hung low, her tâil reach'd down
A-bobbèn nearly to the groun'.
The cuoat that uncle muostly wore
Wer long behine an' strâight avore ;
An' in his shoes 'e had girt buckles,
An' breeches button'd roun' his huckles ;
An' 'e zung wi' pride
By 's wold miare's zide
I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger ;
I've a vist var friends an' I'll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

An' he 'od work, an' luoad, an' shoot
An' spur his heaps o' dung ar zoot,
Ar car out hây to sar his vew
Milch cows in carners dry an' lew ;

Ar drēve a zyve, ar work a pick,
 To pitch, ar miake his little rick ;
 Ar *thatch* en up wi' strā ar zedge,
 Ar stop a shard up in a hedge.
 An' 'e work'd an' flung
 His yarms, an' zung
 I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
 An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger,
 I've a vist var friends, an' I'll vine a piair
 Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

An' when his miare an' he'd a-done
 Ther work an' tired ev'ry buone,
 'E zot down by the vire to spend
 His evemen wi' his wife ar friend ;
 An' wi' his lags stratch'd out var rest,
 An' oone han' in his wais'coat breast,
 While burnen sticks did hiss an' crack,
 An' fliames did bliazy up the back,
 Ther 'e zung so proud
 In a bakky cloud
 I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
 An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger,
 I've a vist var friends, an' I'll vine a piair
 Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

Vrom market how 'e used to ride
 Wi' pots a-bumpèn by his zide,
 Wi' things a-bote, but not var trust,
 Var what 'e had 'e paid var vust.

An' when 'e trotted up the yard
The ca'ves did bliary to be sar'd,
An' pigs did scout al droo the muck,
An' geese did hiss, an' hens did cluck ;
An' 'e zung aloud,
So pleased an' proud,
I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger ;
I've a vist var friends, an' I'll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

When he wer joggèn huome oone night,
Vrom market, a'ter candle light,
—'E mid a-took a drap o' beer
Ar midden, var 'e had noo fear,—
Zome ugly, long-lagg'd, herren-ribs
Jump'd out an' ax'd en var his dibs ;
But he soon gie'd en sich a ma'len
That ther 'e left en down a-spra'len,
While 'e jogg'd along
Wi' his own wold zong,
I'm out o' debt an' out o' dannger,
An' I can fiace a friend ar strannger,
I've a vist var friends an' I'll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi' I ar my miare.

THE CHURCH AN' HAPPY ZUNDAY.

Ah ! ev'ry dae mid bring a while
O' yease vrom al oone's kiare an' twile,
The welcome evemen, when 'tis sweet
Var tired friends wi' weary veet
But litsome hearts o' love to meet.
But while the weekly times da roll,
The best var body an' var soul
'S the Church an' happy Zunday.

Var then our loosen'd souls da rise
Wi' holy thoughts beyand the skies ;
As we da *think* o' H^r that shed
His blood var we, an' still da [spread
His love upon the live an' dead.
An' how 'e gi'e'd a time an' pliae
To gather us, an' gi'e us griace :—
The Church an' happy Zunday.

There, under leänen mëshy stuones,
Da lie vargot our fathers' buones,
That trod this groun' var years agoo,
An' us'd to know our wold *things*, new
An' comely maidens mild an' true

'That miade ther sweet-hearts happy brides,
 An' come to kneel down at ther zides
 At Church o' happy Zundays.

'Tis good to zee oone's nāighbours come
 Out droo the Churchyard, vlockēn huome.
 As oone da nod, an' oone da smile,
 An' oone da toss another's chile.
 An' zome be shiakēn han's, the while
 Poll's uncle, chuckēn her below
 Her chin, da tell her she da grow,
 At Church o' happy Zundays.

Zoo while our blood da rin in vāins
 O livēn souls in *theōsum* plāins,
 Mid happy housen smoky roun'
 The Church an' holy bit o' groun'.
 An' while ther wedden bells da soun'
 O mid 'em have the meāns o' griace,
 The holy dāe, an' holy pliaice,
 The Church, an' happy Zunday.

THE WOLD WAGGON.

THE girt wold waggon uncle had
 When I wer up a hardish lad,
 Did stan' a-screen'd vrom het an' wet
 In zummer, at the barken geät,

Below the elem's spreadèn boughs,
A-rubb'd by al the pigs an' cows.
An' I've a-clum his head an' zides,
A-riggèn up ar jumpèn down,
A-plàyèn, ar in happy rides
Along the liane, ar droo the groun'.
An' many souls be in ther griaves
That us'd to ride upon his riaves,
An' he an' al the hosses too,
'V' a-ben a-done var years agoo.

Upon his head an' tâil wer pinks
A-paintèd al in tangled links ;
His two long zides were blue ; his bed
Wer bended upward at the head ;
His riaves rose gently in a bow
Above his slow hind-wheels below.
Vour hosses wer a-kept to pull
The girt wold waggon when 'twere vull,
The black miare *Smiler*, strong enough
To pull a house down by herzuf,
So big as took my biggest strides
To staddle hafewoy down her zides ;
An' champèn *Vilot*, sprack an' light,
That foam'd an' pull'd wi' al her might ;
An' *Whiteroot*, liazy in the triace
Wi' cunnen looks, an' snowwhite fîace,
Bezides a bây oone, shart-tâil *Jack*,
That wer a triace-hoss ar a hack.

How many luoads o' vuzz to scald
 'The milk, *thik* waggon 'ave a-hal'd !
 An' wood vrom copse, an' poles var râils,
 An' bavins wi' ther bushy tâils,
 An' loose-ear'd barley hangèn down
 Outzide the wheels, a'most to groun',
 An' luoads o' hây so sweet an' dry,
 A-builded straight an' long an' high,
 An' haymiakers, a-zittèn roun'
 The riaves a-ridèn huome vrom groun',
 When *Jim* gi'e'd *Jenny's* lips a smack
 An' jealous *Dicky* whipp'd his back,
 An' mайдens scream'd to veel the thumps
 A-gi'e'd by trenches an' by humps.
 But he an' al his hosses too,
 "V' a-ben a-done var years agoo.

THE COMMON A-TOOK IN.

O no, Poll, no ; since tha've a-took
 The common in, our lew wold nook
 Don't seem a bit as used to look
 When we had rinnen room.
 Girt banks da shut up ev'ry drong,
 An' stratch wi' *tharny* backs along
 Wher we did use to rin among
 The vuzzen an' the broom.

Ees, while the ragged colts did crop
The nibbled grass, I used to hop
The emmet buts vrom top to top
 So proud o' my spry jumps ;
An' thee behine ar at my zide,
Di'st skip so litty an' so wide
'S thy little frock wo'd let thee stride
 Among the vuzzy humps.

An' while the lark up auver head
Did twitter, I did sarch the red
Thick bunch o' broom, ar yoller bed
 O' vuzzen var a nest,
An' thee dist hunt about to meet
Wi' strâ'berries so red an' sweet,
Ar clogs ar shoes off hosses' veet,
 Ar wild thyme var thy breast.

Ar when the cows did rin about,
An' kick an' hold ther tâiels out,
A-stung by vlees, ar when tha' fôwght,
 Di'st stan' a-lookèn on.
An' wher white geese wi' long red bills
Did veed among the emmet hills,
Ther we did goo to vind ther quills
 Alongzide o' the pon'.

What fun ther wer among us when
The hâward come in wi' his men,
To drêve the common an' to pen

Strannege cattle in the poun',
The cows did bliare, the men did shout,
An' toss ther yarms an' sticks about,
An' vo'kes to own ther stock come out
Vrom al the housen roun'.

A WOLD FRIEND.

O WHEN the friends we us'd to know
'V a-ben a-lost var years, an' when
Zome happy dae da come to show
Their fiazen to our eyes agen,
Da miake us look behind, John,
Da bring wold times to mind, John,
Da miake hearts veel, if tha be steel,
Al warm an' soft an' kind, John.

When we da lose, still gây an young,
A vâice that us'd to cal oone's name,
An' a'ter years agen his tongue
Da sound upon our ears the siame,
Da kindle love anew, John ;
Da wet oone's eyes wi' dew, John ;
As we da shiake, var friendship's siake,
His vist an' vind en true, John.

What tender thoughts da touch oone's soul
 When we da zee a meäd ar hill,
 Wher we did work, ar plày, ar stroll,
 An' tâ'ke wi' väices that be still ;
 'Tis touchèn var to triace, John,
 Wold times droo ev'ry pliaice, John ;
 But that cän't touch oone's heart so much
 As zome wold long lost fiaice, John.

THE RUOSE THAT DECK'D HER BREAST.

Poor *Jenny* wer her *Roberd's* bride
 Two happy years, an' then 'e died ;
 An' zoo the wold vo'ke miade her come
 Varsiaken, to her mäiden huome.
 But *Jenny's* merry tongue wer dum' ;
 An' roun' her comely neck she wore
 A moornen kerchif, wher avore
 The ruose did deck her breast.

She wä'k'd aluone wi' eye-balls wet
 To zee the flow'rs that she'd a-zet ;
 The *lilies* white's her mäiden frocks,
 The *spik* to put 'ithin her box,
 Wi' *columbines* an' *hollihocks*.
 The *jilliflow'r*, an' noddèn *pink*,
 An' *ruose* that touch'd her soul to think
 O' thik that deck'd her breast.

Var at her weddèn, jist avore
 Her māiden han' had yeet a-wore
 A wife's goold ring, wi' hangèn head,
 She wā'k'd along thik flower-bed,
 Wher *bloodywā'yors* stāin'd wi' red,
 An' *marygools* did skirt the wā'k ;
 An' gather'd vrom the ruose's stā'k
 A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her chēäk wi' youthvul blood
 Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud ;
 But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
 'Tis piale's the milky jessamine.
 But *Roberd* 'ave a-left behine
 A little biaby wi' his fiace
 To smile an' nessle in the pliace
 Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

NANNY'S COW.

Ov al the cows among the rest
 Wer oone that Nanny lik'd the best ;
 An' a'ter milkèn us'd to stan'
 A-veedèn o' 'er, wi' 'er han',
 Wi' grass ar hāy ; an' she know'd Nan,
 An' in the evemen us'd to come
 The vust a-biatèn up roun' huome.
 Var she to come an' milk 'er.

Her back wer holler as a bow,
Her lags wer shart, her body low ;
Her head wer smal, her harns turn'd in
Avore her fiace so sharp's a pin.
Her eyes wer vull, her ears wer thin,
An' she wer red vrom head to tail,
An' didden start nar kick the pail,
When Nan did zit to milk her.

But losses zoo begun to val
Upon her faether, that wi' al
His twile, 'e voun' wi' br'ken heart,
That he mus' leäve his groun', an' piart
Wi' al his beäs, an' hoss an' cart ;
An', what did touch en inuost, to zell
The red cow Nanny lik'd so well,
An' lik'd var she to milk 'er.

Zalt tears did run vrom Nanny's eyes
To hear her res'less faether's sighs.
But, as var I, she mid be sure
I ouu varziake 'er now she's poor;
Var I da love 'er muore an' muore:
An' if I can but rise a cow
An' perrick I'll vulvil my vow,
An' she shall come an' milk 'er.

THE SHEP'ERD BUOY.

WHEN the warm zummer brēze da blow auver the hill
An' the vlock's a-spread auver the groun' ;
When the väice o' the busy wold sheep-dog is still,
An' the sheep-bells da tinckle al roun' ;
Wher noo tree var a shiade but the tharn is a-voun'
Ther a-zingèn a zong,
Ar a-whislèn among
The sheep, the young shep'erd da bide al dae long.

When the starm da come up wi' a thundery cloud,
That da shut out the zunlight ; an' high
Auver head the wild thunder da rumble so loud,
An' the lightnen da flash vrom the sky,
Wher noo shelter's a-voun' but his hut, that is nigh,
Ther out ov al harm
In the dry an' the warm
The poor little shep'erd da smile at the starm.

When the cuold winter win' da blow auver the hill,
An' the huor-vrost da whiten the grass ;
An' the breath o' the no'th is so cuold that da chill
The warm blood ov oone's heart as da pass ;
When the ice o' the pon' is so slipp'ry as glass,
Ther a-zingèn a zong,
Ar a-whislèn among
The sheep, the young shep'erd da bide al dae long.

When the shearèn's a-come, an' the shearers da pull
 In the sheep hangèn back a-gwain in,
 Wi' ther roun' zides a-heavèn in under ther wool
 To come out al a-clipp'd to the skin,
 When the feästèn, an' zingèn, an' fun da begin,
 Var to help 'em an' shiare
 Al ther meth an' good fiare,
 The poor little shep'erd is sure to be there.

HOPE A-LEFT BEHINE.

Don't try to win a maid'n's heart
 To leäve 'er in 'er love, 'tis wrong.
 'Tis bitter to her soul to piart
 Wi' oone that is her sweetheart long.
 A maid's vust love is always strong,
 An' if da fail, she'll linger on,
 Wi' al her best o' pleasure gone,
 An' hope a-left behind 'er.

Thy poor lost Jenny wer a-grow'd
 So kind an' thoughtvul var her years.
 When she did meet wi' vo'ke she know'd
 The best, her love did speak in tears.
 She wäk'd wi' thee, an' had noo fears
 O' thy unkindness, till she zeed
 Herzuf a-cast off lik' a weed,
 An' hope a-left behind 'er.

Thy slight turn'd piale her cherry lip,
 Her sarra, not a-zeed by eyes,
Wer lik' the mildew that da nip
 A bud by darksome midnight skies ;
The dae mid come, the zun mid rise ;
But ther's noo hope o' dae nar zun,
The wind ha blow'd, the harm's a-done,
An' hope's a-left behind 'er.

The time wull come when thee wust gi'e
 The wordle var to have 'er smile ;
Ar meet her by the perrick tree,
 Ar catch her jumpèn off the stile ;
Thy life's avore thee var a while,
But thee wu't turn thy mind in time ;
An' zee the deed as 'tis, a crime,
An' hope a-left behine thee.

Zoo never win a maid'en's heart,
 But her's that is to be thy bride,
An' plày droo life a manly piart,
 An' if she's true when time ha' tried
 Her mind, then tiake 'er by thy zide.
True love wull miake thy hardships light,
True love wull miake the wordle bright,
 When hope's a-left behine thee.

A GOOD FAETHER.

No, mind thy faether : when his tongue
Is keen, he's still thy friend, John,
Var wolder vo'ke shood warn the young
How wickedness wull end, John.
An' he da know a wicked youth
Wood be thy manhood's biane,
An' zoo wood bring thee back agien
'Ithin the wloys o' truth.

An' mind en still when in the end
His liabor is a-done, John.
An' let en vind a steadvast friend
In thee his thoughtvul son, John.
Var he did twile an' ho var thee
Avore coodst work ar stan',
An' zoo, when time da num' his han',
Then thee shoodst ho var he.

An' when his buones be in the dust,
Then honor still his niamer, John.
An' as his godly soul wer just,
Let thine be voun' the siame, John.
Be true,—as he wer true,—to men
An' love the lás o' God,
Still trud the road that he've a-trod,
An' live wi' he agien.

THE BEAM IN GRENLEY CHURCH.

In Church at *Grenley* oone mid zee
A beam vrom wall to wall; a tree
That's longer than the Church is wide,
An' zoo oone end o'n 's droo outside
Not cut off shart, but kias'd al roun'
Wi' lead, to kip en siafe an, soun'.

Back when the builders vust begun
The Church,—as still the tiale da run,—
Oon jin'd em; nobody know'd who
'E wer, nar whither 'e did goo.
'E wer as harmless as a chile,
An' work'd 'ithout a frown ar smile
Till any woaths ar strife did rise
To auvercast his dark bright eyes,
An' then 'e'd cal ther minds vrom strife
To think upon another life.
'E wer so strong that al aluone
'E lifted beams an' blocks o' stuone
That t'others, wi' the girtest pâins,
Cood hardly wag wi' bars an' châins,
An' eet 'e never used to stây
O Zadderdaes to tiake his pây.

Oone dae the men wer out o' heart
To have a beam a-cut too shart,
An' in the evemen, when thā shut
Off work thā left en wher 'twere put,
An' while dum night wer stealēn by
Towards the vi'ry western sky,
A-lullēn birds, an' shuttēn up
The diaisy an' the gilty-cup,
Thā went to lae ther heavy heads
An' weary buones upon ther beds.

An' when the dewy marnen broke
An' show'd the wordle fresh awoke
Ther godly work agen, thā voun'
The beam thā left upon the groun'
A-put in pliace, wher still da bide,
An' long enough to reach outzide.
But he unknown to t'other men
Wer never there at work agen.
Zoo whether he mid be a man,
Ar anngel wi' a helpēn han',
Ar whether al ö't wer a dream;
Thā didden dare to cut the beam.

THE VÀICES THAT BE GONE.

WHEN evemen shiades o' trees da hide
A body by the hedge's zide,
An' twitt'ren birds, wi' plàysome flight,
Da vlee to roost at comen night,
Then I da sănter, out o' zight,
In archet, wher the pliace oonce rung
Wi' láfes a-rised, an' zongs a-zung
By vàices that be gone.

'Ther's still the tree that bore our swing,
An' t'others wher the birds did zing ;
But long-leav'd docks da auvergrow
The groun' we trampled biare below,
Wi' merry skippèns to an' fro,
Bezide the banks wher *Jim* did zit
A-plàyen o' the claranit
To vàices that be gone.

How mother, when we us'd to stun
Her head wi' al our náisy fun,
Did wish us al a-gone vrom huome ;
An' now that zome be dead, an' zome
Be gone, an' al the pliace is dum,

How she da wish, wi' useless tears,
 To have agen about her ears
 The vâices that be gone.

Var al the māidens an' the buoys
 But I, be marri'd off al wloys,
 Ar dead an' gone; but I da bide
 At huome aluone at mother's zide,
 An' of'en at the evemen-tide
 I still da sânter out wi' tears
 Down droo the archet wher my ears
 Da miss the vâices gone.

POLL.

WHEN out below the trees that drow'd
 Ther scraggy lim's athirt the road,
 While evemen zuns, a'most a-zet,
 Gie'd goolden light, but little het,
 The merry chaps an' māidens met,
 An' look'd to zomebody to niamē
 Ther bit o' fun, a dānce ar ghiame,
 'Twer *Poll* tha cluster'd roun'.

An' a'ter tha'd a-had enough
 O' snappēn tongz ar bline-man's buff

O' winter nights, an' went an' stood
 Avore the vier o' bliazèn wood,
 Tho' ther wer māidens kind an' good,
 Tho' ther wer māidens flair an' tal ;
 'Twer *Poll* that wer the queen ò'm al,
 An' *Poll* tha cluster'd roun'.

An' when the childern us'd to catch
 A glimpse o' *Poll* avore the hatch,
 The little things did run to meet
 Ther friend wi' skippèn tott'ren veet,
 An' thought noo other kiss so sweet
 As her's, an' nuone cood vine em out
 Sich ghiames to miake em jump an' shout,
 As *Poll* tha cluster'd roun'.

An' now, since she've a-left 'em, al
 The pliaice da miss her, girt an' smal.
 In vain var thae the zun da sheen
 Upon the luonesome ruoad an' green :
 Ther swing da hang vargot between
 The leānen trees, var tha've a-lost
 The best o' māidens to ther cost,
 The māid tha cluster'd roun'

LOOKS A-KNOW'D AVORE.

WHILE zome a-gwain from pliace to pliace
Da daely tā'k wi' zome new flace,
When my dae's work is at an end
Let I zit down at huome, an' spend
A happy ouer wi' a friend ;
An' wi' my bit o' weed rejáice
In zome wold nāighbour's welcome vāice,
An' looks I know'd avore, John.

Why is it friends that we've a-met
By zuns that now ha long a-zet,
Ar winter vires that bliazed var wold
An' young voke now var ever cuold,
Be met wi' jāy that cān't be tuold ?
Why, 'tis bekiaze thæ friends 'ave al
Our youthvul spring ha' left our fal,
The looks we know'd avore, John.

'Tis lively at a fiair, among
The chattèn, läfèn, mōvén drong,
When wold an' young, an' high an' low
Da streamy roun' an' to an' fro.
But what new flace that we don't know

Can ever miake oon's warm heart dânce
Among ten thousan' lik' a glânce
O' looks we know'd avore, John.

How of'en have the wind a-shook
The leaves off into yander brook
Since vust we two in youthvul strolls
Did ramble roun' thaе bubblen shoals!
An' oh! that zome o' thaе young souls
That we in jây did plây wi' then
Cood come back now, an' bring agen
The looks we know'd avore, John.

So soon 's the barley 's dead an' down
The clover leaf da rise vrom groun';
An' wolder fiazen do but goo
To be a-volleed still by new.
But souls that be a-tried an' true
Shall meet agen beyand the skies
An' bring to oone another's eyes
The looks tha know'd avore, John.

THE MUSIC O' THE DEAD.

WHEN music, in a heart that's true,
Da kindle up wold loves anew.
An' dim wet eyes, in fiairest lights,
Da zee but inward fancy's zights;
When crêpen years, wi' weth'ren blights,

'V' a-took off thā that wer so dear,
 How touchèn 'tis if we da hear
 The tuens o' the dead, John.

When I, a-stannen in the lew
 O' trees a starm's a-beätén droo,
 Da zee the släntèn mist a-drove
 By spitevul win's along the grove,
 An' hear ther holler sounds above
 My shelter'd head, da seem, as I
 Da think o' sunny daes gone by,
 Lik' music var the dead, John.

Läste night, as I wer gwâin along
 The brook, I heärd the milkmâid's zong
 A-ringèn out so clear an' shill
 Along the meâds, an' roun' the hill,
 I catch'd the tuen, an' stood still
 To hear 't; 'twer oon that Jeän did zing
 A-yield a-milkèn in the spring;
 Sweet music o' the dead, John.

Don't tell o' zongs that be a-zung
 By young chaps now, wi' shameless tongue.
 Zing I wold ditties, that ood start
 The mädens' tears, or stir my heart
 To tiake in life a manly piart,
 The wold vo'ke's zongs that tuold a tiale,
 An' vollied roun' ther mugs o' yale.
 The music o' the dead, John.

THE PLIACE A TIALE'S A-TUOLD O'.

WHY tidden viels an' runnen brooks,
 Nar trees in spring ar fal ;
An' tidden woody slopes an' nooks
 Da touch us muost ov al ;
An' tidden ivy that da cling
 By housen big an' wold O,
But this is a'ter al, the thing ;
 The pliace a tiale's a-tuold o'.

At *Burn*, wher mother's frien's oonce know'd
 Her in her māiden niame,
The zunny knaps, the narrer road
 An' green be still the siame ;
The squier's house, an' ev'ry groun'
 That now his son ha' zuold O,
An' ev'ry wood 'e hunted roun'
 'S a pliace a tiale's a-tuold o'.

The māid a-lov'd to our heart's core,
 The dearest of our kin,
Da miake us like the very door,
 Wher thā did g' out an' g' in.

'Tis zummat touchèn that bevel
Poor flesh an' blood o' wold O
Da miake us like to zee so well
The pliace a tiale's a-tuold o'.

When blushèn Jenny vust did come
To zee our Poll o' nights,
An' had to goo back liatish huome,
Wher voke did see the zights,
A-chattèn loud below the sky
So dark, an' win's so cuold O,
How proud I wer to zee her by
The pliace the tiale's a-tuold o'.

Zoo whether 'tis the humpy groun'
That wer a battle viel,
Ar mēshy house, al ivy boun'
An' vallen down piece-meal ;
Ar if 'tis but a scraggy tree
Wher beauty smil'd o' wold O,
How dearly I da like to zee
The pliace a tiale's a-tuold o'

ANT'S TANTRUMS.

WHY eas, änt Anne's a little stäid,
But kind an' merry, poor wold mäid.
If we don't cut her heart wi' slights,
She'll zit an' put our *things* to rights,
Upon a hard dæ's work, o' nights:
 But zet her up, she's jis' lik' vier,
 An' woe betide the oone that's nigh 'er
 When she is in her tantrums.

She'll toss her head a-steppèn out
Sich strides, an' fling the pâils about,
An' slam the doors as she da goo,
An kick the cat out' wi' her shoe
Enough to het 'er off in two.

The buoys da bundle out o' house
A-lass'n thë shoo'd git a towse
 When änt is in her tantrums.

She whurr'd oon dæ, the wooden bowl
In such a pâishon at my poll !
It brush'd the hiair upon my crown
An' whizz'd on down upon the groun'
An' knock'd the bantum cock right down :

But up 'e scrabbled, tiakèn flight,
 Wi' t'others, cluckèn in a fright
 Vrom änt in such a tantrum !

But *Dick* stole in an' reach'd en down
 The biggest blather to be voun'
 An' crêp'd an' put en out o' zight,
 Avore the vire, an plimm'd en tight,
 An' crack'd en wi' the slice, thereright.
 She scream'd an' bundled out o' house,
 An' got so quiet as a mouse.
 It frighten'd off her tantrum.

THE STUONEN PUORCH.

A new house! ees indeed! a smal
 Straight upstert thing that a'ter al
 Da tiake in only hafe the groun'
 The wold oon did avore 'twer down;
 Wi' little winders, strâight an' flat,
 Not big enough to zun a cat,
 An' wi' a dêalèn door so thin
 A good high wind wou'd brêak en in;
 An' var a knocker var to knock.
 A little hammer ov a clock!
 That ool but miake a little click
 About so loud 's a clock da tick!

Gi'e I the wold house, wi' the wide
High naaked-lo'ted rooms inside ;
An' wi' the *stuonen puorch* avore
The thick nail-studded woaken door,
That had a knocker, not a little
Bird-clacker, but so big's a bittle,
That het a blow that vled so loud
Droo house as thunder droo a cloud,
An' miade the house-dog growl so vull
An' deep's the roaren ov a bull.
In al the house, o' young an' wold,
Ther werden oone but cood a-tuold
When he'd noo wish to seek abrode
Muore jây than *thik* wold porch bestow'd.

When gnots did whiver in the zun,
An' uncle's work wer al a-done,
His whiffs o' meltèn smoke did roll
Above his châ'k-white bakky bowl,
While he did chat, ar zittèn dumb,
Injây'd his thoughts as tha did come.

Ther *Jimmy*, wi' his croud below
His chin, did drêve his nimble bow,
In tuens var to miake us spring
A-reelèn, ar in zongs to zing.
An' ther between the dark an' light
Zot *Poll* by *Willy's* zide at night

A-whisp'ren while her eyes did swim
 In jây avore the twilight dim,
 An' when (to know if she wer near),
 Ant call'd did cry, "Ees mother, here."

No, no ; I wooden gi'e thee thanks
 Var fine white walls an' vlours o' planks ;
 Nar doors a-painted up so fine,
 If I'd a wold grey house o' mine.
 Gi'e I, var al it shood be smal,
 A *stuonen puorch* instead o't al.

FARMERS' SONS.

Ov al the chaps a-burn'd so brown
 By zunny hills an' hollers,
 Ov al the whindlen chaps in town
 Wi' backs so weak as rollers,
 Ther's narn that's hafe so light o' heart,
 (I'll bet if thee't zae "done," min.)
 An' narn that's hafe so strong an' smart,
 'S a merry farmer's son, min.

He'll fling a stuone so true's a shot,
 He'll jump so light's a cat,
 He'll hēave a wāight up that ood squot
 A wēakly feller flat ;

He 'oont gi'e up when things don't fây,
But turn em into fun, min;
An' what's hard work to zome, is plây
Avore a farmer's son, min.

His buony yarm an' knuckly vist
('Tis best to miake a frind o't,)
'Ool het a feller that's a-miss'd
Hafe backward wi' the wind o't,
Wi' zich a chap at hand, a maid
'Ood nivver goo a nun, min.
She'd have no cal to be afrâid
Bezide a farmer's son, min.

He'll turn a vurra droo its längth
So strâight as eyes can look,
Ar pitch al dae wi' hafe his stranght
At ev'ry pitch a pook;
An' then goo vower mile, or vive,
To vine his frinds in fun, min.
Var maidens be but dead-alive
'Ithout a farmer's son, min.

Zoo jây be in his heart so light,
An' manly fiace so brown;
An' heâlth goo wi' en huome at night
Vrom meâd, ar wood, ar down;
O' rich an' poor, o' high an' low,
When al's a-zed an' done, min,
The smartest chap that I da know
'S a workèn farmer's son, min.

JEÄN.

WE now mid hope var better cheer
My smilén wife o' twice vive year:
Let others frown if thee bist near
 Wi' hope upon thy brow, Jeän.
Var I vust lov'd thee when thy light
Young shiape vust grow'd to woman's height,
I lov'd thee near, an out o' zight,
 An' I da love thee now Jeän.

An' we've a-trod the sheenen bliade
Ov eegrass in the zummer shiade,
An' when the leaves begun to fiade
 Wi' zummer in the wiane, Jeän ;
An' we've a-wander'd droo the groun'
O' swäyen wheat a-turnen brown ;
An' we've a-stroll'd together roun'
 The brook, an' droo the liane, Jeän.

An' nuone but I can ever tell
Ov al thy tears that have a-vell
When trials miade thy buzzom zwell,
 An' nuone but thee o' mine, Jeän ;
An' now my heart, that heav'd wi' pride
Back then to have thee at my zide ;
Da love thee muore as years da slide,
 An' leäve thäe times behine, Jeän.

THE DREE WOAKS.

By the brow o' *thik* hangen I spent al my youth,
In the house that did peep out betweeu
The dree woaks that in winter avuorded ther lewth,
An' in zummer ther shiade to the green.
An' there as in zummer we plây'd at our ghiames,
We ēach own'd a tree ;
Var we wer but dree,
An' zoo the dree woaks wer a-cal'd by our niames.

An' two did grow scraggy out auver the road,
An' they wer cal'd *Jimmy's* an' mine ;
An' t'other wer *Jiannet's*, much kindlier grow'd,
Wi' a knotless an' white ribbèd rine.
An' there, o' fine nights, avore gwâin in to rest,
We did dânce vull o' life,
To the sound o' the fife,
Ar plây at some ghiame that poor *Jiannet* lik'd best.

Zoo happy wer we by the woaks o' the green,
Till we lost sister *Jiannet*, our pride ;
Var when she wer come to her laste blushèn *teen*,
She suddenly zicken'd an' died.
An' avore the green leaves in the fall wer gone by,
The lightnen struck dead
Her woaken tree's head
An' left en a-stripp'd to the wintery sky.

But oone ov his yakkers a-zet in the fall,
 Come up the spring a'ter below
 The trees at her head-stone 'ithin the church-wall,
 An' mother, to zee how did grow,
 Shed a tear ; an' when fäther an' she wer buoth dead,
 Ther they wer laid deep
 Wi' ther *Jiannet* to sleep,
 Wi' she at her zide, an' her tree at her head.
 An' vo'ke da still cal the wold house the dree woaks,
 Var *thik* is a reckon'd that's down ;
 As mother, a-niamen her children to vo'kes,
 Miade dree when but two wer a-voun' ;
 An' zaid that hereä'ter she know'd she should zee
 Why God that's above
 Voun fit in his love
 To strik' wi' his han' the poor mäid an' her tree.

THE HUOMESTEAD A-VELL INTO HAN'.

THE house wher I wer born an' bred
 Did own his woaken door, *John*,
 When vust 'e shelter'd fäther's head,
 An' gramfer's long avore, *John*.
 An' many a ramblen happy chile,
 An' chap so strong an' buold,
 An' bloomens mäid wi' pläysome smile
 Did cal ther huome o' wold
Thik ruf so warm
 A-kep vrom harm
 By elem trees that broke the starm.

An' in the archet out behine,
The apple-trees in row, *John*,
Did swây wi' upright stems, ar leine
Wi' heads a-noddèn low, *John*.
An' there, bezide some groun' var earn,
Two strips did skirt the road :
In oone the cow did toss her harn,
While t'other wer a-mow'd
In June, below
The lofty row
Ov trees that in the hedge did grow.

A-workèn in our little patch
O' parrick, rathe ar liate, *John*,
We little ho'd how vur mid stratch
The squier's girt estiate, *John*.
Our hearts, so honest an' so true,
Had little var to fear,
Var we cou'd pây up al ther due,
An' gi'e a friend good cheer
At huome, below
The lofty row
O' trees a-swâyèn to an' fro.

An' there in het, an' there in wet,
We twile'd wi' busy han's, *John*,
Var ev'ry stroke o' work we het
Did better ouer lan's, *John*.
But a'ter I, ov al my kin
Not oone can hold em on.

Var we cān't git a life put in
Var mine when I be gone
Vrom *thik* wold brown
Thatch ruf, a-boun'
By elem trees a-growèn roun'.

Ov âight good huomes wher I can mind
Vo'ke liv'd upon ther land, *John*,
But dree be now a-left behind :
The rest ha' vell in hand, *John*,
An' al the happy souls tha fed
Be scatter'd vur an' wide.
An' zome o'm be a-wantèn bread,
Zome, better off, ha' died,
Noo muore to ho
Var huomes below
The trees a-swâyèn to an' fro.

An' I coo'd leàd ye now al roun'
The parish, if I woo'd, *John*,
An' show ye still the very groun'
Where vive good housen stood, *John*.
In broken archets near the spot
A vew wold trees da stan',
But dew da val wher voke once zot
About the burnen bran',
In housen warm
A-kep vrom harm
By elem that did break the starin'.

THE D'RECTION POST.

WHY *thik* wold post so long kept out,
Upon the knap, his yarms astrout,
A-zendèn on the weary veet
By where the dree cross roads da meet ;
An' I've a-come so much *thik* woy
Wi' happy heart a man ar buoy,
That I'd a-miade at laste amost
A friend o' *thik* wold d'rection post.

An' there, wi' oone white yarm, 'e show'd,
Down auver brudge, the *Leyton* road ;
Wi' oone, the liane a-leäden roun'
By *Bradlinch* hill, an' on to town ;
An' wi' the laste the woy to turn
Droo common down to *Rushiburn* ;
The road I lik'd to goo the muost
Ov al upon the d'rection post.

The *Leyton* road ha lofty ranks
Ov elm trees upon his banks ;
The oone *athirt* the hill da show
Us miles o' hedgy meäds below ;
An' he to *Rushiburn* is wide
Wi' strips o' green along his zide,
An ouer brown-ruff'd house amost
In zight o' *thik* wold d'rection post.

Var we cān't git but vrom farm,
 Var mine w̄ ens an' the chaps.
 Vrom thik were wi' jokes an' slaps.
 Thatch some oone woy off, an' zome
 By el a-zingēn huome ;
 Ov , i'm had to goo at muost
 Ov beyond the d'rection post.

Nanny Brown, oone darkish night,
 When he'd a-b'in a-paintēd white,
 Wer frighten'd near the gravel pits,
 So dead's a hammer, into fits.
 A-thinkēn 'twere the ghost she know'd
 Did come an' hänte the Leyton road,
 Though a'ter al poor Nanny's ghost
 Turn'd out to be the d'rection post.

JEĀN O' GRENLÉY MILL.

WHEN in happy times we met,
 Then by look an' deed I show'd
 How my love wer al a-zet
 In the smiles that she bestow'd ;
 She mid have o' left an' right
 Māidens fiairest to the zight,
 I'd a-choos'd among em still
 Pirty Jeān o' Grenley mill.

She wer fiairer by her cows
In her week-dae frock a-drest,
Than the rest wi' scarnvul brows
Al a-flântèn in *ther* best.
Gây did seem, at feäst ar fiair,
Zights that I had she to share ;
Gây would be my own heart still
But var Jeän o' Grenley mill.

Jeän—a-checkèn ov her love,—
Leän'd to oone that, as she guess'd,
Stood in wordly wealth above
Me she know'd she lik'd the best.
He wer wild an' soon run droo
Al that he'd a-come into ;
Heartlessly a-usèn ill
Pirty Jeän o' Grenley mill.

O poor Jenny ! thee'st a-tore
Hopèn love vrom my poor heart,
Losèn vrom thy own small store,
Al the better sweeter piart.
Hearts a-slighted must variakè
Slighters, *though* a-doom'd to break ;
I must scorn but love thee still
Pirty Jeän o' Grenley mill.

Oh ! if ever thy soft eyes,
Not a-catch'd by outward show,
Cood a-zeed that I shood rise

When a higher oone wer low ;
 If thy love, when zoo a-tried,
 Cood ha stood agen thy pride,
 How shood I ha lov'd thee still
 Pirty Jeān o' Grenley mill.

THE BELLS OF ALDERBURNHAM.

WHILE now upon the win' da zwell
 The church-bells' evemen peal O,
 Along the bottom, who can tell
 How touch'd my heart da veel O !
 To hear again, as oonce tha' rung
 In holidays when I wer young,
 Wi' merry sound,
 A-ringèn round,
 The bells of Alderburnham.

Var when tha rung ther gâyst peals
 O' zome sweet dæ o' rest, O,
 We al did ramble droo the viel's
 A-dress'd in al our best, O ;
 An' at the brudge ar roarèn weir ;
 Ar in the wood, ar in the gliare
 Ov oben ground,
 Did hear ring round
 The bells ov Alderburnham.

Thēy bells that now da ring above
The young bride at church-door, O,
Once rung to bless ther mother's love
When thēy wer brides avore, O ;
An' sons in tow'r da still ring on
The merry peals o' fathers gone,
Noo muore to sound,
Ar hear ring round
The bells ov Alderburnham.

Ov happy piairs how soon be zome
A-wedded and a piarterd !
Var oone ov jāy what peals mid come
To zome ū's brokenhearted !
To bloomēn youth noo soul can trust,
An' gāyest hearts mid brēak the vust;
An' who da know
What grief's below
The bells of Alderburnham !

But still 'tis happiness to know
That there's a God above us,
An' He by dæ an' night da ho
Var al ov us, an' love us,
An' cal us to His house to hēal
Our hearts, by His own Zunday pēal
Ov bells a-rung
Var wold an' young,
The bells ov Alderburnham.

THE GIRT WOLD HOUSE O' MOSSY STUONE.

THE girt wold house o' mossy stuone,
Up there upon the knap aluone,
Had oonce a bliazèn kitchèn vier
That cook'd var poor-vo'ke an' a squier.
The very läste ov al the riace,
That wer the squier o' the pliace,
Died when my fäther wer a buoy,
An' al his kin be gone awoy
Var ever: var 'e left noo son
To tiake the house o' mossy stuone;
An' zoo 'e got in other han's
An' gramfa'r took en wi' the lan's:
An' there, when he, poor man, were dead
My fäther liv'd, an' I wer bred.
An' ef I wer a squier I
Should like to pass my life, an' die
In *thik* wold house o' mossy stuone
Up there upon the knap aluone.

Don't tell o' housen miade o' brick
Wi' rockèn walls nine inches thick,
A-trigg'd together zide by zide
In streets, wi' fronts a strodle wide;

Wi' giardens sprinkled wi' a mop,
Too little var a vrog to hop.
But let I live an' die, wher I
Can zee the groun' an' trees an' sky.
The girt wold house o' mossy stuone
Had wings var either shiade ar zun,
Oone var the zun to peep into
When vust 'e strnick the marnen dew.
Oone fiaced the evemen sky ; and oone
Push'd out a puorch to zweaty noon.
Zoo oone stood out to break the starm
An' miade another lew an' warm.
There wer the copse wi' timber high
Wher birds did build an' hiares did lie ;
An' beds o' grēgoles, thick an' gay,
Did dick the groun' in yerly Māy.
An' there wer hills an' slopēn groun's
That tha did ride down, wi' the houn's,
An' droo the meäd did creep the brook
Wi' bushy bank, an' rushy nook,
Wher perch did lie in girt deep holes
About wold aller trees, an' shoals
O' gudgeon darted by to hide
Therzelvēs in hollers by the zide.
An' there wer windēn lianes, so deep
Wi' mossy banks so high an' steep ;
An' stuonen steps so smooth an' wide
To stiles an' vootpāthes at the zide.

There wer the giarden wall'd al roun'
A'most so big's a little groun',
An' up upon the wall wer bars
A-shiapeal into wheels an' stars,
Var vo'kes to wā'ke an' look out droo
Vrom trees o' green to hills o' blue.
An' there wer wā'kes o' piavement, brode
Enough to miake a carriage-road,
Where liadies farmerly did use
To trudge wi' hoops an' high-heel shooes;
When yander holler woak were sound,
Avore the walls were ivy-bound,
Avore the elems met above
The road between 'em where tha drove
Ther coach al up ar down the road
A-comen huome ar gwāin abrode.—
The zummer air o' theös here hill
'V a-heav'd in buzzoms now al still,
An' al ther hopes an' al ther tears
Be unknown things o' farmer years.
But ef in Heaben, souls be free
To come back here: ar there can be
An ethly pliaice to miake 'em come
To zee it vrom a better huome;
Then what 's a-tuold us mid be right,
That at the dead o' tongueless night
Ther gauzy shiapes da come an' trud
The vootwoys o' ther flesh an' blood.

An while the trees da stan', that grow'd
Var tha, ar walls ar steps tha know'd
Da bide in pliace, tha'll always come
To look upon ther ethly huome;
Zo I wou'd always let aluone
The girt wold house o' mossy stuone.
I wouden pull a wing ó'n down
To miake ther speechless sperets frown.
Var when our souls zome other dae
Be bodiless an' dumb lik' thae,
How good to think that we mid vine
Zome thought vrom tha we left behine,
An' that zome love mid still unite,
The hearts o' blood wi' souls o' light.
Zoo ef 'twer mine I'd let aluone
The girt wold house o' mossy stuone.

ECLOGUE.

T H E T I M E S.

JOHN AN' TOM.

JOHN.

WELL Tom, how be'st? Zoo thee'st a-got thy niamē
Among the leaguers then as I've a-heārd.

TOM.

Ees John, I have John ; an' I be'nt afeärd
 To own it. Why who woo'den do the siame?
 We ben't gwain on lik' this long, I can tell ye.
 Bread is so high an' wages be so low,
 That a'ter workèn lik' a hoss, ya know,
 A man cän't yarn enough to vill his belly.

JOHN.

Ah ! well: now there, ya know. Ef I wer sure
 That *theösum* men woo'd gi'e me work to do
 Al droo the year ; an' always pây me muore
 Than I be yarnèn now, I'd jine em' too.
 Ef I wer sure tha'd bring down *things* so cheap
 That what 'ell buy a poun' o' mutton now
 Woo'd buy the hinder quarters, or the sheep:
 Ar what 'ell buy a pig woo'd buy a cow.
 In shart, ef tha' cou'd miake a shillèn goo
 In market jist so ver as two,
 Why then, ya know, I'd be the'r man ;
 But D'hang it, I don't *think* tha' can.

TOM.

Why ees tha' wull, but you don't know't.
 Why *theösum* men can miake it clear.
 Why vust tha'd zend up members ev'ry year
 To Parli'ment, an' ev'ry man 'o'd vote.
 Var if a feller midden be a squier

E mid be jis so fit to vote, an' goo
To miake the la's at Lunnen too
As many that da hold ther noses higher.
Why shoo'den fellers miake good la's an' speeches
A-dressed in fusti'n cuots an' cardrây breeches?
Ar why shoo'd hooks an' shovels, zives an' axes
Keep any man vrom votèn o' the taxes?
An' when the poor 'v a-got a shiare
In miakèn la's, tha'll tiake good kiare
To miake some good oones var the poor.
Do stan' by reason, John, bekiaze
The men that be to miake the la's
'Ell miake 'em var therzelves, ya mid be sure.

JOHN.

Eees, that tha' wull. The men that you mid trust
To help you, Tom, woo'd help ther own zelves vust.

TOM.

Aye, aye. But we woo'd have a better plan
O' votèn than the oone we got. A man
As *things* be now, ya know, can't goo an' vote
Agen another man, but he must know't.
We'll have a box an' bals var votèn men
To pop ther han's into, ya know, an' then
If oone don't happen var to like a man,
'Ell drap a little black bal vrom his han',
An' zend en huome agen. 'E woon't be led
To choose a man to tiake awoy his bread.

JOHN.

But ef a man ya wooden like to 'front
 Shoo'd chānce to cal upon ye, Tom, zome dae,
 An' ax ye var yer vote, what coo'd ye zae?
 Why ef ya woo'den ānswer, or shou'd grunt
 Or bark, he'd know ya meān'd " I won't."
 To promise oone a vote an' not to gi'e't
 Is but to be a liar an' a cheat.
 An' then bezides, when he did count he bals
 An' vine white promises wer hafe turn'd black,
 'Dhangye, 'e'd *think* the voters al a pack
 O' rogues togither—'e'd *think* al' o'm false.
 An' if 'e had the power, pirty soon,
 Perhaps, 'e'd val upon 'em, ev'ry oone.
 The times be pinchèn I, so well as you,
 But I cān't tell what ever tha' can do.

TOM.

Why miake the farmers gi'e ther liabourèn men
 Muore wages, hafe ar twice so much agen
 As what tha' got.

JOHN.

But Thomas you cānt miake
 A man pāy muore awoy than 'e can tiake.
 Ef you da miake en gi'e to till a yield
 So much agen as what the groun' da yield
 'E'll shut out farmèn—ar 'e'll be a goose—
 An' goo' an' put his money out to use.

Wages be low bekiaze the hands be plenty ;
 Tha woo'd be higher if the hands wer skenty.
 Liabour, the siame's the produce o' the yield,
 Da zell at market prize, jist what 't'ell yield.
 Thee wou'dsten gie a zixpence, I da guess,
 Var zix fresh aggs, ef tha wer zwold var less.
Ef theosum vo'ke coo'd come an' miake muore lan's
Ef tha coo'd tiake wold Englan' in ther han's,
 An' stratch it out jist twice so big agen,
 Tha mid be doèn zome'hat var us then.

TOM.

But ef tha wer a-zent to Parli'ment
 To miake the la's ya know, as I've a-zaid,
 Tha'd knock the carn-la's in the head,
 An' then the lan'lards must let down ther rent,
 An' we shoo'd very soon have cheaper bread.
 Farmer's woo'd gi'e less money var ther lands.

JOHN.

Aye zoo tha woo'd, an' prizes wood be low'r
 Var what ther land woo'd yield, an' zoo ther hands
 Wou'd be jist wher tha wer avore.
 An' ef *theos* men wer al to hold together
 Dhangye ! tha cān't miake la's to channg the weather !
 Tha ben't so mighty as to *think* o' frightenen'
 The vrost, an' rāin, the thunder, an' the lightenen' !
 An' as var I, I don' know what to *think*
 O' thee there fine, big-ta'kēn, cunnen
 Strannge men a-comen down vrom Lunnen :

Tha da live well therzelves, an' eat an' drink
 The best at public house wher tha da stây :
 Tha don't work gratis, tha da git ther pây ;
 Tha woo'den pinch therzelves to do we good,
 Nar gi'e ther money var to buy us food.
 D'ye think ef we shoo'd meet em in the street
 Zome dae in Lunnen, that tha'd stan' a treat ?

TOM.

Ees, tha be paid bekiaeze tha be a-zent
 Here by the carn-la' men, the poor man's frien's,
 To tell us al how we mid gâin our en's,
 A-zendèn piapers up to Parli'ment.

JOHN.

Ah ! tiake 'kiare how do'st trust em. Do'st thee know
 The fiable o' the pig an' crow.
 Oone time a crow begun to strut an' hop
 About a carn groun', wher' tha'd ben a-drillèn
 Some barley ar some wheat, in hopes o' villèn,
 Wi' good fresh carn, his empty crop.
 But lik' a thief, 'e diden like the pâins
 O' workèn hard to get en a vew grâins ;
 Zoo while the sleeky rogue wer there a-huntèn,
 Wi' little luck, var carns that mid be vound
 By peckèn var, 'e heârd a pig a-gruntèn,
 Jist t'other zide o' hedge, in t'other ground.
 " Ees," thought the cunnen rogue, an' gi'ed a hop,
 " Ees, that's the woy var I to vill my crop ;

"Ees, that's the plan, ef nothèn don't defeat it;
"Ef I can git *thik* pig to bring his snout
"In here a bit, an' turn the barley out,
"Why dhangye, I shall only have to eat it."
Wi' that 'e vled up strâight upon a woak,
An' bowèn lik' a man at hustèns, spoke,
"My friend," zays he "that's poorish livèn var ye,
"In *thik* there leaze. Why I be very zarry
"To zee how they hardhearted voke da sarve ye.
"Ya can't live there. Why be ther guàndà starve ye?"
"Ees" zaid the pig, a grunten "ees,
"What wi' the hosses an' the geese
"There's only docks an' thissles left var I;
"Instead o' livèn in a good warm sty.
"I got to grub out here wher I ean't pick
"Enough to git me häfe an' ounce o' flick."
"Well," zaid the crow, "ya know, ef you'll stan' that,
"You mossen *think*, my friend, o' gittèn fat.
"D'ye want some better keep? var ef ya do,
"Why, as a friend, I be a-come to tell ye,
"That ef you'll come an' jist git droo
"Theös gap jist here, why you mid vill your belly.
"Tha've bin a-drillèn carn ya know,
"In *theös* here piece o' groun' below,
"An' ef ya'll jist put in your snout
"An' run en up along a drill,
"Dhangye, why ya mid grub it out,
"An' eat, an' eat yar vill,

" Ther idden any fear that vo'kes wull come,
" Var al the men be jist gone huome."
The pig, believèn ev'ry single word
That wer a-utter'd by the cunnen bird
Wer tuold en var his good, an' that 'twer true,
Jist gi'ed a grunt an' bundled droo;
An' het his nose wi' al his might an' m̄sin
Into a drill a-routèn up the grāin
An' as the cunnen crow did gi'e a caw
A-praisèn o'n, 'e velt uncommon proud,
An' worked, an' blowed, an' tossed, an' ploughed
The while the crow wer villèn ov his maw:
An' a'ter workèn tell his buones
Did yache, 'e soon begun to larn
That he shou'd never git a carn
Without his eatèn dirt an' stuones.
" Well" zaid the crow " why don't ye eat?"
" Eat what, I woonder" zaid the hiairy plougher,
A brislèn up an' lookèn rather zour,
" I don't think dirt an' flints be any treat."
" Well" zaid the crow, " why you be bline,
" What! don't ye zee how thick the carn da lie
" Among the dirt? an' don't ye zee how I
" Be pickèn up what you da leäve behine;
" I'm zarry that your bill should be so snubby."
" No" zaid the pig " methinks that I da zee
" My bill wull do uncommon well var thee,
" Var thine wull peck, an' mine wull grubby."

An' jist while this wer zaid by Mr. Flick
To mister Crow, wold John the farmer's man
Come up, a-swingèn in his han'
A girt long knotty stick,
An' laid it on wi' al his might
The poor pig's vlitches left an' right,
While Mister Crow that tå'ked so fine
O' friendship left the pig behine,
An' vled awoy upon a distant tree,
Var pig's can grub but crows can vlee.

TOM.

Aye, shik ther tiale mid do var childern's books
But you wull vind it hardish var ye
To frightèn I, John, wi' a starry
O' silly pigs, an' cunnen rooks.
Ef we be grubbèn pigs, why then, I spose,
The farmers an' the girt oones be the crows.

JOHN.

'Tis very odd ther idden any friend
To poor vo'ke hereabout, but men mus' come
To do us good, awoy vrom t'other end
O' Englan'. Hänt us got noo frien's near huome?
I mus' zay Thomas that 'tis rather odd
That stranngers shood become so very civil:
That ouer vo'kes be childern o' the Devil,
An' other vo'kes be al th' vo'kes o' God;

Ef we got any friend at al
Why who can tell—I'm sure thee cassen—
But that the squier ar the pa'son
Mid be our frend, Tom, a'ter al?
The times be hard, God knows, an' tha that got
His blesseñs shooden let therzelvès vargit
How 'tis var he that never got a bit
O' meat a-builen in his rusty pot.
He that can zit down in his easy chair
To flesh, an' vowl, an' vish, shood try to spiare
The poor, theos times, a little vrom his store;
An' if 'e don't, why sin is at his door.

TOM.

Ah! we woont look to that, we'll have our right,
Ef not by flair meāns, than we wull by might;
We'll miake times better var us, we'll be free
Ov other vokes an' others' charity.

JOHN.

Ah, I da *think* ya mid as well be quiet
You'll miake *things* woose, i' ma'be, by a riot:
You'll git into a mets Tom, I'm afeärd:
You'll goo var wool, ya know, an' come huome shear'd.

A WITCH.

THE'R'S *tāk* wold hag, Moll Brown, look zee, jist past
I wish the ugly sly wold witch
'Ood tumble auver into ditch;
I 'ooden pull her out not very vast;
I don't think she's a bit belied; I'll warn
That she's a witch if ever ther wer arn.
Ees I da know jist here about o' dree
Ar vower vo'ke that be the woos var she;
She did oone time a pirty deäl o' harm
To farmer Gruff's vo'ke down at Lower Farm.
Oone dae, ya know, tha happened var to 'fend her,
As I've a-heärd em tell the starry,
Bekiase tha 'ooden gi'e ar lend her
Zomehat she come to bag ar barry;
An' zoo ya know tha soon begun to vind
That she'd a-left her evil wish behind.
She soon bewitch'd em, an' she had sich power,
That she did miake ther milk an' yal turn zour,
An' addle al the aggs ther vowls did lāe;
Tha cooden vetch the butter in the churn,
An' al the cheese begun to turn
Al back agen to cruds an' whē,
The little pigs a-runnen wi' the zow
Did zicken zomehow, nobody know'd how,

An' val, an' turn ther snouts towards the sky,
An' only gie oone little grunt an' die.
An' al the little ducks an' chickèn
Wer death-struck while they wer a-pickèn
Ther food, an' vell upon ther head
An' flapped ther wings an' drapp'd down dead.
Tha cooden fat the cā'ves, tha 'ooden thrive;
Tha cooden siave ther lam's alive;
Ther sheep wer al a-coath'd, ar gie'd noo wool;
The hosses vell awoy to skin an' buones
An' got so weak tha cooden pull
A hafe a peck o' stuones.
The dog got al so dull an' drowsy,
The cat got zick an' 'ooden mousy.
An' every time the vo'ke went up to bed
Tha wer a-hagrod till tha wer hafe dead.
Tha us'd to keep her out o' house, 'tis true,
A-nâilèn up at door a hosses shoe;
An' I've a-heärd the farmer's wife did try
To dake a niddle ar a pin
Into her wold hard wither'd skin,
An' dræ her blood a-comen by.
But she cood never vetch a drap,
For pins did ply an' niddles us'd to snap
Right off, ya know, an' that in coose
Did miake the hag bewitch 'em woose.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE

DORSET DIALECT

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



GLOSSARY.

The numbers after the words refer the reader to paragraphs
of the Dissertation.

A

A-coþed. (55) A. S. Coðe, disease. "Swilc coðe
com on mannum." Such a disease came on
men.—*Chron.* 1087. Rotten or diseased in the
liver as sheep.

A-dräèn. (55) Drawing. "The daes be a-dräèn in."
The days are contracting or shortening.

A-feárd. (55) A. S. Afýrht. Affrighted, afraid.
—"þa weardas weron afyerte.—*Matt.* 28, 4.

Agen, Agien. A. S. Agen. Against.
"Roweth agein the flod."—*Song temp. Edw. II.*
"þin . broþer hæfð ænig þing agen þe."—
Matt. 5. 23.

Âilèn. (42) An ailing or illness.

Alassn. A. S. þy-læs. Lest. "þy-læs þe þin fot
æt stane ætsporne." *Matt.* 4. 7.

Alik'. A. S. Gelic. Like.

"Al the dæs o' the wik

Vridm idden a-lik'."—*A Saying of the Weather.*

Al's. (62) All this. "Al's dae." All this day.

Anby. A. S. an, at, and bi, near. *At* a *near* time, soon, by-and-by; which should have been *by-on-by*.

Annan? An interjectional exclamation; as in the sense of "What did you say?" *Mid unnan* in Anglo-Saxon means with permission; and *unnan* is to yield as a favor; so that *annan* seems to be an elliptic expression—like the French *Plaît il?*—meaning may I ask the favor of your saying it again?

Anewst or Aniste. A. S. An-nihst, at nearest.

"Anewst the siame." Very nearly the same.

"Don't goo aniste en." Don't go near him.

Ankly. A. S. Ancleow. The ankle.

A-piggy-back, A-pig-a-back. A mode of carrying a child on ones back, with his legs under ones arms, and his arms round ones neck.

A-pisty-poll. A mode of carrying a child with his legs on ones shoulders, and his arms round ones neck or forehead.

A-ponted. (See Ponted.)

Archet. An orchard.

Arn. (62) A contraction of "e'er a one."

Arnary Cheese. Ordinary or common cheese made of skimmed milk.

- Ash-candles. The seed vessels of the ash tree.
- A-strout. A. S. Strehte, stretched. Stretched out stiffly like frozen linen.
- A-stooded. Sunk (as a waggon) immoveably into the ground.
- A-stogg'd. Having ones feet stuck inextricably into clay or dirt.
- At. To contend with or take in a game or otherwise.
“We dree ’l at you dree.”
- Athirt. (38) Athwart, across.
- Auverlook. To overlook, to bewitch, or look upon with the “evil eye.”
- Auverright. Opposite, right over against.
- Auverzet. To overturn, to overthrow.
- Avore. (31) Before. A. S. Atforan, a compound of *at* and *fora*; as before is of *be* near, and *fore* the forepart. “We synd her *setforan* ðe.” We are here before thee.—*Ælfric's Dialogue*.
- Ax. (37) A. S. Axian or Acsian. To ask. “Hi ne dorston—acsian.”—*Luke* 9. 45.
“A question wold y axe of you.”—*Poems of the Duke of Orleans*.
- Axen. A. S. Axan. Ashes. “On hæran and on axan.” In sackcloth and ashes.—*Matt. 11. 21*.
- Axanhole. An ashhole, or a place to put away wood ashes in.
- Ayēr. The air. “She in the ayer went.”—*Ovid's Metam.*

A-zet. (55) Set or planted.

A-zew. A. S. A, from : and sucan, to suck. To be dry of milk, no longer giving suck. "The cow's a-zew."

B

Babble. To talk indistinctly as a child.

Backside. The back yard of a house.

Bait. (22) A. S. Betan, to restore or refresh. To feed horses on the road or in their work.

Ballocks. (58) Diminutive of ball. The testes.

Ballyrag or Ballarag. A. S. Balew, *evil*; and wregan, *to accuse?* To scold in scurrilous language.

Bandy (from *bend*). A long heavy stick with a bent end, used to beat abroad dung in the fields.

Bandy-lags. (18) Crooked legs, or one having crooked legs, as if like a bandy.

Bang. Icelandic Gothic, banga. To strike with a heavy blow.

Bannisticle. A. S. Ban, a bone; and sticle, a prickle. The fish called a stickleback.

Barken. (39) A. S. Beor, barley or barley straw; and tun, a yard. A yard or barton, as a rick barton, or cow barton.

Barrow-pig. A. S. Bearg or bearug. A young male pig castrated.

- Barry. (25) To borrow.
- Bartlemy bright. "The longest dae, an' the shartest night." Said of St. Bartholomew's day at the summer solstice.
- Battènbuoard. A thatcher's tool for beating down thatch.
- Bavèn. A faggot of long untrimmed wood.
- Bày. (22) A bank across a stream.
- Beä'nhan', (bear in hand.) To think or hold an opinion. So *maintain* is from *main*, the hand, and *tenir*, to hold.
- Beäss. (19) Cattle.
- Beäters of a churn ; boards projecting from the inside circumference of a churn to beat the milk
- Beäver of a hedge. The bushes or underwood growing out on the ditchless side of a single hedge.
- Beät-plough. A turfcutting tool, consisting of a broad blade with a T-frame, and driven by a man's breast.
- Bedridden. A. S. Bed, and ridda, a rider. Confined to one's bed.
- Bee-pot. A bee-hive.
- Beetle or Bwitle. (58) A. S. Bytl. A large mallet for driving wedges.
- Beetlehead. The bullhead or miller's thumb.
Cottus gobio.
- Bennits, (from bend). The stems of the *bent grass*, *Agrostis*.

- "He cared not for dint of sword or speere
No more than for the stroke of straws or bents."
- Biacon-weed. The plant goosefoot. *Chenopodium*.
- Bide. A. S. Bidan. To dwell, abide or stay.
- Billet. A stout stick of a faggot.
- Bimeby. (62) By-and-by, soon.
- Birdbattēn. (42) The catching of birds by night with a net. Bird batting is described by Fielding—who lived in Dorsetshire—in the 10th chapter of his "Joseph Andrews." Birdbatting among boys is beating birds out of the hedge with sticks or stones, some of the boys being each side of the hedge.
- Birdkipper. One who keeps birds from corn.
- Birdkippy. To keep birds from corn.
- Bissen. (51) Bist not, art not.
- Bit an' drap. A bit of food and a drop of drink.
- Bit an' crimp. Every bit an' crumb. Every particle of any thing.
- Biver. A. S. Bifian. To shake or quiver as with cold or fear. "Ðæt wif eallum limon a-bifode." The woman shook in all her limbs.—*Apollonius of Tyre*.
- Blatch. Black or soot. *Blatch* is formed from *black* on the pattern of *watch* from *wake*, *breach* from *break*, *batch* from *bake*.
- Bliake. (21) A bar of wood fixed horizontally on the ground with holes to take the soles of a

- hurdle while the maker wreaths it.
- Bliame off. (21) To impute the blame which lies on oneself to another.
- Bliare. (21) To low as a cow.
- Blindhalter. A halter with blinds before the eyes.
- Bline-buck-o' Diavy. The blind buck of David?
- Blind man's buff.
- Bloodywoyers or Bloodywarriors. The dark colored wall-flower, so called from the bloodlike tinges on its corolla.
- Blooth or Blowth. (41) The blossom of fruit trees
- Blooëns. Blossoms.
- Blue-vinny or Vinnied. See Vinny.
- Bonce. A stone ball.
- Bond, of a faggot or sheaf, of a twisted rod or straw.
- Boot. A. S. Bot. Compensation in chopping unequal articles. "What'll ye gi'e?" "The pig and ten shillëns to boot."
- Book o' Clothes. (*Buck*, to wash). A wash of clothes, the linen of one washing.
- Booze. To drink hard.
- Borrid or Boarward. Wanting the boar. Spoken of a sow.
- Bother. To worry with many words, to perplex.
- Boy's love. The herb Southernwood.
- Brags. "To miake oone's brags." To boast.
- Brâler. (24) A bundle of straw.

- Bran'-new or Vire-new. Quite new.
- Brántēn. (42) Bold, impudent, audacious.
- Breechēn rings. Rings in the shafts of a waggon to fasten the thiller's breeching to.
- Brēk. (20) To break ; to fail in business. "Mr. Chapman's a-broke."
- Brickly or Bruckly, (from *break*). Brittle.
- Brimward. A. S. Bar, *dative plural* 'barum. The same as borrid or boarward.
- Bring oone gwāin. To bring one going. To bring one on one's way. The expression is equal to the Greek *προεμπένειν*, (see 15th Acts, 3 verse), and seems to be much wanted in our vocabulary. The Yorkshire dialect has "to set" for its synonym, and the Scotch "to convoy," illustrated by the proverb "A Kelso convoye, a stride an' half owre the doorstone." "I pray you my Lord to commune with him whiles I *bring* my Lord of Durham *going*."—*Philpot's 11th Examination*, p. 112, Parker Society Edition.
- Brockle. A. S. Brecan, to break. Apt to break out of field ; applied to cattle.
- Brocks. A. S. Brecan, to break. Broken pieces, as of bread. "There's nothēn a-left but brocks."
- Broody. Wanting to sit. Spoken of a hen. A hen stung with nettles will go to her nest and so show where it is when unfound.

- Bron, or Bran, or Backbron, or Backbran. (30) A brand, a large log of wood put on at the back of the fire, particularly at merrymakings in winter.
- Brow of a hedge. Brushwood overhanging the outside of a ditch.
- Bucky. Stringy and tart. Said of cheese.
- Budget. A leatheren pouch in which a mower carries his whetstone.
- Bulge or Bilge. To swell outward, or sink inward.
- Bullward. Wanting the bull. Spoken of a cow.
- Bumbâily. A bound bailiff; a sheriff's officer.
- Bundle. To walk hastily.
- Bunt. To butt weakly as a lamb.
- Buoar-stag. A castrated boar.
- Buoilèn. Boiling. Set or lot. "I'd hike out the whol buoilèn ö'm."
- Bur or Däker. A whetstone for scythes.
- Burn-beät. (19) To cut up and burn turf and dress the ground with the ashes.
- Burrow or Bur. A rabbit burrow.
- Busgins. Buskins, short gaiters.
- Butter an' aggs. Yellow toad flax, *Linaria Vulgaris*, so called from the yellow and white of its corolla.
- Buttery. A pantry.
- Butter-daisy. (21) The great white ox-eye.
- Butter-pumps. The ovary of the yellow waterlily, so called from its likeness to a butter-pump.

C

Caddle. Confusion, uproar, noise.

Cagmag. Bad meat.

Cal, call. (24) Necessity. "Ther's noo cal var't."
There is no necessity for it.

Call'd huome. Having ones banns published in
the church. "Thēy wer a-call'd huome o'
Zunday.

Cammick. The plant Restharrow, *Ononis*.

Can-sheaf. A small sheaf of straw forming the tip
of a thatched rick.

Car. To carry. "To car hāy." To stack hay.

Carner-cubord. A right angled cupboard to fit the
corner of a room.

Cassen. (51) Canst not.

Catch-carner. A play among children.

Cat's-cradle. A child's game with a string.

Cazelty weather. Casualty weather, stormy.

Chäden. The inwards of a calf.

Cham or Champ. To chew, champ.

Chammer. (62) Chamber, bedroom.

Chanker. A chink.

Chanks. The under part of a pig's head.

Chap. A young man or youth.

Charm. A. S. Cýrm. A noise, a confusion of voices.
"Synnigra cýrm," uproar of sinners. The
"Diverse lingue, orribile favelle," of Dante's
Inferno.—*Cædmon* xxxiv. 17*i*

Charm. Bed charm. The author when a child was taught a bed charm comprehending the one given by Hone in his year book, Dec. 18.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' John
Be blest the bed that I lie on
Vow'r carners to my bed,
Vow'r anngels al a-spread
Oone at head an' oone at veet,
An' two to keep my soul asleep.

Chattermag. A chattering magpie, a chatterbox, a much-talking wōman.

Cheem. (23) To chime.

Cheese. A bag of pummice from the ciderwring.
Cheese-late or Cheese-lote. A cheese loft or floor to dry cheese on.

Chesil-beach of Portland, so called from the Anglo-Saxon Ceosel, gravel or sand. "— getimbrode hys hus ofer sand-ceosel."—*Matt. 7, 26.*

Chetlēns or Chetterlēns. The entrails of a pig cleaned and twined up in knots. Also a frill formerly worn on the bosom of shirts.

Chetten. To bring forth young as applied to cats, hares or rabbits.

Chile. (62) Child.

Chilver. An ewe lamb. A. S. Cilferlamb.—*Thwaites' Hept. Leviticus v. 6.*

Chimp. A young shoot, as of a potatoe.

To chimp. To pick off the chimps of potatoes.

- Chine. The prominence of the staves beyond the head of a cask.
- Chism. To germinate as potatoes in the Spring.
- Chock. A part of a neck of veal.
- Choor. A. S. Cer, Cier, or Cyr. Turn, occasion, business. A char, or job of household work done by an occasional or charwoman.
- Chop. A. S. Cýpan, to sell or deal. To barter or exchange, to swop.
- Chubby. Roundfaced, fullfaced, bigheaded, as a chub.
- Chuck. To toss any thing underhanded; also, a name used in calling pigs.
- Chucks of wheat. Pinched grains in the husk.
- Chump. A log of wood.
- Churn. A. S. gecýrran, to turn. To turn the butter churn.
- Cider-wring. A cider press. (See wring.)
- Clacker or Bird-clacker. A kind of rattle to frighten away birds from a corn-field.
- Clavy. A mantel-piece. Mr. Jennings thinks it so called as the beam upon which the keys (claves) were hung.
- Cléden, Clydern. A. S. Clate, a burr. Goosegrass. *Galium aparine.*
- Clim'. Past tense, Clumb'. "Clumben upp to þe stepel."—*Saxon Chron.* 1070.
- Clinker. An icicle.

- Clint. To bend back the end of a nail coming through wood; to clinch, and figuratively, to complete another's joke or exaggeration.
- Clips. (37) A. S. Clýppan. To clasp between the thumb and fingers, or between the two arms. "I can clips thik tree." (See Wey and bodkins.)
- Clitty. Stringy and sticky, or tangled.
- Clitpoll. Having curled or tangled hair on one's poll.
- Clock. A once common ornament on the ankles of stockings.
- Clog. A wooden bow at one end of a hayrope, or a block at the end of a halter tying a horse to a manger.
- Clove. A. S. Clut, a clout? The yellow waterlily.
- Cloty. Having many clotes.
- Clout. A blow with the flat hand. "I'll gi'e thee a clout in the head."
- Clum. A. S. Cluman, to hold close, press. To handle roughly or clumsily.
- Clumper. A lump. "A clumper o' gingerbread."
- Coccle. A. S. Coccel, tares. The bur of the burdock. *Arctium*. "hwanon hæfde he coccle?"—*Matt. 13, 27.*
- Cod. A. S. Codd. A pod or legume, as a beän-cod or peas-cod. "Da gewilnode he his wambe gefyllan of þam bean-coddum."—*Luke 15, 16.*
- Cole or Coll. Lat. Collum, the neck. To take one fondly round the neck.
"To coll the lovely necke."—*Ovid's Metamor.*

Colepexy. In Somerset *Pixhyhording* from *pixy* or *colepixy*, a fairy? To beat down the few apples that may be left on the trees after the crop has been taken in; to take as it were the fairies' horde.

Colt. Footing, a novitiate's fine. "Ya must pây yer colt."

Come. To be ripe. "The pears bën't quite a-come."

Come o'. To come of, to be altered from a state.
"She wer pirty but she's finely a-come ö't."

Conker. To ripe fruit or hep of the wild rose, the single or "*canker* rose;" also an excrescence on it.

Contraption. A contrivance.

Coort or Cuort. (27) A court yard, a small yard next to a house walled or railed in.

Cooch. F. Coucher, to lie down. Couch grass, creeping wheat grass, *Triticum repens*.

Coose. (35) Course.

Cops. A. S. Cope, fetters. A connecting crook of a harrow. (See Wey and bodkins.)

Core of a rick. The middle of it when it has been cut away all round.

Count. To reckon, to guess. "I da count." I guess, I calculate, as they say in America.

Cow-biaby. A boy or girl childishly meek hearted or mother-sick.

Cow-cap. A mettle knob put on the tips of a cow's horns that she may not wound another.

Cowheart. A coward.

- Cows an' Cä'ves. Lords and ladies, the barren and fertile flowers of the *Arum*.
- Cravel. A mantelpiece; sometimes called the "Clavy."
- Creeze. Dainty, taffety.
- Crick. A. S. Cryc, a crook. To hurt the neck or back bone by a sudden and hard crooking of it.
- Cricket. A low stool for a child.
- Cripner. A crupper.
- Crippleish. Like a cripple, lame.
- Criss-cross-lâin. Christ-cross-line. The alphabet, "so called," says Jennings, "in consequence of its being formerly preceded in the horn book by a cross."
- Cristèu. A kind of plum.
- Crock. A. S. Crocca. A pot.
- Croopy. A. S. Creopan, to creep. To sink ones body bending the thighs behind the legs. "Eall lichoma creopað and snicað." The whole body stoops and creeps.—*Alfred's Boethius*.
- Crowshell. The fresh water mussel-shell, (*Unio*). The *uniones* are so called because the crows take them from the water and open them, and having eaten their animals, leave them in the meadows.
- Crowd. Welsh Crwth. A fiddle.
- Cubby-hole. A snug place for a child, as between his father's knees.

Cue. An oxes shoe.

Culter. A. S. Cultor, a dagger. The knife of a plough,

Culver. A. S. Culfer. A wood pigeon, a dove.

Cunnèn Man. (42) A. S. Cunnan, to know. A cunning man or wizard, a man to whom is imputed supernatural knowledge, and of whom folk enquire after lost goods.

Cut. To castrate.

Cute, Acute. Sharp, cunning.

D

Dabster. A proficient in a game or art.

Dadder or Dudder. A. S. dyderian. To confound, to bewilder. "Me þincþ þæt þu me dwelige and dýderie." Methinks thou deceivest and bewilderest me.—*Boet.* 35, 5.

Daffidowndilly. Daffodil. *Narcissus*.

"Show me the ground with daffadowndillies."—*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar*.

Daes. Days.

"As the daes da langthen

The cuold da strangthen."—*Said of January weather.*

Dag, from dake. A small projecting stump of a branch.

Dake. To prick or run in a point.

Dander. Anger. " 'E got his dander up."

Dank. (39) Damp.

Daps. Exact likeness.

Dark. Blind. " She's quite dark."

Dead-alive. Dull, inactive, moping.

Dent. A hollow mark made in the surface of any thing by a *dint* or blow.

" He beleeved his fingers made a dint upon her flesh."—*Ovid's Metamorph.*

Dewbit. The first meal in the morning, not so substantial as a regular breakfast. The agricultural labourers in some parts of Dorsetshire were accustomed some years since to say that in harvest time they required seven meals in the day: dewbit, breakfast, nuncheon, cruncheon, nammit, crammit, and supper. But this seems to have been rather a quaint jingle than an enumeration of meals, as some of them, nuncheon and nammit, for example, clearly indicate the same.

'Dhang it. An oath.

Dairyman. One who rents cows of a farmer at so much a head.

Didden. (51) Did not.

Di'edapper or Divedapper, from dive and dip. The bird dipper. *Cinclus Aquaticus.*

Disfugure. To disfigure.

- "Lie weltring with disfigured face."—*Ovid's Metamorph.*
- Ditter or Datter or Tig. A game of touch and run among children.
- Dishwasher. The wagtail: most likely so called, as Mr. Akerman says in his Wiltshire glossary, "from the constant sweeping motion of its tail."
- Dob or Dab. A knob or lump, as of earth.
- Dock. The plant *Rumex*. Children rub dock leaves on their skin as an antidote to the stinging of a nettle, singing "Out nettle in dock."
- Dockspitter. A tool for pulling or cutting up docks.
- Dogs. Once common iron utensils standing at the sides of the hearth to keep up the sticks of a wood fire.
- Dog's ruose. The single or wild rose.
- "Done." A word uttered in taking a bet. It means the bet is made. It is settled.
- Doughbiaked. (21) Of weak or inactive mind, halfwitted.
- Doust oone's jacket. To dust or trim one's jacket is to beat one with a stick.
- Dout. (57) To do out, to extinguish.
- Downdâishous. (22) Audacious.
- Drabble-tâil. (22) A. S. drabbe, dirt. Having ones gown tail dirty. A drab color is a dirt color.
- Drâil (22) of a plough, from *draw*. A toothed iron projecting from the beam of a plough for hitching the horses to.

Drālatchet. (23) Walking lazily and slowly, and as it were drawing ones feet after one.

Drashel. A. S. þerscel, A flail. "He afeormað his þyrscl flore."—*Matt.* 3, 12. Also, a threshold.

[This word affords one of many instances in which the rustic dialect is full and distinctive, while English is defective. The *drashel*, in English the *flail*, consists of two staves; the *handstaff*, and the *vláil*,—*flail* or *flegel*, flying staff, from the Anglo-Saxon *fleogan*, to fly,—connected with the handstaff by a free socket called a *runnen kiaple*; a *capel* from the Anglo-Saxon *Ceafe*, a beak or nozzle; so that the flail is only one part of the tool, for which the English has no name.]

Drā't fakkets. (24) Faggots of long underwood.

Drēan. (20) A. S. Dragan, to draw. To drawl in speaking.

"Dred (29) the wold woman's niddle." Thread the old woman's needle. A game in which children join hands, and the last leads the train under the lifted arms of the first two,

Drēve. (20) To drive. To drēve a common is to drive together all the stock on it, and pound such as are not owned by those who have a right of common.

Dringe or Drunge. A. S. þringan. To squeeze or push, as in a crowd. "Don't ye dringe oone zoo."

- Drink. "When the drink's in the wit's out." Said of the folly of a tipsy man.
- Dripper. A small shallow tub to catch drippings or take slops.
- Drith (41) or Drowth. Thirst or drought.
- Drong or Drongway. (29) A. S. þringan, to compress. A narrow way between two hedges or walls.
- Drove. (Formed from *drive*, by turning the close vowel *i* into an open one, *o*.) A way between hedges where cattle are driven to or from fields. A narrow *drove* is a *drong*.
- Drub. (29) To throb or beat.
- Dubbèd or Dubby. Blunt.
- Dumbledore. Dumble or Dummel, dull. German dumling, a dolt; and Dora, a drone. The humblebee.
- Dummy. One dumb or taciturn.
- Dumpy. (From *dump*, a heavy mass.) Short and thick. Thence *dumpling*, a little dump. "Down in the dumps." Down in the heavy feelings.
- Dunch. Deaf, dull. Thence *dunce*. "He's quite dunch."
- Dunch-puddèn. Hard or plain pudding of only flour and water.
- Durns. The upright posts of a door,

E

E. He.

Ees. A. S. Gyse. Yes.

Eesterdae. Yesterday.

Eet. Yet.

Ee-grass. A. S. Ed, anew or again, and græs, grass.

Aftermath.

Elbow-grease. A rubbing or cleaning by hand.

Elemen. (32) Made of elm.

Elt. A young sow pig.

Eltrot. Eldroot. In Somersetshire, Oldrot or old-root. A. S. eald, and root. The stalk and umbel of the wild parsley.

Em. (46) Them.

Emmet-butt or Emmet-hill. An ant hill.

En. (46) Him.

Entry. A passage in a house.

Er. (43) He.

Eth. (35) Earth.

Eve. A. S. Ea, water? To become damp, as a stone from condensation of vapor on its surface.

“We shall hā rāin. The stuones da eve.”

Evemen. Evening.

Evet. A. S. Efeta. An eft.

Every. A species of grass.

Ex. A. S. Eax. An axle or axis. “— hperfeð on þære ilcan Eaxe.” Turns on the same axis.
Boet. 28.

F

- Faddle. (35) A fardel, a pack or bundle.
- Fags, I'fags. Indeed ! truly !
- Fal. (24) The fall of the leaf, the autumn.
- Fark-ed. (25) Forked. "Up so vur's oone is fark-ed." Up to the body.
- Fây. (22) A. S. Fadan, to set rightly, to dispose.
To succeed, to go on favourably.
- Featherfowl. The plant Feverfew.
- Fess. Conceited and meddling, assuming a high position in consultation. "There's a fess feller."
- Fiazen. (44) Faces.
- Flannen. Flannel.
- Flap. Any piece of board, linen, or other substance swinging to and fro on a line or point, as "A vlee flap" to drive away flies.
- Fliame or Flem. Welsh, ffaim. A farrier's lancet for bleeding cattle.
- Fliare. (21) To fly or stream out in the air, as a flame or ones hair.
- Flick. A. S. flicce, bacon. The fat of a pig not melted into lard ; also the fur of an animal.
- Flick or Flip. To snap lightly with a whip.
- Flook or Fluke. A. S. Floc, a plaice. A worm (*Distoma hepatica*) found in the livers of coathed sheep, and so called from its likeness to the plaice.
- Flop. A mass of thin mud.

- Flummox. To overcome, frighten, bewilder.
- Flump. Pitching heavy and flat in a fall.
- Flush. Fledged, applied to young birds.
- Footy. Little, insignificant.
- Forrels. Latin, Foriculæ, little doors or window-flaps. The covers of a book.
- Föwght. Fought.
- Fox. "Zet the fox to keep the geese." A proverb said of one who may have intrusted property to the keeping of another that from circumstances or character is likely to be unfaithful.
- Freemartèn. The female calf of a twin of which the other is a bull.
- Frith. Brushwood.

G

- Gad. A. S. gad, a goad or spur. A hedge stake, or stout stick. It once meant also a bar of metal—“As when a gad of steele redhot in water quenched is.”—*Ovid's metamorph.*
- Gaffie. To dress or pad the less hardy parts of the body for cudgel-playing.
- Gake or Gawk (24) A. S. Gæc, a cuckoo. To go or stand and stare about idly like a cuckoo.
- Gakey. One who gakes or gawks. A fool, a cuckoo.
- Gally. A. S. gælan, to hinder. To frighten as from ones action.

Gally-bagger (18) A scarebeggar, a bugbear.

Gally-crow. A scarecrow.

Gammel or Gambrel. Italian Gamba, the leg. A bent staff upon the two ends of which butchers hang carcases by the tendons of the hock.

Gammon. A. S. gamene. Play, sport with another.

Gannywedge. A. S. Ganian, to yawn, to open, to spread. A thick wooden wedge, to open the fissure of more acute iron ones.

Gap. A large breach in a hedge, a small one being a shard.

Gear. A. S. Geara, apparatus. Iregear, iron utensils.
Cidergear, cider making apparatus.

Geät. A. S. Geat. A gate. "Ya cān't have blood ov a geät post." You cannot have money from one who has none. (See Harrow.)

Gee, jee. To agree, to go on well together.

Gee ho! Go ho! Go off ho! Address'd to horses.

Gibble. Italian cipolla. A young onion.

Giddygander. Most common species of orchis are so called in the Vale of Blackmore.

Gi'e (62) To give, to yield. "The frost da gi'e." The frost yields or thaws.

Gifts. White spots on the finger nails, believed to betoken coming presents:

"Gifts on the thumb sure to come,
Gifts on the finger sure to linger,"
is a saying of these spots.

Gilcup or Giltycup. Giltcup. The buttercup,
Ranunculus bulbosus.

Gimmy. A hinge.

Girt. (34) Great.

Gi'e in. To give in. To give up a contest.

Gi'e out. To give out, to give up a pursuit, to
cease from inability to hold on any longer.

Glène. (20) A. S. Gliwian, to joke or jest. To
sneer, to smile with malignant gratification.

Glöw. To stare, to watch with fixed and wide-open
eyes.

Glutch. To swallow.

Gnang. (See Nang.)

God'lmighty's Cow, or sometimes the *lady bird*.

The *Coccinella septem-punctata*. Children some-
times catch this insect and, as Howitt says
children do in Germany, put it on the top of
a finger, repeating

“ Liady bird, liady bird, vlee away huome,

Your house is a-vire, your childern wull burn.”

Fancying, when it takes flight, that it hastens
home in a motherly fright at the intelligence.

Goo. “ All the goo.” All the fashion. So *vogue*
in French is the going or rowing of a galley.

Goodhussey. (Good housewife.) A threadcase,
in which a good housewife will keep her thread.

Good-now. Mostly equal to “ Do you know,” or
“ You must know.” “ Ya bē'nt gwāin to put

- upon I, good now." You are not going to domineer over me you must know.
- Gookooflower. The *Cardamine pratensis*, on which *gookoospettle* is often found.
- Gookoospettle. The frothy nidus of the *Cicada spumaria*, attributed to the spitting of the cuckoo.
- Goolden chāin. Laburnum.
- Goolden-drap. A variety of wheat.
- Gout. An underground gutter.
- Grab. A. S. Gripan. To snatch up greedily also the crab apple.
- Grabstock. A young crab tree, or the cutting of one.
- Gramfer. (62) Grandfather.
- Grammer. (62) Grandmother. "Don't ye teach your grammer to spin." Don't pretend to instruct another in what he understands better than you.
- Grēt. (20) A. S. Gretan, to greet. Very friendly.
"How grēt thēy two be."
- Greygole. (20) The bluebell. *Hyacinthus non scriptus*.
- Gribble. A young crabtree or black thorr, or a knotty walking stick made of it.
- Grip. A. S. Gripan to gripe. Wheat is said to be in grip (handful) as it is left by the reapers.
- Groun'. (30) "Pleased down to groun'," is a hyperbole, meaning pleased to the very toes.

Groun' ash. An ashen stick growing from the ground and much tougher than a branch of a tree.

Groun'. (30) "To groun' a pick" is to put the end of its stem on the ground as a bearing in raising a pitch of hay, a help of which a smart young man, proud of his strength, would be ashamed.

Gudgen. Diminutive of the A. S. Gad, a goad or pointed rod. A cutting of thorn or other wood driven into the ground to strike root.

Guides of a waggon. Fellypieces or arcs of circles fastened on the fore axle as a bearing for the bed of the waggon when it locks.

Gully. A small brook or water-course.

Gumption. Sense, wit.

Guoad. A. S. Gad, a goad or rod. A measure of 15 feet.

Gurgens. Pollard, coarse flour.

Guss. A girth.

Gwain. Going.

Gwains on. Goings on, doings or behaviour.

H

Ha'. A. S. Ah. Have or has. "Ofer eall þe he ah."—*Matt. 24, 47.*

Hagrod, hagrode, or hagridden. The nightmare is attributed to the supernatural presence of a witch or *hag* by whom one is *ridden* in sleep.

- Hacker. A. S. Haccan, to hack or cut. A hoe.
- Hackle. A. S. Hacele, a cloak or mantle. A bee-hackle; a sheaf of straw forming a cloak or roof over a beehive.
- Hâil. (22) A. S. Hal. Hale, sound, strong.
- Hâin or Winterhâin. (22) A. S. Hagian, to be unoccupied or at leisure. To lay up grass land: not to stock it. "The meäd wer winter-hâined."
- Hakker. A. S. Acolian, to be chilled? To strike the teeth together in a shaking, from cold or fear.
- Halterpâth. (24) A road for one on horseback, but not for a carriage.
- Hame. (24) Haulm, A. S. Healm. The stalks of plants; as beänhame, peasehame, tiatyhame, &c.
- Hames. A. S. Hama? The pieces of wood put on the collar of a horse with staples to take the traces.
- Handy. Useful, like the hand, or for the hand, doing the work of ones own hands. Also near at hand.
- Hangèn. (42) A. S. Hangian, to hang. The sloping side of a hill called by the Germans *ein abhang*.
- Hang-gallis. Hang-gallows, fit for the gallows; that ought to be or is likely to be hung. "A hang-gallis rogue."

Han'pat, from *hand* and *pat*. Fit or ready at hand.

At one's fingers' ends. "He had it al han'pat."

Han'sel. A. S. Hand-syllan, to give into one's hands. Something given to a young woman at her wedding towards housekeeping is called a "good han'sel" in the Vale of Blackmore.

Happer. To patter like hail.

Hardle. (38) To entangle. (See Tardle.)

Hard-workèn. (42) Industrious.

Harrow of a gate. A. S. Heorra, a hinge. The backer upright timber of a gate by which it is hung to its post, the one in the middle between the harrow and the head is the *middle spear*, which is also the name of the upright beam that takes the two leaves of a barn's door.

Harum-scarum. (See Art. 58.)

Harness. Apparatus, as "cider harness;" apparatus for making cider.

Harvest-man. The cranefly or daddy-long-legs.

Tipula oleracea. Its larva is one of the numerous species of wireworm, and feeds on grass and other plants gnawing them off just below the surface of the ground. The females, which mostly come into their final state before the males, may sometimes be found in the summer helping the latter out of their pupa cases.

Ha'skim cheese. (62) Halfskim cheese. Cheese made of milk skimmed only once.

Hatch. A. S. Hæca. A wicket or little gate.

Hâv. The spikelet of the oat. “The woats be out in hâv.”

Hâymâiden. (22) A wild flower of the mint tribe.

Ground ivy. Used for making a medicinal liquor “hâymâiden tea.”

Hâymiakèn. (22, 21) Haymaking consists of several operations which, with fine weather, commonly follow each other, in Dorsetshire, thus: The mown grass—in *zwath*—is thrown abroad—*tedded*—and afterwards turned once or twice; and in the evening raked up into little ridges,—*rollers*,—single or double as they may be formed by one raker or by two raking against each other; and sometimes put up into small cones or heaps, called *cocks*. On the following morning the rollers or cocks are thrown abroad into—*passels*—parcels; which, after being turned, are in the evening put up into large ridges,—*wales*,—and the wales are sometimes *pooked*, put up into larger cones,—*pooks*,—in which the hay is loaded. In raking grass into double rollers, or pushing hay up into wales, the fore raker or pickman is said to *riake in* or *push in*, and the other to *cluse*.

Hâywârd. (22) A. S. Hæg, a hedge and *ward*.

A warden of the fences or of a common, whose duty it is to see that it is not stocked by those

who have no right of common. He sometimes “drives the common;” drives all the stock in it into a corner, and pounds such as is not owned by those who have a right of common.

Head. “To zet ther heads together.” To consult or conspire. The word *conspire* is itself from *con* together, and *spiro* to breathe, which conspirators do while “setting their heads together.” Thence the Persians call an intimate friend *humdum*, from *hum* together, and *dum* breath. **Headland** or **Hedlēn**. The ground or ridge under hedge at the heads of the ridge where the horses turn in ploughing.

Heāl. (20) A. S. Helan. To cover. “To hēal beāns,” to earth up beans. “The house is unhealed.” The house is stripped, as by a rough wind. “Nis nan þing oferheled, þe ne beo unheled.”—*Luke* 12, 2. “And if his house be un-healed.”—*Piers Plowman*.

Heān. (19) A. S. Heān, high. The upper end of a blade where it is inserted into its handle. “The knife’s a-broke off up to the heān.”

Heart. “Out o’ heart.” Discouraged which is from *dis un*, and *coraggio* great heart, meaning not having a great heart.

Hedge. “The zun da sheen buoth zides o’ the hedge,” said of summer.

- Hedlèn. Headlong. Giddy, precipitate. "There's a hedlèn chile."
- Heft, formed from *heave*. (41) Weight.
- Hêle. (20) To pour out fluid. "Shall I hêle ye out another cup?"
- Herence. Hence.
- Hereright. Here on the spot, at once.
- Heth. (35) The hearth, or a heath.
- Hethcropper. A horse bred on a heath.
- Hiare. (21) "To hold wi' the hiare an' run wi' the houns." To make a profession of friendship to one, and at the same time to act with his enemies.
- Hick. To hop on one leg.
- Hiëssen. A. S. Hysian, to mock. To forebode evil. "T'll râin avore night" says one. "There don't ye hiësseny," answers another, who hopes it may not.
- Hidy-buck. (52) A game of hide and seek.
- Highlows. A kind of high shoes lower than kitty boots.
- Hike off or out. A. S. Higan, to hie, to hasten. To go off hastily by compulsion: or actively, to expel. "You shall hike out?"
- Hile. A. S. Hilan, to cover. Ten sheaves of corn set up in the field, four on each side and one at each end, and forming a kind of roof.

Hinge. The heart, liver, and lungs of a sheep, which when hanging to the head are called the sheep's head and hinge.

Hippity-hoppity. (See Art. 58.)

Hitch. To fasten, to suspend. "Hitch in the hosses." "Tha wer a-hitched up." They were arm in arm. "Hitch up the hoss to the rails."

Hizzuf. Himself, hisself or heself. "He sylf and his men."—*Saxon Chron.* 1075.

Ho. A. S. Hogian, to be careful or anxious. "I don't know an' don't ho." "he ýmb manegra þeoda hogode." He was anxious for many nations.—*Ælfric's homily on St. Gregory*.

Hobble. To tie an animal's legs to keep him from wandering.

Hobbles. A wooden instrument to confine a horses legs while he is undergoing an operation. "He's a-got into a hobble" is a figurative expression, meaning he is in a difficulty, in a fix as they say in America.

Hobby-hoy. Defined by a rhyme
"neither man nar boy."

Hog. A sheep one year old.

Hoils. The beard or awn of barley.

Hold wi'. (62) To hold or side with, to follow in opinion. (See Hiare.)

Hollabaloo. A noisy uproar.

Holm. Höm. Holly or the more prickly holly in distinction from the smoother leaved.

Homble. A duck.

Honey-zuck. (36) The honeysuckle.

Hook. A billhook.

Hook. To gore with the horns. "A hookèn bull."
A bull that gores.

Hopscotch. A game of children consisting of *hopping* over a parallelogram of *scotches* or chalk lines on the ground.

Horridge, Whorage. A house or nest of bad characters.

Hoss. (35) A horse. Also a plank or faggot to stand upon in digging in wet ditches, moved forwards by a knobbed stick inserted through it. "Not to hitch oones hosses together." Not to agree or coincide in opinion. The shaft horse or wheel horse of a team is called a *thiller*, from the A. S. *jil*, a shaft, or pole. The next before him the *body hoss*, being by the waggoner's body. The next forward is the *lash hoss*, being within reach of his lash while keeping by the side of the body horse. The fourth would be a *vollier* or *forehoss*.

Hoss-stinger. (35) The dragon fly.

Hosstongue. Hart's tongue. *Scolopendrium vulgare*.

Huck-muck. See Art 58.

- Hud. (hood.) The hull or legume of a plant.
Huddick. (58) A bag or case for a sore finger.
Humbuz. A thin piece of wood with a notched edge, which, being swung round swiftly on a string, yields a humming or buzzing sound.
Huome. (27) Home to the place at which a body is fastened, as a knife to its handle or an arm to the shoulder. "Broke the zive huome to the sneäd."
Humpty-dumpty. (59.) A humpy and dumpy or shapeless mass.
Humstrum. (59) A rude musical instrument.
Hungered. Hungry. (See Matt. 25, 35.)
Hurry-scurry. (See Art. 58.)
Hus-bird, Whores-bird. A. S. Hure, and býrd, birth or offspring. A term of reproach like the *haramzadah* of the Persians.

I

- Ice-candle. An icicle.
Imma'bbee. (62) It may be.
Indoorwork. Work under roof, not field work.
Injist. Almost, very nearly.
Inon. An onion.
Inon-ruope. An onion rope, a rope or string of onions.

Inwards. A. S. Innewærde. The intestines, particularly of pigs.

"—The frying venom hent
His inwards."—*Ovid's Metamorph.*

Ire-gear. Iron ware. (See Gear.)

It. Used significantly for correction, a beating or scolding. "You'll get *it*." "You'll have *it*." "You'll catch *it*." "You'll pick *it* in." "You'll get into *it*."

J

Jā. (24.) A tenon for a mortise.

Jack-o'-lent. A *Jack of Lint* or a *Jack of Lent*, the time of year when it is mostly put up. A scarecrow of old clothes sometimes stuffed. Fielding, who was sometime in Dorsetshire, uses the name in the 2nd chapter of his "Joseph Andrews."

Jack-rag. "Every jack-rag o'm," means every single individual.

Jams. Wire shirt buttons, of which many used to be made at and near Blandford.

Jänders. (23) The jaundice.

Jiffy. A moment of time, a very short time.

Jimmy. The hinge of a door.

Jist, Jis'. Just. "Jist about." To be "jist about" any thing means to want nothing at all

of being so. "Jist about merry," "Jist about work."

"Jog oone's memory." To put one in mind of a thing, particularly of the subject of a former promise or of a duty.

Jut. To give one a sudden blow or concussion when still, particularly when writing. "Don't jut zoo." "She juttet en." She nudged him.

K

Kag or Keg. A small barrel.

Kecks or Kex. A dead stalk of hemlock or cow parsley.

Keech. To cut grass and weeds on the side of rivers.

Keechēn zive. A scythe on a long pole for keeching.

Keep. Food for cattle or board for a man. "Zoo much a week an' his keep."

Keeve or Kive. A. S. Cyf, a vat. A large tub used for the wort to work in, in brewing.

Keeve or Kive. To put the wort into the keeve or kive to work.

Kerf. A. S. Ceorfan, to cut. The cut of a saw in wood. "And his swyðre eare of-acerf."—*Luke 22, 50.*

Kernel. This word is commonly applied to the pips of pomaceous fruit, which are sometimes

- shot from between the thumb and forefinger by young folks after saying
“ Kernel come kernel, hop over my thumb,
And tell me which way my truelove will come,
East, west, north, or south,
Kernel jump into my true love's mouth.”
- Ketcher. The membrane over the viscera of a pig.
- Kēys. The seed vessels of the sycamore and maple.
- Kiale-leaf and Kiale-stump. (21) A. S. Ceawel, cabbage. A cabbageleaf or cabbagestump.
- Kin. A. S. cýn. Kindred, relationship. “ Is he any kin to you.” “ Neither kith nar kin:” neither acquaintance nor relation. (See Nex' kin.)
- Kiakeharn. (21, 25) The windpipe, particularly of a slaughtered animal.
- Kiaple. (21) (See Drashle.)
- Kid. A. S. Cod. A pod or legume; as a beän-kid, a pēasekid.
- Kind. Sleek as spoken of fur: Also keen as a knife.
- Kit. A. S. cyð. Acquaintance or kindred. “ Al the whole kit o'm.” All the whole set or tribe or kindred.
- Kitpat or kitbat. The old clogged grease in the stocks of wheels.
- Kittyboots. A kind of laced-up {boots reaching up only over the ankles.

Kitty-coot. A water rail.

Kive. (See Keeve.)

Knapp. A. S. Cnæp. A small hillock or rising; what is called in Somerset a "batch." The brow of a hill. "Læddon hine ofer þæs muntes cnæp."—*Luke 4, 29.*

Knobbèd stick. A walking stick with a knob instead of a crook.

Knuckle down. A cry of a boy at marbles, meaning that his antagonist is to shoot with his hand on the ground, and not to *swele*, which is to shoot from any height above ground.

L

Lā. (24) Law. The time or distance a hare or other animal is allowed to run before its followers start after him.

Laggëns. (42) Leggings. Short gaiters.

Lagwood. (See Rundlewood.)

Lam's grass. Spring grass, early grass; as distinguished from *eegrass*,

Lamiger. One recently become lame.

Lamploo. An outdoor game among boys.

Larrence, Lawrence. From some cause which the author has not yet found, *Lawrence* is in some parts of Dorset the patron or personification of

- laziness. When one is seen to be lazy *Lawrence* is said to have him ; and when one feels a loathing of exertion he sometimes cries
“Liazy Larrence let me goo,
Don’t hold me zummer an’ winter too.”
- Lattin. Tin.
- Lauk. A word of surprise among females.
- Lavish. Rank. “That wheat is lavish.”
- Lawn or Lawnd. Unploughed land. The unploughed part of an arable field.
“And under a lynde upon a launde
Lened I a stound.”—*Piers Plowman*.
- Lawnder (from *last*). An iron in the forepart of a sull sliding on the lawn before it is turned.
- Leäse. (19) A. S. Lesan, to gather or collect.
To glean after the reapers.
- Leät. (19) A. S. Leotan. To leak : to let out liquid.
- Leäze (19) or Zummerleäze. A. S. Læs, pasture.
A field stocked through the summer, in distinction from a mead which is mowed. “Ic drife mine sceap to heora læse.” I drive my sheep to their pasture.—*Elfric’s Dialogue*.
- Leer or Leery. German, Leer. Empty in the stomach, wanting food.
- Lence (from *lend*). The loan of any thing. “I thank ye var the lence o’t.”
- Le’s (62) Let’s. Let us.

- Let. A. S. Lætan, to hinder. A stopping or interruption: used by boys in playing marbles.
“Let shall be.” An accidental stopping shall be fair.
- Lew. A. S. Hleow or Hleo. Sheltered. “In the lew zide o’ the hedge.” “On þisses holtes hleo,” within this grove’s shelter.
- Lewth. (41) Shelter from the wind.
- Liade. (21) A. S. Hladan. To dip up or draw off a liquid. “Hládað nú.” Draw out now.—*John 2, 8.*
- Liadecart. (21) A. S. Hladan, or from *liades, raves*. A cart with raves so as to be loaded with hay or straw.
- Liades. The same as *raves*, which see.
- Liave. (21) To lade out a liquid.
- Libbets. Rags in strips.
- Liebox. A box for making lie from woodashes.
- Light or Light-headed. Delirious.
- Light. A. S. Alihtan. To alight, to pitch.
“— which hapt to *lite* on Idas.”—*Ovid’s Metamorphoses*
- Limber. Limp, flaccid.
- Limner. A painter.
- Linchet or Linch, or Lynchet, or Lynch. A. S. Hlinc. A ledge of ploughed ground on the side of a hill, or the strip of green ground between two ploughed ledges.
- Line. To lean.

Linnit. Lint, tinder.

Linman. Latin, Linum, flax. A man in the flax trade.

Lip. A. S. Leap, a basket or chest. A vessel, a seedlip, a seed box in which a sower carries his seed.

Lippèn or Lippy. Wet, rainy. "Tis a very lippy time." The weather is very rainy or stormy.

Litsome or Lissom. Lithesome, of light and cheerful mind.

Litty, (from *light*). Of light and easy bodily motion.

Live. Living. "The live an' dead." The quick and dead.

Lock. "A lock of hay," in the same sense as a lock of hair.

Lock. A waggon is said to lock when it is drawn out of its rectilinear motion, so that the fore-wheels make an angle with the hinder ones.

Lo'k zee. Look! see you.

Loll. To roll about lazily, in a leaning or lounging position. "The bridegroom he lay lolling in his bed."—*Cuturde's Caltha Poetarum*, 1559.

Long. "By long an' by liate." After a long time and much ado.

Look sharp. To be quick, to make haste.

Lop. To walk or hang about lazily and idly. "Don't loppy about here. Goo an' do zome'hat."

- Loplolly.** One who lops and lolls. A lazy or idle person.
- Lop-ear'd.** With ears hanging down.
- Lot or 'low.** To allot or allow. To think or suppose. "'E da wish hizzuf out o't I da lot," or "I da 'low," equivalent to the American "I calculate, I guess."
- Lot.** A quantity, a deal. "A good lot." A great many or a great deal. "Sich a lot!"
- Lote or Late.** A loft. The floor of an upper room ; the ceiling. "I can reach up to the lote."
- Lovechile.** An illegitimate child.
- Lowsen.** To listen.
- Lug.** A pole. A pole in land measure, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.
- Lumper.** To strike the foot heavily against the ground or projections. To stumble.
- Lubell.** (27) A. S. Lað. Loath, unwilling.

M

- Madders or Mathers.** Stinking Chamomile. *Anthemis Cotula*.
- Madam is used in Dorset as in Herefordshire instead of Mrs., as a mark of superior respect to ladies. "Madam A. gi'ed me theös frock."
- Magot.** A whim or fancy : an experiment.
- Magotty.** Fanciful, fond of experiments.

Mâin. (22) A. S. Mægen, strength, might. Very.
“A mân girt tree.” A mighty or very great tree.

Mâiden tree. (22) A tree not pollarded, not a pollard. It is believed that if a young maiden ash be split, and a ruptured child be drawn through it he will become healed. The author has known of two trees through which children have been drawn.

Mâinpin (22) of a wagon. A pin put through the fore axle of a wagon for it to turn upon in locking. (See Wagon.)

Mampus. A great number, a crowd. “A mampus o’ vo’ke.”

Mân (24) or Mawn. A. S. Mand. A large withy basket with two handles for apples, potatoes, &c. of the shape of a frustum of a cone.—“Sweete smelling apples in a *maunde* made flat of osier twiggis.”—*Ovid’s Metamorphoses*.

Many. A. S. Manig. Used in a singular sense for *much* as in Anglo-Saxon.—“Da the cow gie many milk?”

Mark var. To show tokens of becoming. “‘E da mark var to be tall.”

Marten. (See Freemarten.) A heifer that will not breed, a barren.

Mawken. A wet cloth fastened to a pole to clean out the oven before setting in the batch.

- Mây. (22) The blossom of the hawthorn.
- Megrims. Bad spirits. L'ennui.
- Ment. A. S. Myntan, to set forth, to show. To be like or represent. "'E da ment his fâther."
- Mêsh. (20) A. S. Meos. Moss.
- Mêsh. (20) The run of hares or other wild animals through hedges.
- Mess. A dirty condition, or disagreeable circumstances.
- 'Mether ho ! Come hither, ho ! Said to horses to tell them to come towards the driver.
- Mid. May or might.
- Middle-spear. (See Harrow.)
- Miff. An offence; a coolness between friends or neighbours.
- Miggy or Muggy. A. S. Migan, to water. Warm and damp, spoken of weather.
- Milklead. A leadlined cistern to lay milk in.
- Miller or Millard. The large white moth that flies at twilight. Children sometimes catch these moths, millers, and, having interrogated them on their taking of toll, make them plead guilty and condemn them in these lines:
- "Millery, millery, dusty poll,
How many zacks hast thee a-stole ?
Vow'r an' twenty an' a peck.
Hang the miller up by's neck.'

- Min (most likely man). A word of contempt.
“Thee bissen gwain to gally I, min.”
- Minnets (Minutiae?) “Noo minnits.” A warning among boys at marbles, meaning the player is not to remove small obstacles on the ground.
- Mint. A mite.
- Mixen. A. S. Mixen. A dung heap. “Ne on eorjan ne on myxene.”—*Luke* 14, 35.
- Miz. A. S. Mis, wrong. Bad. “A miz job.”
- Mock. A root or stump of a cut-off bush, or large stick; or a tuft of sedge.
- Moneyspider. The *aranea scenica*, which, when they see it hanging on its thread, folks sometimes take and try to swing it round their head three times without throwing it off; and then put it into their pockets whither it is believed it will soon bring money.
- Moot. The root of a felled tree.
- More. The root of a flower or small plant.
- Mote. “A strā mote.” A stalk of grass.
- Mother. The cleansings or finings of liquor.
- Mothery. Thick; having much mother.
- Mouel. A field mouse.
- Mousy, from *mouse*. To catch mice.
- Mouser. A good cat for mice.
- Much. To stroke a hairy animal.
- Mullygrubs. Pains in the bowels.

Mumble. To chew inefficiently like one without teeth. To talk inwardly.

Mump. To beg.

Munch. To chew fast.

Munten or Munnion. A stone mullion of a window.

Mutton-tops. The young tops or shoots of the goosefoot, *Chenopodium*, sometimes boiled in the spring for food.

Myzuf. Myself.

N

Nâise. Noise. A scolding. "To drêve a nâise" is an expression which means to keep up or keep making a noise, and seems exactly equal to the phrase *κολφον ἀλαυνειν*.—*Iliad* A. 576. So "Don't ye drêve sich work," means "Do not make such an uproar."

Nammet. A. S. Non-mete, Noon meat. A luncheon (See Dewbit.)

Nang or Nangy. To mock one by half articulate sounds wagging the jaw with a grin. A great insult "enough to miake oone's blood bwile."

Naps, Knee-naps. Leathers worn over the knees by thatchers at work.

Nar. (62) Never. "Nar a cow." Never a cow.

Nât'ral. Quite.

Near. Stingy, miserly.

Needs (genitive of *need*.) Of necessity.

Nēsh. A. S. Nesc or hnesce. Tender. "bonne hys
twig byð hnesce."—*Matt. 24, 32.*

— "the nesh tops

Of the young hazel."—*Crowe's Levesdon Hill.*

"This meat is nēsh." "Da veel nēsh."

Nesaletripe. The most weakly or last born of a
brood of fowls, a fare of pigs, or a family of
children.

Netlens or Knotlens. The same as Chetlens.

Nex'-kin. Very like, very nearly so, next of kin.
"If tidden robbēn oone tis nex' kin to it."

Nicky (from *nick*, to cut short?). Very small short-
cut bundles of wood for lighting coal fires. In
some parts of the county nickies are long faggots.

Niggle. To complain of trifles from ill temper or
bad humor.

Nincompoop. Defined as "Nine times woose than
a fool."

Nippy. Hungry, with a keen appetite. "I be
rather nippy."

Nit. (62) Not yet.

Nitch. A burthen, as much as one can carry of wood,
hay, or straw, and sometimes of drink. Hedges
are sometimes allowed to carry home every night
a nitch of wood which they put on the end of a
pole called a "Speaker."

- Niver'stide. "That 'll be nex' niver'stide," meaning that it will never happen.
- Niver-the-near or Nigher. That does not advance the argument. It is to no purpose.
- Noggerhead. A blockhead.
- Noohow. After no regular mode or shape. "*Theös rick's a-miade noohow.*"
- Not. A. S. Hnot, shorn or clipped. Without horns, as a not-cow, a not-sheep.
- Not. A flower bed or plot.
- Nudge. To jog one, particularly with the elbow.
- Nunch or nunchèn, from *noon*. The noon meal or luncheon. (See Dewbit.)
- Nut. The stock of a wheel; also a lobe of fat in a slaughtered animal.
- Nuther. (28) Neither.

O

- O'. (62) Of.
- O'. (62) On "O' Zundays" on Sundays.
- Oben. Open or an oven.
- Odds. Difference. "Because there was no oddes." *Ovid's Metamorp.*
- Off. The line from which boys shoot in beginning at marbles.

- Off var. To be well off or bad off for any thing means to be well or badly furnished with it.
"How b'ye off var apples to year?" "He's bad off."
- O'n. (62) ov en. (40) Of him or it.
- Onlight. To alight, to dismount from a horse.
- One. One.
- Ooser. A mask with opening jaws along with a cow's skin, put on to frighten folk.
- Organy. A. S. Organe. The herb Penny-royal.
- Orts. A. S. Orettan, to spoil, to defile. Waste hay left by cows fed a-field, being dirtied or spoilt by their treading on it.
- O's. (62) Of us.
- Out door work. Field work.
- Out ov axèn. Out of asking. Having had ones banns of marriage published three times.
- Out ov han'. Immediately without delay.
- Outstep. Out of the way, lonely. Applied to a village or house.
- Oves, Ovis. Eaves.
- Oves hook. A thatcher's hook for trimming the eaves.
- Owl. "I da live too near a wood to be frightened by an owl," means I understand matters too well or I know too much of such things to be frightened by you.

P

Pank. (39) To pant.

Panshard, Pan and A. S. Sceard, a fragment. A piece of a broken pan. (See Shard.)

Perrick. A. S. Pearroc. A paddock, a small inclosed field. "On þisum lýtum pearroce." In this little inclosure.—*Alfred's Boethius* 18, 2.
"Hadde parroked hymselfe

That no man myghte hym se."—*Piers Plowman*. From *pearroc* an inclosure we have by syncope *park*, and thence a *park* or inclosure for the artillery in field fortification.

Passels. (35) (See Håymiakén.)

Passons an' Clarks. The running fiery spots on burning paper are sometimes so called by children who watch them to see which will run last. Passons, the large ones,—or clarks, the small ones.

Peärt. Well, lively.

Peckish. Hungry.

Peck upon. To domineer over.

Pewit. The lapwing.

Pelt. A paroxysm of anger. "He went off in sich a pelt."

Piales. (21) Railings.

Piane. (21) A. S. Pan, a piece or compartment. This word, which in English is confined to a

- piece or compartment (*pane*) of glass, is in Dorset extended to others as in Anglo-Saxon. A *piane* for example is a compartment of ground between the trenches, or a compartment of tedded grass between the raked divisions.
- Piaviours. (21) Paving stones, flag stones.
- Pick, from *peak*, a sharp body. A hayfork or dung-fork.
- Pick. "To pick oone," is to worm or pump out secrets from one.
- Picked. Peaked, having a sharp top.
"With a piked top the cypresse."—*Ovid's Meta.*
- Piecemeal, from *Piece* and A. S. *mael*, a space of time. A piece at a time. Thence the meals of the day which are the *times* of eating.
- Pilcher. A child's napkin.
- Piler. A. S. *Pilere*, a pounder. A tool consisting of an iron frame of many compartments for pounding off the hoils of thrashed barley.
- Pillion. A kind of cushion upon which a lady sat on horseback behind a gentleman in riding double.
- Pirty. (34) Pretty.
- Pirty deäl. (19) A great deal.
- Pissabed. The smaller Dandelion.
- Pitch. s. The quantity taken up at once on a hayfork.
- Pitch. To put or throw up hay on a wagon. To subside as dirt in water. To sit down. "Do

ye pitch yourself in a chair." To lay down "pitchen."

Pitchén. A surface of small stones driven in side by side, in distinction from "piavement," which is a surface of flag stones.

Pitcher. A pollard willow.

Piêrs or Pyêrs. Handrails of a foot bridge.

Plâin. Middling, far from being excellent or handsome. "Tis but a plâin crop." "He's a very plâin man" is an euphemismus for "He is an ugly man." Plâin also means *quite*: as "The wind is plâin south."

Plêsh or Plush. To cut the larger sticks—(plêshers or plushers)—of a quickset hedge nearly but not quite off, and lay them down on the bank, so that the sap may come up over the cut and they may throw out perpendicular shoots.

Pliazen. (21, 44) Places.

Plim. To swell or expand. "This biacon da plim in bwilèn."

Plock. A large block of wood, particularly a "choppén plock." for chopping up small wood upon.

Plot. A small piece of ground. "A ghiarden plot." A bed in a garden.

Plough. A wagon is mostly called a *plough* in the Vale of Blackmore, where the English *plough*, *Aratrum*, is a *zull*, the Anglo-Saxon *Syl*.

- Ply. To bend. “Is your lag a-broke.” “No, only a little a-plied,” is an answer attributed to a rustic by a Dorset jest.
- Pockfretten (*pock* and *fret*, to eat.) Marked by small-pox. “Like as it were a moth *fretting* (eating) a garment.”—*Psalm 39*.
- Pollard (poll, to shear). A tree having its head polled or shorn off. “They shall only *poll* their heads.”—*Ezekiel 44, 20*.
- Ponted. Tainted. “Theōs fish is a-ponted.”
- Pook. (See Hâymiakén.)
- Poples or Popplestuones. A. S. Popol-stanas. Pebbles.
- Pot. A stick with a hemisphere of wicker work on it as a shield in cudgelplaying.
- Pot or Putt. A dungpot or dungputt. A kind of broad-wheeled dung cart that tips to shoot the dung.
- Potlid. A. S. Hlid, a cover. “He to-awylte mycelne stan to hlide þere byrgene.”—*Matt. 27, 60*.
- Prog. Food.
- Proud-flesh. An indolent ulcer; an excrescence of unhealthy flesh from a sore.
- Pud. A hand. “Gi'e's a pud.”
- Pummel-vooted. French, Pomme, an apple. Club-footed. *Oδιπούς*.
- Pummy, Pummice. F. Pomme, an apple. The dry substance of apples after the cider is expressed from it.

Pur. To make the low noise of a cat.

Pure. A. S. Púr, sound. Quite well. "How b'ye?" "Pure, thenk ye."

Pur lam'. A. S. Púrlamb. A sound male lamb as in *Exodus* 12, 5.

Push in. (See Hâymiakèn.)

Put up. To stop for refreshment or take board or bed at an Inn, "Wher d'ye put up?" "At the Bell." This expression, like its equivalent in some other languages, is elliptic; and means to *put up* a horse or goods or what else may be committed to the innkeeper. In Greek we have καταλυω, to take down "the burdens," as in the East the word "munzel" an inn, is from the Arabic root *nazala*, to *take down*.

Put up wi'. To bear patiently. "To put wi' any thing" is a figurative application of the expression "To put up" at an inn, and means to be so far reconciled to it as to abide along with it. "Who's to put up wi' your fancies?"

Puxy. A miry or boggy place.

Pyér. (See Piér.) Pyer and lug; a rude bridge over a ditch consisting of a pole (lug) to walk on, and a handrail (pyér).

Q

- Quaddle. To make limp or flabby, or shrivelled.
- Quag. A. S. Cwacian, to shake. A quagmire which shakes when walked on.
- “ Continuall colde and gastly feare possesse this queachie plot.”—*Ovid's Metamorph.*
- Quar. A stone quarry.
- Quarrel. French, Quarré. A windowpane.
- Quarterevil or Quartere'il. A disease of sheep. A corruption of the blood.
- Quickzet hedge. A. S. Cuic, living. A planted living hedge in distinction from a dead fence.
- “ Might see the moving of some *quicke*.”—*Spencer's Shepherd's Calendar.*
- Quine. French, Coin. The corner of a wall.
- Quirk. To emit the breath forcibly after retaining it in violent exertion.

R

- Räft. To rouse or excite one when going to sleep or dying, or to irritate beast. “ The cow's a-rafted. Tiake kiare.”
- Räfty. Rancid. “ Rafty biacon.”
- Rag. A. S. Wregan, to accuse. To scold, to accuse with bitter words. “ Of þam þe ge hine wregas.” —*Luke 23, 14.*

- Rammil. Rawmilk, applied to cheese, made of raw unskimmed milk.
- Ramsans. Broadleaved garlic, *Allium ursinum*. The ramesan in Anglo-Saxon was the buckthorn.
- Ram's clās. The stalks and stalkroots of the Creeping crowfoot, *Ranunculus repens*.
- Ran or Run. The hank of a string.
- Randy. A merrymaking, an uproar.
- Ramshackle. A. S. Reäm, a ligament, and sceacan to shake. Disjointed and loose, rickety.
- Rangle. To wind like trailing or climbing plants.
- Rap. To barter, to exchange articles. "I've a-rapped awoy the hoss."
- Ratch. A. S. Ræcan. To stretch.
- Rate. A. S. Wregan, to accuse. To scold, to accuse. "þæt hig wrehton hyne."—*Mat. 12, 10.*
"And foule y-rebuked
And a-rated of rich men."—*Piers Plowman*.
- Rathe. A. S. Hraðe. Soon, early. Thence "Rathripe" the name of an apple.
"Sometime more rathe thou risest in the east."
—*Ovid's Metamorph.*
- Rây. (22) To array, to dress.
- Râyèn zieve. A sieve used chiefly in cleansing clover.
- Rēad. (20) A. S. Hreddan, to rid, to pull. To rēad inwards is to strip them of their fat, &c.
- Rēad. (20) The fourth stomach of ruminant animals. The masticated food of ruminant animals

passes into the first stomach—*paunch*—and second—*honeycuombbag*—where it is formed into cuds and sent back to the mouth to be chewed again. The third stomach to which it next goes down is in Dorset the *fadge*, from which it goes on to the *read*, or fourth. These last words are further examples of the fullness of the rustic dialect where English is defective; for in an English translation of Cuvier's "Animal Kingdom," the *fadge*, for want of an English name as it is fair to believe, is called by its French one, the *feuillet*, or bookleaf, from its dissepiments which are like the leaves of a book; and the *read* is given as the *caillette*. A calf's *read* salted in water is used to curdle milk.

Rēad. (20) A. S. Rædan, to guess. "I can rēad your thoughts."

Rēadship. (20) A. S. Rædan, to regulate or settle. A rule by which one may act or a truth to which one may trust. "You've a-put the knives across. We shall quarrel." "Ah! ther idden much *readship* in that."

Reamy. (20) A. S. Ream, a film. Filmy or stringy, spoken of slack bread.

Reän. (19) Danish, Rane, to snatch away. To eat up greedily. "The hosses da reän in the vatches."

Reaphook. A sickle.

Rear. A. S. Rærان. To raise, to rouse, to excite.

- " You'll rear the weather" is sometimes said to one who for a wonder comes into the hayfield.
- Rēds. Red tints in the east or west. "The reds da show." Also, blushes.
- Rēēd. (20) Wheat straw drawn for thatching.
- Rēēdholder. (20) A thatcher's tool; a bow fastened to the roof to hold his reed.
- Reelly. To dance reels.
- Reel. "A trenchēn reel." A reel to wind a trenching line upon.
- Reer or Rare. A. S. Hrere. Underdone, as meat.
- Renge. A. S. Rennan, to run or flow. A hair sieve for flour or liquor to run through.
- Reremouse. A. S. Hreremus. A bat.
- Riake or Riaky. (21) "To riake a'ter plough," to rake after the wagon at loading in the hayfield.
- Riake in. (21) (See Hāyniakèn.)
- Riames. A. S. Ream, a ligament. A skeleton, the frame or ligaments of anything.
- Riaves. (21) (See Liades.) The ladderlike framework attached to the sides of a wagon to uphold the load extended laterally over the wheels. The riaves are propped by *strouters* (see Strout) or stretchers.
- Rick. A. S. Hreac or hrīcg, a pinnacle. A stack or mow with a pointed top. "Gesette hine ofer þes temple's hrīcg."—*Luke* 4, 9.

Rick-cloth. A large sheet to put over an unfinished rick in rain.

Riddle. A. S. Hriddel. A kind of coarse sieve.

"Satanas gyrnde þet he eow *hridrodē* swā swā hwæte."—*Luke 22, 31.*

Rid out a hedge. To cut off unnecessary wood in laying a hedge.

Ride. To be angry when teased or jeered. "I miade en ride."

Riff-raff. (See Art. 58.)

Rig. To climb in play or wantonness. "Zit down a-riggèn about zoo."

Rig. Part of a cider-harness. "Cider from the rig," before it is put into cask.

Rights. A right state. "To put to rights" is to mend or repair.

Rimer, (from *rime*, a hole.) A tool for enlarging screw holes in metal.

Rine. (30) Rind.

— "The gray moss marred his ryne."—*Spencer's Shepherd's Calendar.*

Rise. To raise, to get.

Rivelled. Shrivelled.

— "She cast
Her old wive's *riveded* shape away."—*Ovid's Metamorph.*

Rix. A. S. Rics, a rush or reed. To twine in reeds, rushes, furze, &c.

Robinhood. The red campion, *Lychnus sylvestris*, and the Ragged Robin, *Lychnus flos cuculi*.

Roll-er. (See Hāymiakēn.) Roll-er also means a cylinder of wool. When wool was handcarded the quantity carded at once was rolled off the receiving card by a reversed action of the working one into a cylinder which was called a roll-er ; from the weakness of which originated the expression "as weak as a roll-er."

Rong. The step of a ladder.

Rottlepenny. The yellow rattle, *Rhinanthus*.

Rottletreaps. Rickety old household goods, &c.

Roughcast or Roūcast. To cover walls, particularly mud walls, with roughcast, a composition of sand, mortar, grit, &c.

Roughleaf. A true leaf of a plant in distinction from its seed leaves or *cotyledons*. When its first true leaves are out, it is said to be "out in rough leaf."

Rounders. A boys' game at balls.

Rout. A rut.

Rubble, (from *rub*.) Small coal, brick, or other stuff broken by attrition.

Rudder or Ruddle. (See riddle.)

Ruddern or Ruthern Sieve. A. S. *Hrūðan*, to sift.
A sieve for cleaning wheat.

Rudge-tie. A chain lying over the ridge tree to hold up the shafts of a wagon or cart.

Ruf. A. S. *Hrof*. A roof.

Rundlewood. The small sticks from the head of an oak tree ripped of bark. The larger ones are called *Lagwood*.

Rundown. To deprecate, to find fault with, to speak ill of. The Dorset dialect often affords excellent examples of *running down*, particularly of work; not from the ill nature of its speakers but from a wish to show their own discrimination. The following specimens are from life:

"Well, what d'ye think o' the new waggon? Why the vust *thing* I da vine fate wi' is the drâts: tha be too crooked; an' the tugirons be a-put in muore than dree inches too vur back. An'jis' look here where the rudgetie an' breechén rings be. Why nar a carter in the wordle cān't put a hoss in to en. I don't cal the head an' tâil a-put out o' han' well. They be a-pâinted noo-how. Why 'e woont bear hafe a luoad; tha've a-miade en o' green stuff a-shook al to pieces. The vust time 'e's a-haled out in the zun e'l come al abrode. The strongest *thing* I da zee about en is the mânpin, an' he is too big by hafe." And so on.

"What did ye gi'e var thêy vish? Two-pence a-piece. Lar! how dear tha be. Why I wooden gi'e a penny var the lot. Why tha be a-ponted an' a-squotted al to pieces: tha woont keep till to-marra."

S

Sack. (See Zack.)

Saassy or Sassy. (24) Saucy.

Sar. (40) To serve.

Sarrer. Sorrow. "Ge-edniwod his ealde sar," renewed his old sorrow.—*Apollonius of Tyre*.

Sate. (24, 62) Soft.

Satepoll. A silly person, a softpoll. To say one has a soft poll is in Blackmore the same as asserting that he has a weak mind. The good folk of Blackmore must themselves answer phrenologists for putting the intellectual organs behind.

Sây. (22) An essay, a trial. "Oone sây, two sây, dree an' awoy."

Scaly. Stingy, niggardly.

Scoop or Scoopèns. Scopelaw: space given one in running against him.

Scotch. To notch or nick, or cut.

Scrag. A crooked forked branch of a tree.

Scraggle. To walk with difficulty, bending out the legs like scraggs. "'E can hardly scraggle about."

Scraggy. Having many scraggs.

Scram. A. S. Scrimman, to dry up, wither. Distorted, awkward. "How scram ya da handle it."

Scroff. Small bits of wood under trees, or leavings under piles or from faggots.

Scrounch or Scrunch. To crush with an audible sound. "The dog da scrunch the buone."

- Scud. A. S. Scad, a shadow? A short slight shower from a flying cloud, a passing shower as it were.
- Scuff. A. S. Scufan, to shove. To strike the foot along the floor or ground after putting it down in walking, like one slipshod.
- Scuoce. To barter or exchange.
- Sew. (See *A-zew.*)
- Settle. A. S. Setl, a seat. A long seat with a high plank back.
- Shab. A. S. Sceab, a scab. The itch, applied to brutes: and thence *shabby* as applied to a man.
- Sheäkes. (19) "Noo girt sheäkes." No great things, nothing to brag of.
- Shale. To take off the shell; as to shale beans or nuts.
- Shambles. A. S. Sceamel, a stool or bench. Butchers' benches or stalls. "Heo ys hys fot-scamul."—*Matt. 5, 35.* Thence the *shambles*, flat rocks like a bench, off Portland.
- Shard. A. S. Sceard. A broken piece or a breach; as a panshard, a piece of broken pan; or a *shard* or small breach in a hedge. (See Gap.)
- Shark or Shurk off. To sneak off softly from shame or an apprehension of danger.
- Sharps. The shafts of a cart or other carriage.
- Shatter. A. S. Sceotan, to shoot? To drop accidentally small quantities, as of hay or other loose stuff.

Shear. A. S. *Sceare*. A ploughshare.

Shearēn-knife. A thatcher's tool for shearing the roof.

Sheen. (23) To shine.

Sheeted. A sheeted cow is one having a white band like a sheet round her body.

Shift. A chemise, a change of linen.

Shuttle exe. A timber of a wagon taking the summers.

Shock of corn. A cone of sheaves with one on its apex to shoot the wet.

Shont. (62) Shall not.

Shook. Split, as wood by shrinking.

Shotten. (51, 62) Shalt not.

Shroud. A. S. *Screadan*. To lop or prune the heads—shrouds—of timber trees. “With a shadowing shroud.”—*Ezekiel 31, 3*.

Shram. A. S. *Scrimman*, to dry up, wither. To benumb with cold.

Shrocrop. A. S. *Screawe*. The shrew mouse. It is thought in some parts of Dorset that if it run over one's foot it will make one lame.

Shrovye, (from *shrew*, to confess.) “To goo a-shroven” is to go begging at Shrovetide.

Shut off. “To shut off work,” to leave off work. Compare the Latin *concludo*, to shut up.

Shut. To join, as to weld two pieces of iron, or connect two pieces of wood.

"Siave the hây." "To siave the hây wi' the maidens," is cover them over with hay in play. Sight. "Sich a zight o' vo'ke," or any thing else, means such a *number* or *quantity*.

Silgreen. A. S. Sel, a dwelling or house, and green. Houseleek, *Sempervivum*. Its leaves are thought to be cooling, and are used with cream for eruptions.

Sives. Chive, garlic, *Allium schenoprasum*, used as a potherb.

Sive. (See Sneäd.)

Skent. Applied to cattle, to be relaxed in the bowels. Skew-whiff. A-skew and the A. S. Hwealf, bending.

A-skew, distorted, a-skant.

Skicer. A lamb which runs itself to death from excess of energy.

Skiff. Distorted, awkward, skiffhanded, having a distorted hand, *scevola*.

Skillèn. (42) A. S. Scyldan, to protect. A pent-house, a shed.

Skim or Skimmy. To mow the bunches of rank grass in a summerleaze.

Skittles. (See Art. 58.)

Skiver. A skewer.

Skiver-wood. Dogwood, *Cornus sanguinea*, of which skewers are made.

Skram. (See Scram.)

- Skurrik.** A. S. *Scearan*, to cut or divide. A small part. "Every skurrik ō't." Every bit, every farthing of it.
- Slāit.** (22) A. S. *Slæd*, a plain or open land. A sheepslāit, a sheep plain or down, a sheepleaze.
- Slat.** A. S. *Slat*, past tense of *slitan*. To split or crack.
- Slent** (most likely from the root *slit* by the insertion of *n.*) To tear as linen. Also, a slit.
- Slice.** A broad shorthanded firepan for wood fires.
- Slim.** Sly, scowling.
- Slip.** A cord or chain to fasten a cow's neck to the tying in a stall.
- Slips.** Young pigs running loose. Those somewhat older are *hard slips*; and others nearly fullgrown, *storepigs*.
- Slommakēn.** (42) Dirty or slatternly.
- Sloo.** A. S. *Sla*. A sloe.
- Sloo of a horn.** The inner bony prominence from the skull, or quick part of a cow's horn, which bleeds when broken.
- Slooworm.** A. S. *Slaw*, and *Wyrm*. The slow worm or blind worm.
- Sluck-a-bed.** A. S. *Slæc*, Slow, dull. A sluggard.
- Sluggard's guise.** A sluggard's manner.
"Sluggard's guise,
Luoth to goo to bed, an' luoth to rise."
- Smām.** (24) To smear.

- Smash (the same as *mash*.) To beat up small into one mass.
- Smitch or Smeech. A. S. Smic, smoke. Fine dust stirred up in a room or in a road.
- Smoor or Smudge. A. S. Smerian. To smear.
- Snabble. To eat up hastily or greedily.
- Snacks. "To goo snacks." To be partners, to share gains.
- Snags. Stnmps, as "snags o' teeth." Thence the snags or stumps of trees sticking up in the rivers of America.
- Snags. The fruit of a species of black thorn, smaller than sloes.
- Snappèn tonga. A game of forfeits. Those playing it stand up in a room in which are seats for all but one of them, and when the tongues are snapped all run to sit down, and the one that fails to get a seat pays a forfeit.
- Sneäd. (19) A. S. Snæd. The pole of a scythe, in Dorset *zive* or *size*. The scythe is fixed to the sneäd by a projection or *steart* that goes into a socket and a ring—*king ring*—and wedges—*king wedges*. Upon the sneäd are two short crooked handles—*tugs* or *tinestocks*. That part of the blade nearest the snead is its *heel*.
- Snipper-snapper. (59)
- Snötch. To speak or breathe hardly through the nose.

- Snock. A knock, a short sound of a sudden blow.
- Snoff. A candle snuff; also, the eye of an apple, the dead tips of the sepals.
- Snooze. To doze.
- Sog. A. S. Socian, to soak. To saturate or loosen with wet; spoken of land or a road.
- Solid. Solid; also serious or gentle, as "She da look solid." "Come solid, goo sassy."
- Sooner. A spirit, a ghost.
- Sō's. (62) Souls, meaning folks or men in distinction from brutes. "O sō's." O folks! equal to the Greek $\delta\alpha\mu\delta\pi\epsilon\varsigma$.
- Sowel or Sole. A stake such as is driven into ground to fasten up hurdles to.
- Span new. "Spick an' span new." Quite new, wholly new.
- Spars. A. S. Spere, a spear or sharp body. Sharp sticks usually of withy or hazel twisted in the middle and bent, fastening down thatch.
- Spagads. Gads or sticks to be split up into spars.
- Sparhook. A small hook for making or cutting spars.
- Spark-èd. A. S. Spearca, a spark. Speckled or spotted, or marked with white spots.
- Spây. (22) To castrate a female animal.
- Speák an'diab. Spike and dab. A wall of hurdle work plastered over with mortar.
- Spet. To spit. "Spets on his napkin."—*Scoloker's Diaphanthus*, 1604. *Gent. Mag. Sept. 1841.*

Spiarde. A spade. The stem of a spade is called the *tree*, and the cross handle on its top the *critch*—crutch—as the Italian *croce*—a cross; which it makes with the tree.

Spik. Lavender.

Spit. A. S. Spad, a spade. As much as is turned at once by a spade in digging.

Spitter. A. S. Spitu, a spit or spear, (or from spit.) A dockspitter or thistlespitter, a tool to cut up docks or thistles with.

Splây. (22) Diverging or spreading. “Splây-handed,” having large spreading hands.

Sprack. Lively, active.

Spreader. (See Stratcher.)

Sprêthe. (20) To chap. “My lips be a-sprêthed.”

Sprigs. Large nails.

Spring. Of the trying weather of the spring months it is said

“ March 'ull sarch, YApril 'ull try
MÂy 'ull tell ye if you'll live ar die.”

Spry. Strong of muscle, of light and nimble bodily motion.

Spuddle. A. S. Spad, a spade. To dig slightly and incontinuously. “To spuddle tiaties.” To turn up ground out of which potatoes have been dug to find left ones.

Spur. “To spur dung,” is to throw it abroad from the heaps left by the dung putt.

- Squail. To throw stones or other missiles at birds or other things.
- Squot. To flatten by a blow.
- Staddle. A. S. Staðol. A wooden framework or a bed of boughs upon which a rick is made so as not to touch the ground.
- Staddlèn. Stuff to make a staddle.
- Staggers. The giddiness in sheep occasioned by a worm in its brain, the *Cænurus cerebralis*.
- Stairvoot. The bottom of the stairs.
- Stall. A cowstall or cribhouse, in which bullocks are fed, being fastened by loose *slips* round their necks to—*tyēns*—upright poles behind the cribs. They are sometimes served from behind, and sometimes from a passage—*forestall*—running on before the cribs.
- Stan' to. “To stan' to a chile,” to be sponsor.
“To stan' to an assertion,” to insist on it. (12)
- Starry. (25) A story.
- Stēan. (19) A. S. Stæn. To pave or furnish with stones.
- Stēan. A. S. Stæn, a stone. An old cheese press consisted of a frame with a shelf upon which the vat (*viat*) was put. The cover of the vat was the *vollier*, which was wrung down upon the cheese by a large box of stones called the *stēan*.
- Steärt. A. S. Steort. An extremity or a sharp point

Stem. The handle of a pick or rake ; also, a period of time. "Hie hæfdon hiora stemn gesetenne." They had their time set.—*Saxon Chron.*

Stick's end. The unburnt end of a stick from the fire.

Stick. A tree is often called a stick. "That's a fine stick."

Stirrup-ladder. A thatcher's short ladder holding to the roof with spikes.

Stitch, from *stick*. (See Streech.) Two rows of sheaves stuck up in the field, top to top.

Stocky. Thick of growth.

Stocks of a churn or winnowing machine. The frame or stand upon which it is put.

Stomachy. Highminded when insulted.

Stools. The roots of copse or hedgewood cut down nearly to the ground.

Stoor. To stir as a liquid.

Store pig. (See Slips.)

Stout. A. S. Stut. The gadfly.

Strämote. A stalk of grass.

Stratcher (18) or Spreader. A stick to keep out the traces from the horses' legs.

Stræk (19) One strip of the bond of a wheel.

Streech (from *strike*.) The space taken in at one striking of the rake. *Streech measure* is that in which a straight stick is struck over the top of the vessel. *Streech* belongs to a class of English nouns formed from verbs by turning the hard

sound *k* into the soft one of *ch*, as *batch* from *bake*; *watch* from *wake*; *speech* from *speak*.

Stubberds. A kind of apple.

Stumpy or Stump. To walk with short firm steps as a short stout person.

Suent. Smooth, even.

Sumple. Supple.

Swây. (22) To swing slowly from side to side.

Swêle. (20) To scorch. (See Zwêal.)

Swipes. Very thin beer.

Switheart. A lover.

Swig. To suck.

Swop. To barter or exchange.

Sword of a dungputt. An upright bar with holes for a pin by which the put is set to any pitch for shooting dung.

T

Tack. A shelf.

Tacker. A shoemaker's waxed thread.

Tackle. To manage, to cope with, to undertake.
“I could tackle he any dæ.” “I could tackle
a pint o’ beer.”

Taffety. Dainty or nice of food, of delicate and discriminating appetite.

Tailèn. (22, 42) Refuse small corn driven farthest from the middle of the heap, to the tail of it,

- in winnowing. Not fit for the market but mostly used by the farmer at home.
- Tait. (22) A. S. Tihtan, to draw. To play at see saw in which one draws up the other.
- Tallet. A hayloft over a stable.
- Tantrum. A paroxysm of anger, a fit of excitement.
- Tap. The sole of a shoe.
- Tarble, Tarblish. Tolerable, pretty well. "How b'y'e?" "Tarblish."
- Tardle. To entangle.
- Taw. The marble with which a boy shoots.
- Teärt or Tert. A. S. Teart. Sharp, severe. "A teärt miaster." "A teärt cheese," a sharp or stinging cheese.
- Ted. (See Håymiakèn.)
- Teg. A young sheep.
- Tet or Tetty. A teat or nipple of a breast or udder.
- Teethed or Toothed. A two-teethed or two-toothed sheep, one of a year old. A fourteethed sheep one of two years old, and so on; as ruminant animals have incisors only in the lower jaw antagonising with a hard pad on the upper one, and get two every year, up to six incisors and two canines.
- Tharns. (38, 25) Thorns. "To stan' upon tharns." To be very impatient or uneasy.
— "She stood on thornes untill she went to him."
Ovid's Metamorph.

Thereright. A. S. þær-rihte. Immediately without leaving the place, equal to the French *Sur le champ*. "And hig þær-rihte forleton heora net."—*Matt. 4, 20.*

Theōsum. (47) These.

Thik. (47) That.

Thickēd milk. Milk thickened with flour and boiled.

Thiller. (38) A. S. þil, a shaft. The shaft or wheel horse of a team. (See Hoss.)

Thillharness. (38) The harness of the *thiller*.

Thirtauver. (38) Perverse, morose. "So overtwart as this."—*Poems of the Duke of Orleans.*

Thisslespitter same as dockspitter.

Thoroughpole. (See Wagon.)

Tiake. (21) To take, to win, to captivate.

'*Tiakēn.* (21) Attractive, winning, captivating.

Tiakēn. (21) A taking, a being takeu off by passion. So *rapture*, a being borne away by feeling is from the Latin *rapio*, to snatch away.

To *tiake a'ter.* To become like in body or mind. "He da *tiake a'ter* his fāther."

Tiake var. (21) An ellipsis for "To take a direction for" a place. "The hiare took var the copse."

Tiaties. Potatoes. "To show oones tiaties." To show ones heels through holes in ones stockings.

Tiave. To exert oneself violently. To struggle or move ones limbs with great energy. "The chile did *tiave* zoo to goo to his mother."

- Tidy. Neat, having everything done at its right time. From the A. S. *tid*, time.
- Tiers or Tyers. Two persons who *tie*, that is who count equal in a game.
- Tig. (See Ditter.)
- Tile. A. S. *Tilian*, to prepare. To set a trap.
- Tileshard. A piece of broken shard. (See Panshard.)
“A tylesherd made it even.”—*Ovid's Metamor.*
- Tilty. Irritable, of warm temper.
- Timmersome. Timorous.
- Tines or Tiëns. A. S. *Tindas*. The teeth of a harrow.
- Tinestocks. (See Sneäd.)
- Tinker. To mend or construct clumsily. “I tin-kered it up so well's I could.”
- Tip. “To tip a rick,” to make its top conical and sharp so as to shoot the wet, by raking and pulling loose hay from its side and undercutting it and putting the hay gotten from these operations on the top. To tip a putt or cart is to raise its head so as to shoot out its contents.
- Tire of a wheel. The iron bond of it in one, not in *streaks*.
- Tisty-tosty. (59) A child's tossball of cowslips.
- To, is oddly used in Dorset with *where*. “*Where d'ye bide to?*” “*Where is it to?*”
- Toddle. To walk with short tripping steps like a child, to walk off.

To-do. A bustle, an uproar : an affaire, a synonym of *affair* “*un à faire*” French, or “*a fare*” in Italian, a *Todo*.

Toft. A roof. A man who has neither house nor land is said to have neither “toft nor croft.”

Tole. To entice, to allure. “Meate tollde in meate.”
—*Ovid's Metamorph.*

Took to. One is said to be *a-took to*, when he has met with a match for him ; or when he is stopped by an insuperable power. “He’s a-took to at läste, then.”

Tooty. (52) To cry in a low broken sound like a child beginning to cry.

Tope. To drink in long draughts.

Torrididdle. Bewildered, distracted in mind, out of ones senses. “Ya’ll dreve me torriddle.”

T’other and T’otherum. (62) The other and the others.

Touchy (from *touch.*) Very irritable or sensitive, impatient of being even touched. In that mind that would give the well-known warning “*Noli me tangere.*”

Touse. A very slight blow with the hand. “I jis’ gi’ed en a touse in the head : that s al.”

To-year. This year. Used like to-day, to-night, to-morrow.

Track. Right course, order. “To get things into track.”

Tramp or Tramper. A vagabond.

Trant (24) Trānty (52) To carry goods as a common carrier in a wagon or cart.

Tranter. A common carrier.

Trap. A game at balls.

Trapbittle. (58) A bat for playing trap.

Traps. Goods, tools, or so on.

Tree. (See Spiarde.)

Trendle. A. S. Trendel, a circle or round body. A shallow tub. "Wunderlic trendel wearð ateowed abutan þare sunnan." A wonderful circle was seen about the sun.—*Chronicle* 806. This word is sometimes wrongly spelt *trendal* in handbills. Thence trundle, to roll like a circle. "Atrendlod of þam torre." Rolled from the high rock.—*Boethius*.

Triade. Trash, unwholesome sweetmeats. "You'll be bad, a-éatén sich triade."

Trig. To prop or hold up. "Trig the door," or "Trig the wheel."

Trig. Sound and firm.

Trim. A. S. Trymian, to set right, to dispose. A right state. "To keep oone in trim," is to keep one in correct behaviour or a good state. Thence to *trim* a boat; to balance it or set it in a right position. "Getrymede his folc." Disposed his folk.—*Orosius* 4, 10.

Trip. A culvert over a ditch or small watercourse.

- Truckle. To trundle. (See Trendle.)
- Tuck in. To eat in voraciously.
- Tugiron of shafts. An iron on the shafts to hitch the traces to. Same as *drásl*. (See Wagon.)
- Tuèn. A tune.
- Tuly or Tuny. Small and weakly, spoken of a child or plant.
- Tump. Welsh, Twmp. A very small hillock or mound.
- Tun. A. S. Tun, a tower. The chimney top from the ridge of the house.
- Tunniger. A funnel for tunning liquor.
- Tuoad's meat. Toadstool.
- Tup. A wether.
- Turk. A *turk* of a thing is an intensive expression meaning a big or formidable one of its kind.
“There’s a turk of a rat.”
- Turmit. A turnip.
- Tussle. A struggle or contest with another.
- Tut. To do work by the *tut* is by the *piece* or lump, not by the day.
- Tutty. A nosegay, a bunch of flowers.
“And Primula she takes the *tutty* there.”—*Certiudo's Caltha Poetarum*, 1599.
- Tuost an’ yal. Toast and ale.
- Turnauver in oon’s mind. To weigh, to deliberate upon.
— “Multa secum ipse
Volvens.”—*Sallust. Cataline*, 32.
- Twite. A. S. Tibthan. To reproach, to twit.
- Tyèn. (See Stall.)

U

- Underhan'.** Not fair and open.
Ungàinly. A. S. *Ungenge*. Inconvenient, unhandy, clumsy.
Unhèle. To uncover. (See *Hèle*.)
Unrày. To undress. (See *Rây*.)
Up-on-end. Perpendicular.
Uppènstock. A horseblock, a large block fastened into the ground and cut out in steps to get on horseback from.
Upseedown, Upaidown. Overturned.
Upzides wi'. Even with, having given one tit for tat.
Use. Usury, interest paid for the use of money.
 "He got money out at use."

V

- Val.** (31) Fall. "To val out." To quarrel. "See that ye fall not out by the way."—*Gen. 45, 24*. Also, to happen, as *incido* from *in* and *cado*, to fall in, means to happen in Latin. "To val away." To lose flesh, to become emaciated.
Vallee. Value.
Van (31) of a winnowing machine. The winnowing sheet.
Vang. German, *Fangen*, to take. To earn.
Var. (31) For.

- Vēag. (19) A. S. Fægð, Vengeance. A paroxysm of anger. "He went off in sich a vēag."
- Vell. (31) To fell, to sew down a seam joining two pieces of stuff.
- Vell. (31) A. S. Fell, a skin. A skin or a film, such as one growing over the eye. "I ca'n't see vell nar mark o't." I can see no traces of it. An expression which seems first to have been spoken of lost sheep or cattle.
- Vess. (35) A verse. "To vessy," to read verses in turn.
- Vetch. (31) "To vetch the water." To throw water into a pump with a leaky piston so as to seal it and make it act.
- Viare. (31, 21) A. S. Faru, a family or generation. A farrow or litter of pigs. Also, to farrow.
- Viaries' fiazen or Viaries' hearts. (31) Fossil *echini* common in the chalk and gravel formations of Dorset, and thought to be the heads or hearts of fairies.
- Viaryring. (31) A fairyring. The belief in fairies, one of the most poetical and beautiful of superstitions, still lingers in the west. In Somerset haws are *pixy pears* or fairy pears, a name which does not violate botanical classification, since the hawthorn is of the pear tribe; and toadstools are *pixystools* or fairystools; for as they enrich the soil and bring the fairyring by rotting down after they have seeded outward

from its centre, so that the ring of actual fungi is outside of the fairyring; it was natural for those who believed the ring to be brought by the dancing of fairies, to guess that the fungi were stools upon which they sat down when tired. The fungus is one of the beneficent natural agents in enriching the soil for grass plants. An agricultural friend told the author that on breaking up some fairyrings they were afterwards shown in greener and ranker circles of wheat as they would have been in grass.

Viat (31) A. S. Fæt. A cheese vat. The A. S. Fæt seems to have been applied to many kinds of vessel "Stænene wæter-fatu." Stone water-pots.—*John* 2, 6. "Leoht-fæt." A light-vessel or lamp.—*Matt.* 5, 15. "Ar-fæt." A brazen vessel.—*Mark* 7, 4.

Villet. (31) Fillet. A cloth put round a cheese in vat.

Vine. (31, 30) To find.

Vinny or Vinnied. (31) A. S. Finnie, mouldy; from the A. S. *fenn*, wetness. Mouldy or mil-dewy from damp. "Finie hlafas." Mouldy loaves.—*Josh.* 9, 5. "The stuones be vinny." The stones are damp from condensed vapor. "Blue vinny or vinnied cheese." Blue mouldy Dorset cheese.

Vire new. (See Span-new.)

Vitty. (31) Fitly, properly, neatly.

Vlail. (31) (See Drashel.)

- Vlanker. A flake of fire.
- Vlee. (31) To fly.
- Vleshvlee. (31) The blowfly, *Musca Vomitoria*.
- Vliare. (21, 31) To flare, to stream out like hair in the wind.
“With *flaring* haire unkempt.”—*Ovid's Meta*.
- Vlocks. (31) Knobs of wool in a bed.
- Voody, (from *food*.) Like food, with a good appetite. “The hosses da eat in ther hay voody.”
- Vo'ke. (62) Folk.
- Vollier. (See Steän.)
- Volly. (31) To follow.
- Vortright. (31) Going *right* forward without thinking of consequences or seemliness. “A girt vortright feller.”
- Vowel. A. S. Fell, a skin? The placenta or after-birth of a cow.
- Vower. (31) Four. “Mid *feower* and hund scipum.” With a hundred and four ships.—*Saxon Chron.* 994.
- Vuddicks. Qre. if Fatox? A coarse fat woman.
- Vuoth. (31, 35) Forth. An exit, a way out in opposition to obstacles. “Water 'ull have its vuoth.”
- Vur. (31) Far; vurder, farther.
- Vurrer, Vurra. (27) A furrow.
- Vust. (31, 35) First.
- Vuz. (31, 35) Furze. Vuzzzen, furzes.

W

Wad. A large folded wisp, as of hay or straw.

Wag. A. S. Wegan. To stir, to move. "Windle a-weged bread?"—*Matt. 11, 7.*

Wagon. To show the Dorset names of the chief parts of a wagon, it may be well to say that its axles are *exes*. (See *Exe*.) The bottom (*bed*) of the wagon consists of planks on (*shoots*) strips reaching from side to side through mortises in timbers (*summers*) lying from end to end, over a *bearing pillar* on the hinder axle and on two pillars (*the hanging pillar and carriage pillar*) bearing on the fore axle. The fore axle is connected with the hinder one by a *thoroughpole*, the fore end of which has a free motion on a pin (*the mainpin*) which takes it with the two pillars and fore axle, and its hinder end, reaching through the hinder axle, is connected by a *tail bolt* with the *shuttle-exe* that takes the hinder end of the summers and the tailboard. A parallelogram of timbers is fixed on the fore axle to take the shafts (*drats* or *sharps*), the hinder end of which is the *sweep*, and the sides of which are called *guides*, and on them are set the slides or fellypieces which bear the pillars when the wagon locks. The sides and *raves* are propped by brackets called *strouters*, or stretchers. The *sharps* (shafts) have in them three pairs of

staples the *drâils* or *stiaples* to draw by with a chain from the collar, the *ridgetie stiaples* to take the ridgetie passing over the *cart-tree* on the *thiller's* back, and keeping up the shafts; and the *breechén stiaple* to take the breeching.

Wagwanton (from *wag* and *wanton.*) Quaking grass, *Briza*.

Warne. A. S. Warnian. To warne. “The clock da warne var twelve.” “He's a-warn'd out of his house.”

Warnd, Warndy. To warrant.

Washdish. Same as Dishwasher.

Wanliass. The windlass of a cider press.

Wàyzalt. A children's game in which two, locking their arms in each other back to back, alternately lift each other from the ground.

Wēase. A wisp of hay or straw to suckle a calf with, one end of it being put into milk.

Weed. “Bit o' weed.” Bit of tobacco.

Weir or Ware. A. S. *Wær*, a pond. The deep water above a hatch, a bay.

Well-to-do. In easy circumstances.

Welshnut. A walnut. The affixes *Welsh* and *Wal* are both from the Anglo-Saxon *Wenlas*, the Welsh; (British) or *Weallisc*, British or foreign; which seems to show that the walnut was unknown to the Anglo-Saxons till they came to Britain.

Werrit. To worry, to tease.

Wer. (49)

Wey an' bodkins. A set of spreaders for hitching two horses to the same part of a sull or harrow. The first, the *Wey*, is fastened at its middle to the plough or harrow by a *cops*, (an iron bow with a free joint,) and the *bodkins* are connected by a crook on their middle to *clipses* on the two ends of the wey, and have the *traces* hitched by clipses to their own ends. They are sometimes called *whippences*, and by coachmen simply *bars*.

Whack. A smart close blow.

Whindlēn. A. S. Hwæne, a little? Small and weakly. Spoken of a child or a plant growing in the shade.

Whicker. To neigh as a horse.

Whur. A. S. Wurpan. To fling overhanded.

Whips-fakkets. Faggots made of the tips of wood cut off in hurdle making.

“ Whippens, whoppens, hafe a grate (grote) want twopence.” Nothing but blows, more kicks than halfpence.

Whittle. A. S. Hwitel, pallium. A child's woollen napkin.

Whiver. To hover.

Whiz. To go through the air swiftly with a noise.

Wi' (pronounced *wee.*) With.

Wiale. (See Hâymiakèn.)

Wych-elem. (32) The broadleaved elm, *Ulmus montana*.

Wik's end. Week's end. Saturday night.

Willy basket. A. S. Wilie. A large withy basket
“Twelf wilian fulle.” Twelve baskets full.—
Mark 6, 43.

Willy-nilly. (59) Willing or not. *Nolens volens.*
Wim. To winnow corn.

Wimsheet. The fan or winnowing sheet.

Windmow. A mow of wheat sheaves in the field.

Wink. (39) A winch or crank.

With. A. S. Wiðe. A band or loop of twisted
withy or hazel.

Withwind. A. S. Wið, about; and *windan*, to
wind. The *convolvulus*.

Withy. A. S. Wiðig. A willow.

Woblet. The handle of a hay knife.

Woldman's beard. Marestail, *Hippuris*.

Wont. A. S. Wond. A mole.

Wonhill. A molehill, a molewarp.

Woodquest. A woodpigeon.

Woodwex. The plant *Genista tinctoria*. Dyer's
green weed, woadwaxen.

Woose. (35) Worse.

Woppēn. Big, weighty.

Wops. (37) A wasp.

Wordle (33) World.

Work. To suppurate, to discharge matter. To ferment.

- Wornâil, Wornil. The larva of the gadfly, *Oestrus bovis*, growing under the skin of the back of cattle.
- Wotshèd. Wetshoed, having the inside of ones shoes wet.
“For weet-shoed thei gone.”—*Piers Plowman*.
- Wrack. A. S. Wræc. Vengeance. “Mind you'll stan' the wrack o't.” You will stand the consequences, the anger it may excite.
- Wring. A press, as a cider-wring. “And sette þeron wín wringan.”—*Matt. 21, 33*.
- Writh. The bond of a faggot.
- Wust. (62) Wouldest.
- Wut. Wilt.

Y

- Ya. You.
- Yakker. (21) An acorn.
- Yal. (21) Ale.
- Yarn. (21) To earn.
- Yarnest. (21) Earnest.
- Yean. A. S. Eanian. To lamb.
- Yeaze, (21) Yiz. Ease.
- Yis. The earthworm.

Z

Za. (36) To saw.

Zack. (36) "To gi'e oone the zack" is to escape from him suddenly. The expression may be classed with "Giving one the slip," taken from an animal which, having a *slip* round its neck, escapes and leaves it with its holder.

Zedgemocks. (36) Tufts or roots of sedgegrass in meadows.

Zeedlip. (36) (See Lip.)

Zennit. (62) Sevennights, a week. "This dae zennit." This day-week. The Anglo-Saxons reckoned by nights instead of days, and by winters instead of years. Thence we have a fortnight, fourteen nights.

Zet off. (36) To set off.

Zet up. (36) To make very angry. "'E wer zoo a-zet up about it."

Zetout. (36) A start, a beginning of a new course of moral action. "This is a party zetout."

Zet to. (36) A contest or opposition, which last word is from *ob*, against, and *pono*, to set. "I had sich a zet-to wi' en."

Zew. (See A-zew.)

Zich. (36, 28) Such.

Zidelèn. (36) Sidelong, slanting, sloping.

Zilgreen. (36) (See Silgreen.)

- Zilt. (36) A. S. Syltan, to salt. A vessel for salting meat in. "Ælc man bið mid fyre gesylt."—*Mark 9, 49.* As a silt is so called from Syltan to salt. "A *salting* silt," as it is sometimes called in handbills, seems an objectionable tautology.
- Zive. A. S. Siðe. A scythe. (See Sneäd.)
- Zot. Sat.
- Zoundy. To swoon. "For sodaine sorrow swounded down."—*Ovid's Metamorph.*
- Zowel or Zole. (See Sowel.) ,
- Zull. (36) A. S. Syl. A plough. (See Plough.) "Nan man þe his hand a-set on his sulh." No man who has set his hand on his plough.—*Luke 9, 62.*
- Zummat or Zome'hat. (36) Somewhat, something.
- Zummat-to-do. A fuss, an active contention. "'Tis zummat to-do wi' 'em."
- Zummerleäze. (36) (See Leäze.)
- Zummermuold. (36) A yellow or brown spot on the face more conspicuous in the summer.
- Zummers of a wagon. (36) (See Wagon.)
- Zun. (36) Back-zunned. Said of a house having a northern aspect and its *back* to the *sun*.
- Zweal. (36) A. S. Swelan. To singe, to scorch, to burn superficially. "Seo sunne hit forswelde." The sun scorched it.—*Mark 4, 6.*

Do ye scald your pigs ar zweal em?" "He's lik' a zwæaled cat; better than 'e da look var."
Zwath. A. S. Swaðe, a track or wake. The ridge of grass of the track of one mower, or his track itself. "Nyle he ƿenig swæð æfre forlætan." Nor will he ever forsake any track.

Erratum.—Page 309, l. 11—For “Guides” of a wagon read “Slides.”

The Author, being convinced that his Glossary is still imperfect, would be thankful to his Dorset Readers for any Provincial Words he may have omitted. He must not omit to mention that the Rev. C. W. BINGHAM, M.A., of Sydling St. Nicholas, Mr. JOHN SYDENHAM, Author of the History of Poole, &c., and Mr. ISAAC HANN, of Dorchester, have each kindly contributed to its present copiousness.

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